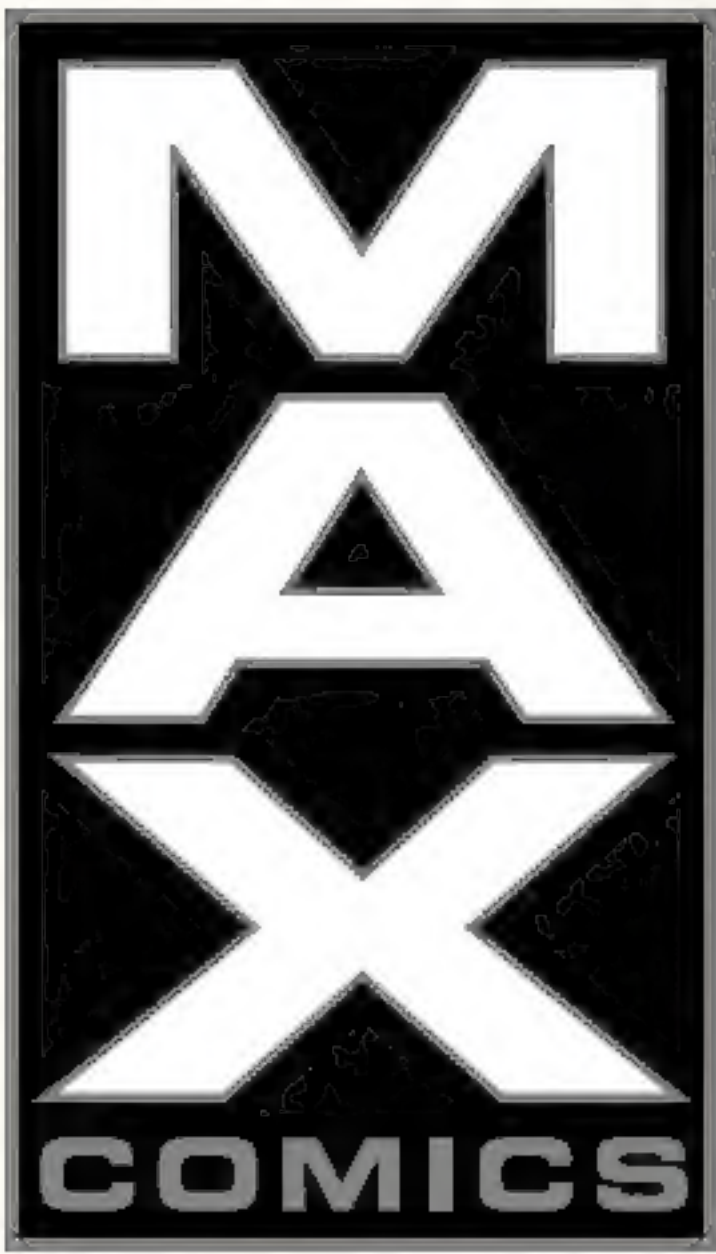




**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**

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GAYDOS**

JESSICA JONES:

ATLAS



MARVEL



MACK

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PREVIOUSLY IN ALIAS ...

Jessica Jones, a former costumed super hero, is now the owner and sole employee of Alias Investigations, a small private-investigative firm.

After a string of bad relationships, Jessica is fixed up with Scott Lang, a.k.a. Ant-Man. They are early in a potential relationship.

NEED A LAWYER?
Have you been the victim of professional sabotage?

CALL MURDOCK

izes military, but their desperate desire to find a solution to the Palestinian problem has pushed them to...
Fifty percent of Israelis support a "one state separation" from the Palestinians. This means a withdrawal from...





RECEPTIONIST
Ms. Jones, can I get you anything?

JESSICA JONES
When is this article from?

RECEPTIONIST
Um -- I'm not sure. There might be a date on it.

JESSICA JONES
Jameson wrote this himself?

RECEPTIONIST
Yes, ma'am, I guess he did.

JESSICA JONES
Didn't realize he'd been in newspapers for so long.

RECEPTIONIST
He's what he likes to call a "lifer."
Can I get you anything to drink?
Water? Coffee?

JESSICA JONES
No. No, I'm fine.

RECEPTIONIST
Mr. Jameson will be in shortly.
He's on a call.

JESSICA JONES
Do you know why he asked me here?

RECEPTIONIST
No. Sorry, I don't. I'm not his personal assistant. I'm just the --

JESSICA JONES
Okay.

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry.

JESSICA JONES
No, it's okay.

□ DAILY BUGLE □
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

SPIDER-MAN
MENACE?

□ DAILY BUGLE □
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

CAPTAIN
AMERICA
FOUND!

GLE □

RS
F

□ DAILY BUGLE □
NEW YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

KREE-SKRULL
WAR ENDS!

□ DAT

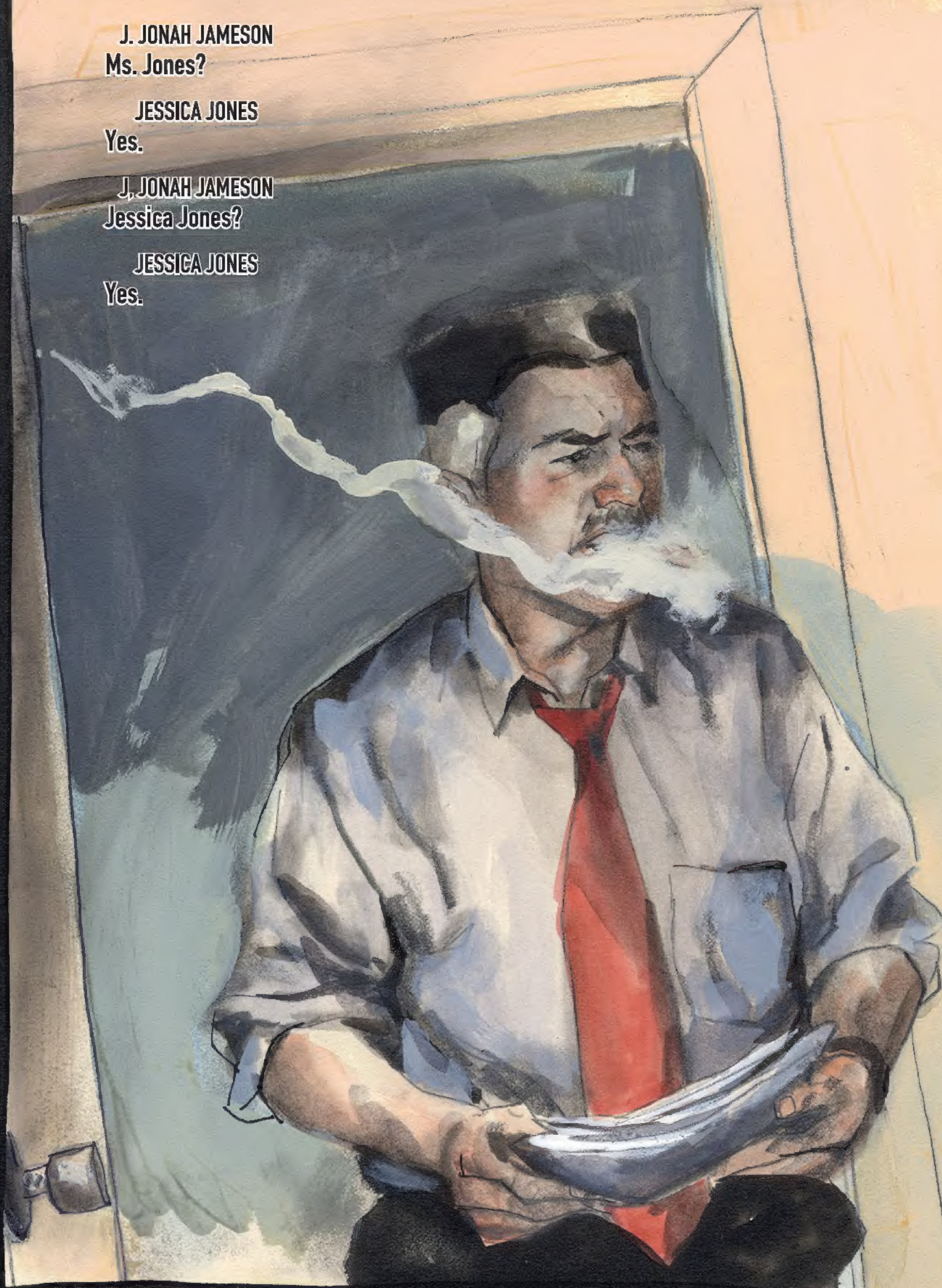
FAN
F

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Jones?

JESSICA JONES
Yes.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Jessica Jones?

JESSICA JONES
Yes.



J. JONAH JAMESON
My name is J. Jonah Jameson. I'm
the publisher here at the Daily
Bugle.

JESSICA JONES
Yes, yes, I know who you are,

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant! (One second, Ms. Jones.)
Ms. Brant!!

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
What the hell is this?

BETTY BRANT
That's the Metro column.

J. JONAH JAMESON
The hell it is. Tell Hendrickson I want
this con artist gone from my news-
paper. These damn guys and their
damn conservative agendas creeping
into every damn corner of my paper.
Like I don't know what he's up to.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Get Robbie in here.

BETTY BRANT
He's in the archive.

J. JONAH JAMESON
I didn't ask for a Robbie
update --- just get him
in here.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
And get Be -- Ms. Brant!!

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Where'd you go? I was talking.

BETTY BRANT
I went to get Robbie.

J. JONAH JAMESON
I wasn't done. Get Ben
Urich in here too.



BETTY BRANT
He's on his smoke break.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Dammit --

BETTY BRANT
Sorry.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Just get him in here.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Do you have any employees,
Ms. Jones?

JESSICA JONES
No sir.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Count yourself a lucky woman.



J. JONAH JAMESON
So...

JESSICA JONES
So...

J. JONAH JAMESON
You run, let's see, Alias
Investigations?

JESSICA JONES
I do.

J. JONAH JAMESON
I have to be honest with you, I
haven't found many people in
your line of work that I would
say were strong of character.

JESSICA JONES
I'm sorry?

J. JONAH JAMESON
I've worked with some investigators --
hired some. Haven't found a one I
would let babysit my grandson.

JESSICA JONES
I don't exactly know what I'm
supposed to say to that, but --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Robbie -- this is that Jessica Jones
person I was talking to you about.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Oh. Hi.

JESSICA JONES
Hello,

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Uh, Jonah, I thought we were going to
discuss this further before we made any --

J. JONAH JAMESON
We discussed it enough. We talked it to death.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
I really --

J. JONAH JAMESON
To death! Robbie's the Editor in Chief. And Jessica
Jones here used to dress up like a super hero.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Oh.

JESSICA JONES
Well...

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You did...

JESSICA JONES
I did, but...

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Who were you?

J. JONAH JAMESON
She was a little number called "Jewel" for a while. Not
much to write home about -- no offense, Ms. Jones.

JESSICA JONES
None taken, but...

J. JONAH JAMESON
And then she tried the game as a woman called...
"Knightress"?

JESSICA JONES
Yeah. Uh -- not a lot of people know that.

J. JONAH JAMESON
What's a Knightress?

JESSICA JONES
It's about the only name
that wasn't taken.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
But you don't do it anymore?

JESSICA JONES
No, I do not.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Any reason?

JESSICA JONES
Oh... pick one.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Though I despise your chosen profession, I do
admire your going public with your questionable
past. I imagine that was somewhat of a hard choice.

JESSICA JONES
Uh, not really. Firstly, I wouldn't use the
word "questionable." And truth be told, no
one cared either way. But I guess it makes
meetings like this a little more interesting.

J. JONAH JAMESON
You guess?

JESSICA JONES
Well, I still don't know what this
meeting is about, so...

J. JONAH JAMESON
It's about secret identities. I thought
Robbie would find your background
a little interesting considering what
I am about to offer you.



J. JONAH JAMESON
Make yourself a little scrapbook. So, Ms. Jones, are the numbers on your web site correct?

JESSICA JONES
You mean my fees?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Yes.

JESSICA JONES
You want to hire me?

J. JONAH JAMESON.
Yes. I -- Ms. Brant!!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You just sent her to make copies.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Dammit! Where's Urich?

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
He's coming. Jonah, can we discuss this a little before --?

J. JONAH JAMESON
What we'd like to do, Ms. Jones, is hire you -- pay you your full wage and have one of my reporters follow you.

JESSICA JONES
Follow me where?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ben, where were you?

BEN URICH
I didn't know you were --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Sit down. Say hi to Jessica Jones.

BEN URICH
Why is that name familiar?

J. JONAH JAMESON
You can do the niceys later. Jessica is a private investigator. The Daily Bugle is hiring her to find out who Spider-Man really is.

JESSICA JONES
Uh -- what?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Jessica here is going to crack his world in half and you are going to follow her while she does it.

JESSICA JONES
Well, I --

J. JONAH JAMESON
What we're hoping for is a series of articles. A real conversation piece to spread over days -- but hey! If all it is is a big red headline -- then all it is is a big red headline.

JESSICA JONES
Uh, what is that you have there?
Is that all about me?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Yes, it's your archive here
at the paper.

JESSICA JONES
My clippings?
J. JONAH JAMESON
Your clippings.

JESSICA JONES
Oh, I hadn't realized I made
the paper so many times.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant!

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.
J. JONAH JAMESON
Take this to Xerox and
make a copy of it for Ms.
Jones. Every paper.

BETTY BRANT
Yes, sir.
JESSICA JONES
Oh, uh, thanks.



OSAMA BIN
LADEN IS A
WOMAN! page 6

BE EXCLUSIV



PULP HERO OF
KITCHEN IS
BLIND LAWYER



JESSICA JONES

Um...

J. JONAH JAMESON

The idea came to me over this
crap with that Daredevil.

BEN URICH

Jonah, we went over this. He --

J. JONAH JAMESON

That Murdock guy pretending he's
a blind shyster. The Globe had that
story and they screwed it up. Well,
I want to show the world how to
crack one of these guys in half.

JESSICA JONES

But, um, Matt Murdock isn't
Daredevil. That story is --

BEN URICH

He knows. He's in denial.

J. JONAH JAMESON

I know what you say, Urich -- but I
don't see any proof on my desk that
backs you up. I don't care who that
liar sues or what TV show he goes
crying to -- I know in my gut it's a fact.
Murdock is Daredevil.

JESSICA JONES

No, it's not.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Oh, and how do you know?

JESSICA JONES

Matt Murdock is my lawyer
and I do work for him.



J. JONAH JAMESON

Well, ain't that cozy...

JESSICA JONES

He's blind. What are you --?

J. JONAH JAMESON

It's bull. It's a secret identity. It's a cover.

JESSICA JONES

No, really, he's blind.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Well, you and Urich can start a little
super hero love club.

JESSICA JONES

I don't think I get what the anger is about.

J. JONAH JAMESON

It's just frustrating that I am surrounded
by this pro-costume --

JESSICA JONES

Pro-costume?

J. JONAH JAMESON

I thought that you of all people -- someone
who crashed and burned so miserably
at it -- would understand the need to rip
that world apart from the inside -- to
expose those capes for the two-faced,
morally corrupt vigilantes that they are!!

JESSICA JONES

Uh huh...



J. JONAH JAMESON

And this Spider-Man -- I could give two Canadian nickels about Daredevil -- it's this Spider-Man that should've gotten the public spanking. It's Spider-Man that has this coming to him.

JESSICA JONES

Why?

J. JONAH JAMESON

What?

JESSICA JONES

Why does Spider-Man have this coming to him?

J. JONAH JAMESON

That's what you're going to tell me.

JESSICA JONES

Uh-huh. So you want me to "out" Spider-Man and you want Mr. Urich here to report on it for your newspaper.

J. JONAH JAMESON

An onion peel. Do you know what an onion peel is?

JESSICA JONES

I could guess.

J. JONAH JAMESON

We'll follow you as you pull the layers, follow the leads, turn over the rocks. How great will this be? Not only will it be killer journalism -- but money will actually start shooting out of my ass faster than we can print papers.

JESSICA JONES

I'd like to think about it.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Listen, I don't have time to change your tampons for you. I need an answer.

JESSICA JONES

I'm sorry?

J. JONAH JAMESON

In or out, Ms. Jones.

JESSICA JONES

Well, these kinds of investigations are rather unique.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Don't toss my salad -- how much are we talking?

JESSICA JONES

Hard to say. I don't even know where I am going to begin.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Ms. Brant!!

BETTY BRANT

Here -- here -- I was making the copies.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Where's the Spider-Man map?

BETTY BRANT

It's right there.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Right where?

BETTY BRANT

Right under your elbow.

J. JONAH JAMESON

Oh...

JESSICA JONES

Map?

Map?

J. JONAH JAMESON

We've taken the liberty of compiling a list and a chart of frequent Spider-Man sightings. Places where he is repeatedly seen. See? Empire State University, Queens...

JESSICA JONES

So, I'm not the first investigator you've had on this.

J. JONAH JAMESON

It's a pet project -- as I said -- renewed by this Daredevil news. Here are some pictures that Parker kid took a couple of years back. You can see -- see? You can see some of the same buildings in the background. I think it's Soho.

JESSICA JONES

What happened the last time you tried this?

J. JONAH JAMESON

I'll be blunt with you, Jones. I'm offering you fame and fortune. The kind you weren't able to put together on your own -- even in any of your silly little "identities." One would imagine that off the fumes of a story like this you'll be up to your elbows in "sneaky work" till the cows come home. So, last time, are you in or --?



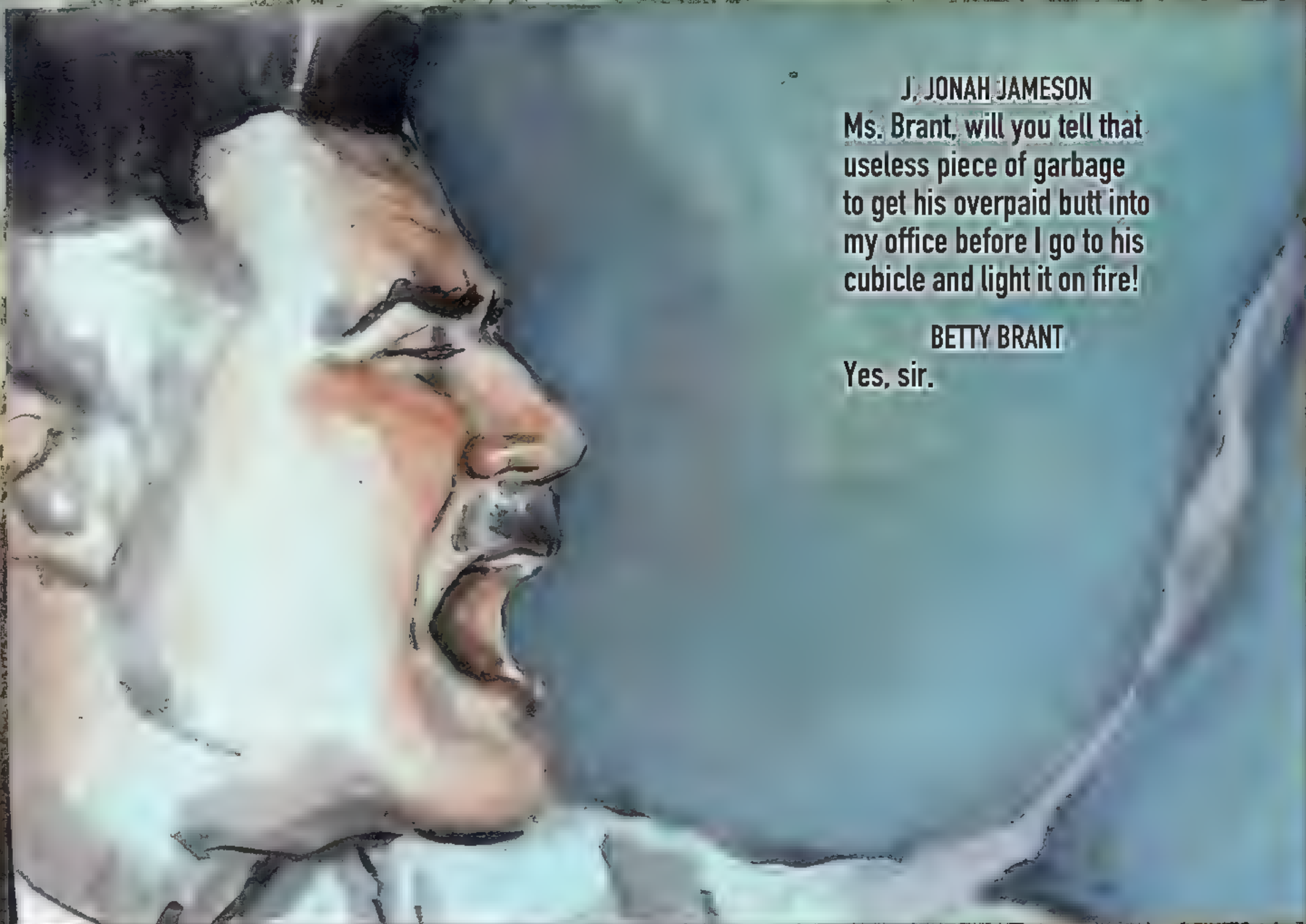
JESSICA JONES

Sure, I'll do it.

But there is the matter
of an advance.



TWO MONTHS LATER



J. JONAH JAMESON

Ms. Brant, will you tell that useless piece of garbage to get his overpaid butt into my office before I go to his cubicle and light it on fire!

BETTY BRANT

Yes, sir.



J. JONAH JAMESON
What is this?

BEN URICH
I don't know -- what is that?

J. JONAH JAMESON
It's Jessica's invoices for the
last three weeks.

BEN URICH
Well I told you, Jonah --

J. JONAH JAMESON
What is this?!!

BEN URICH
Jonah -- I'm not in charge
of invoicing -- I don't...

J. JONAH JAMESON
What kind of crap are you pulling?

BEN URICH
Me?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Black from accounting red-
flagged this -- this -- this... What
the hell is "Mercy's Kitchen"?

BEN URICH
Oh -- uh -- that's that soup
kitchen in Hell's Kitchen that
she has been --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Soup kitchen in Hell's kitchen?

BEN URICH
Yes. Yeah -- she's been working
there for the last three weeks.
She's been --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Working there, why?

BEN URICH
Said she had it on a good
source that one of the
regulars at the kitchen is
Spider-Man. She said --

J. JONAH JAMESON
One of the drunken bums
who comes into the --

BEN URICH
She said that she planned
on gaining the trust of the
regulars in hope of finding
out who, and --

J. JONAH JAMESON
She serves them lunch?

BEN URICH
Yes.

J. JONAH JAMESON
And what do you do...?

BEN URICH
I --



J. JONAH JAMESON
You sit there and watch?

BEN URICH
And... help.

J. JONAH JAMESON
What?

BEN URICH
Well, there's stuff to do. I --

J. JONAH JAMESON
What? You bus tables?

BEN URICH
Not every day.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Holy God -- Did you
go to college?

BEN URICH
You know I --



J. JONAH JAMESON
Then why the hell are you
busing tables?

BEN URICH
It's a --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Do you know she keeps buying
food for those drunken bums and
biling the paper?

BEN URICH
No, I --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Six hundred dollars for tapioca pudding.

BEN URICH
Oh...

J. JONAH JAMESON
I'm holding a bill for six hundred dollars
for tapioca pudding!!

J. JONAH JAMESON
For the first time in my decades-
long career as a -- She's buying
pudding for drunks and trying to
get me to pay for it --

BEN URICH
Well, she did say expenses.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Phone calls and paperclips
are expenses!!! This is pudding!!

BEN URICH
I didn't know she was billing it to you.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Well, she is!! Two hundred dollars an
hour, all day every day!! For her to serve
pudding to meth addicts -- and one of
my best reporters bussing tables!

BEN URICH
Thanks --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Shut up! Give me the report so far --

BEN URICH
Didn't she send some kind of --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Give me your notes, Urich!!

BEN URICH
Okay. Okay. Here -- uh -- well, soon after
you hired her we made the rounds to a
handful of orphanages. Three orphanages.
St. Alexis' of 49th, The Tony Stark Foundation
Home for Wayward --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Come on --



BEN URICH
Okay. Jessica told me that she asked
around the quote superhero community
and word was that Spider-Man has said
he was an orphan. At these orphanages --
Jessica volunteered, helping out. Reading
some books to the children.

J. JONAH JAMESON
How does reading books to a
bunch of unwanted brats help
her find out about Spider-Man?

BEN URICH
Well, I asked her that. I asked
her, and again she said that
familiarity breeds trust and that
making herself a face would
help gain access and information.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Uh huh.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
It's the same for us in
our business.

BEN URICH
Yes, and that's why
I had no reason to
question her, Jonah.

J. JONAH JAMESON
I have a bill here. She bought
the kids cupcakes for a
week at one of these --

BEN URICH
Then it was on to St. Catherine's
Hospital where Jessica said
she had a tip that one of the
orderlies was Spider-Man. She
said it was well known among
her circle that he --

J. JONAH JAMESON
So she volunteered at
the hospital.

BEN URICH
The AIDS ward.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Pssss...

BEN URICH
And for the last few weeks she's
been at the soup kitchen...

J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn it, Urich!

BEN URICH
What?

J. JONAH JAMESON
She's scamming us!!
She's scamming me!!

BEN URICH
How is she --

J. JONAH JAMESON
AIDS patients, orphans, winos!!
Volunteering at two hundred
dollars an hour!

BEN URICH
I --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Were you ever there when she got
one of these little "tips" of hers?

BEN URICH
The actual tip? No. It was after --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Did you ever see any of her
so called super hero pals?

BEN URICH
Uh -- no.

J. JONAH JAMESON
No?

BEN URICH
No.

J. JONAH JAMESON
You stupid, WORTHLESS,
WASTE OF --

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah!

J. JONAH JAMESON
Dammit! She scammed us!
A damn scam artist!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah --

BEN URICH
Well maybe if --

J. JONAH JAMESON
What?!!

BEN URICH
Nothing.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
What Ben was going to say is --
that maybe when you hired her if
you hadn't insulted every single
facet of her life --

J. JONAH JAMESON
What?

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah. You --

J. JONAH JAMESON
What did I say?

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You said that superheroes
deserve to be --

J. JONAH JAMESON
I say that in the paper
every freaking day.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You said that private investigators
are pieces of --

J. JONAH JAMESON
They are! She knows that.
Doesn't mean she can steal
from me --

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Stole money out of me --

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah, you can't prove that.

J. JONAH JAMESON
What?

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
They are legitimate --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Shut up!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Legitimate claims --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Well, I'm not buying
this pudding.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You signed a contract with
the woman.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant!! Get in here!!

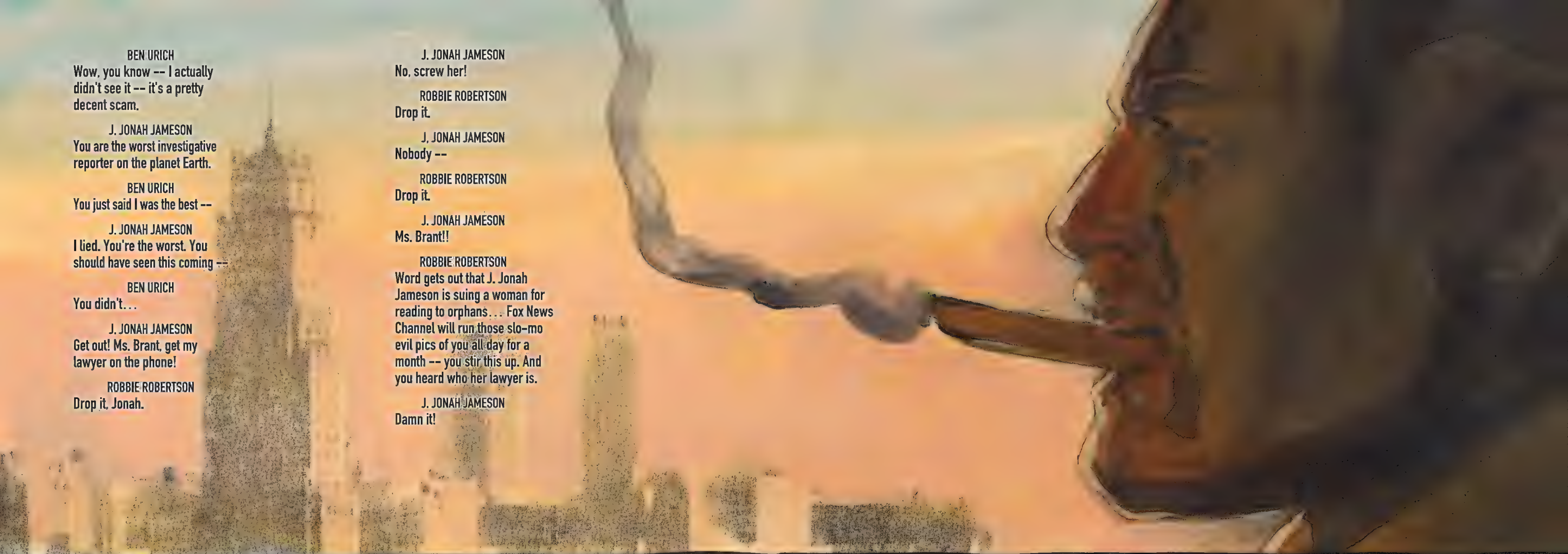
ROBBIE ROBERTSON
You signed a contract --

J. JONAH JAMESON
You know what, Ben? You write
your damn story -- you tell
the world what this lying --

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
That she what? Fed the homeless,
read to orphans and cared for
AIDS patients?

J. JONAH JAMESON
Oh no...





BEN URICH
Wow, you know -- I actually
didn't see it -- it's a pretty
decent scam.

J. JONAH JAMESON
You are the worst investigative
reporter on the planet Earth.

BEN URICH
You just said I was the best --

J. JONAH JAMESON
I lied. You're the worst. You
should have seen this coming --

BEN URICH
You didn't...

J. JONAH JAMESON
Get out! Ms. Brant, get my
lawyer on the phone!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it, Jonah.

J. JONAH JAMESON
No, screw her!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Nobody --

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant!!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Word gets out that J. Jonah
Jameson is suing a woman for
reading to orphans... Fox News
Channel will run those slo-mo
evil pics of you all day for a
month -- you stir this up. And
you heard who her lawyer is.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn it!



ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Drop it.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn it!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Just chalk it up --

J. JONAH JAMESON
Damn super heroes --
every time.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
All right, I'm going home.

J. JONAH JAMESON
Ms. Brant, get me that woman's
telephone number -- oh here
it is -- I got it! Never mind!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
Jonah...

J. JONAH JAMESON
Oh no! Oh no! the least I get
to do -- the least I get to do
is let her know I know and
that the jig is up!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON
I don't think --

J. JONAH JAMESON
It's her machine. Doesn't
even have the guts to --
Ms. Jones, this is J. Jonah
Jameson, publisher of
the Daily Bugle.



J. JONAH JAMESON

I just want you to know that your services are no longer required.

I know who you are and I know what you tried to pull. You think you're all clever? Well, let me tell you something, Missy. You aren't clever.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Hang up the phone, Jonah.

J. JONAH JAMESON

And I pray -- I get down on my hands and knees and I pray for the day that you screw up somewhere because my paper will be so far up your nose that -- that -- that -- arrgghhh! I hate you!

ROBBIE ROBERTSON

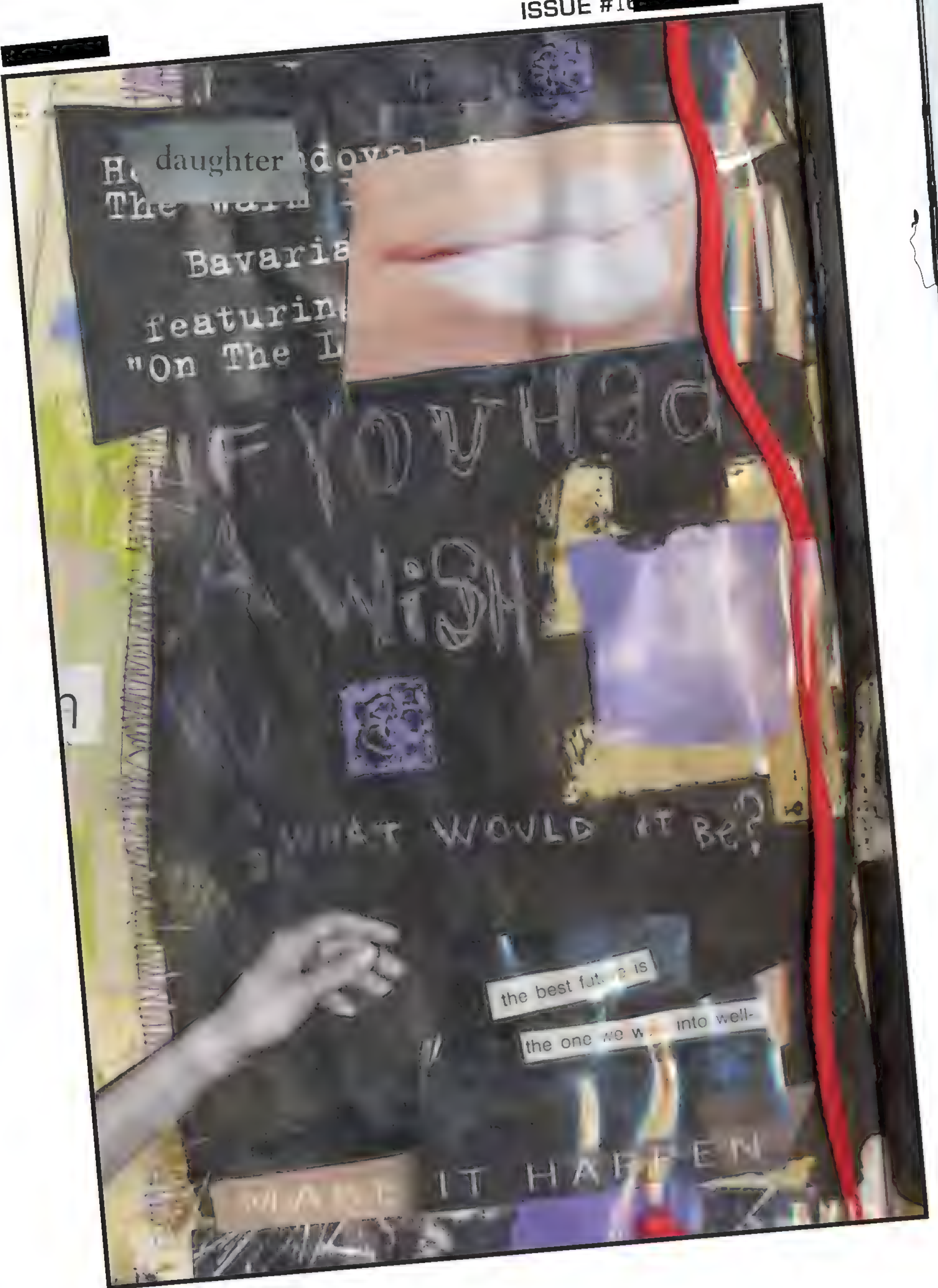
Hang up, Jonah.

J. JONAH JAMESON

And you probably knew who Spider-Man was the entire time -- you and your little secret superfriends. Well, I hope you take your money and I hope you superchoke on it. Cough! Aagh! Damn cigar!

ALIAS
INVESTIGATIONS

THE END





"Thin is in."

Fuck you.

"How to keep your man's eyes from wandering..."

Damn! Fuck you!!!!

"Dressing for success -- more cleavage and leg."

Fuckers.



BEER		
BUD 12 Packs	BUD 18 Packs	MICH 12 Packs
775	10 99	775
12 Packs 12 99 CORONA		



Fucking dammit -- no wonder I feel like shit about myself all the time.

This is -- this is the worst thing I have ever.

Hmmm... maybe I should take this quiz though...

You!
You!! Open the register!!

Open the register and stand over there!



Do it now!!



Oh shit!!

Shit shit shit!



Do what I say!! Open the register and give me the money!!



Oh man! This is just like that movie with Harrison Ford. Fuck -- what do I do? What did Harrison Ford do?

Oh yeah -- he got shot in the head and turned into a retard.

Damn it!

Should I be a super hero for two seconds? Should I?

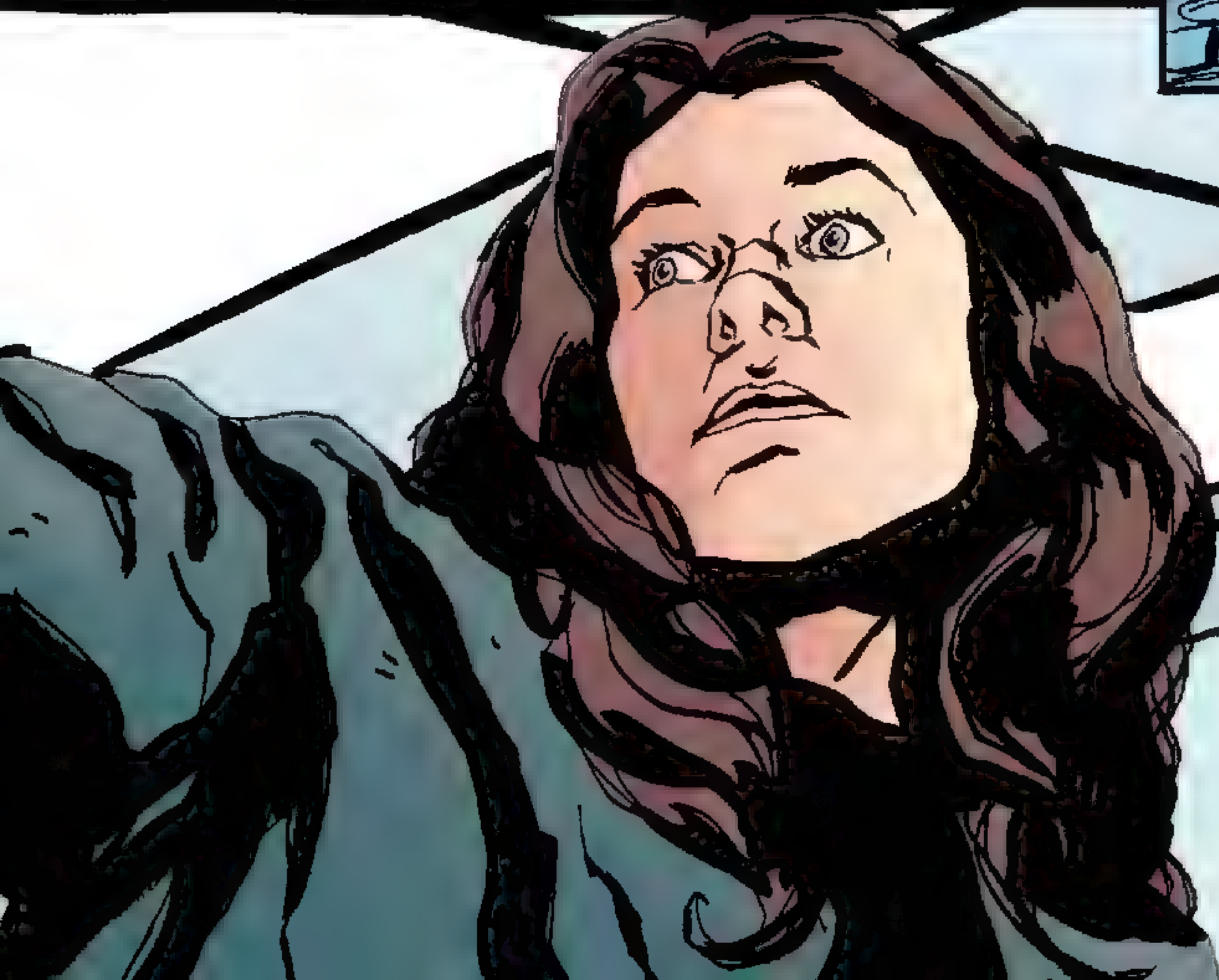


Do what I say!! You do what I say!!

God that was such a bad movie. How do good people make bad movies like that? What the fuck happens?



Fuck me -- fuck! I promised myself I wouldn't do shit like this anymore.



I'll just clock him on the head and that will be that.

(If I was Spider-Man, at least I would make a joke here... FUCK!)





I hate those shit jokes anyhow.

GAAGGH!



Wow, I suck.

He's ten feet away.



GAAGGH!!





You bastard!



What do you want from me? It's over! Shut up!



No, no... Just call the police, the police, yes? The police.



The police...



The police...

The police, yes, okey dokey...

Me go.

Yes, you go.



I -- uh -- I don't suppose I can get some cigarettes...



Cigarettes: eight dollars.



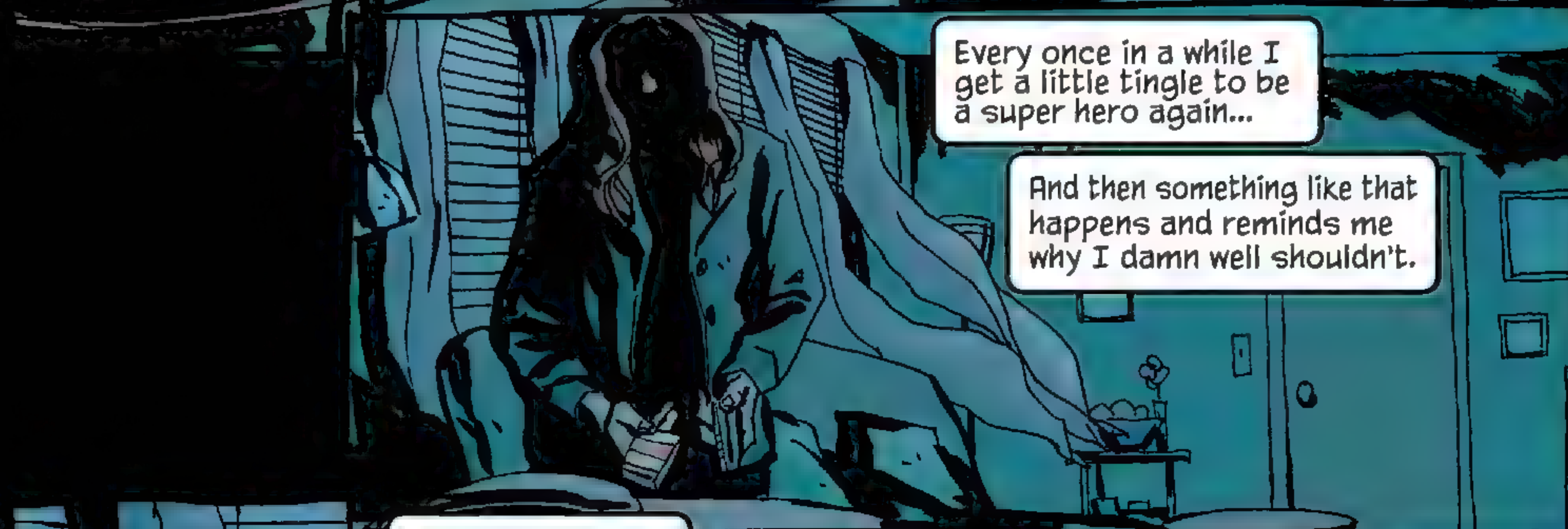


And that, ladies and gentlemen, is why I am never leaving the house again.

Maybe, it's good that things like that happen.

Every once in a while I get a little tingle to be a super hero again...

And then something like that happens and reminds me why I damn well shouldn't.



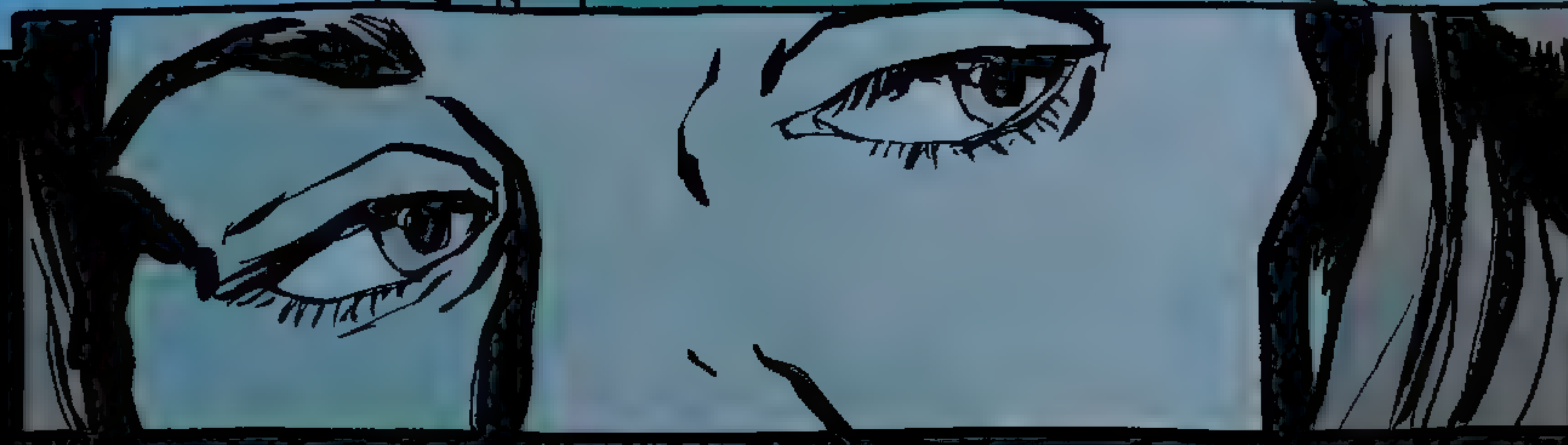
It's the same thing with dancing.

Once a year I end up at a dance club -- and all it does is remind me why I never go dancing.

Charged me for the cigarettes -- what a dick.

Agh -- fuck the whole thing.

Forget about it. Just settle down and...





Oh my fucking --
there's -- there's
someone in my
bathroom!!







Jessica?

Is that you?



Who the fuck are you?



You're not Jessica...



The fuck is this?!



They -- they lied to me! Those fuckers lied to me! Sniff!



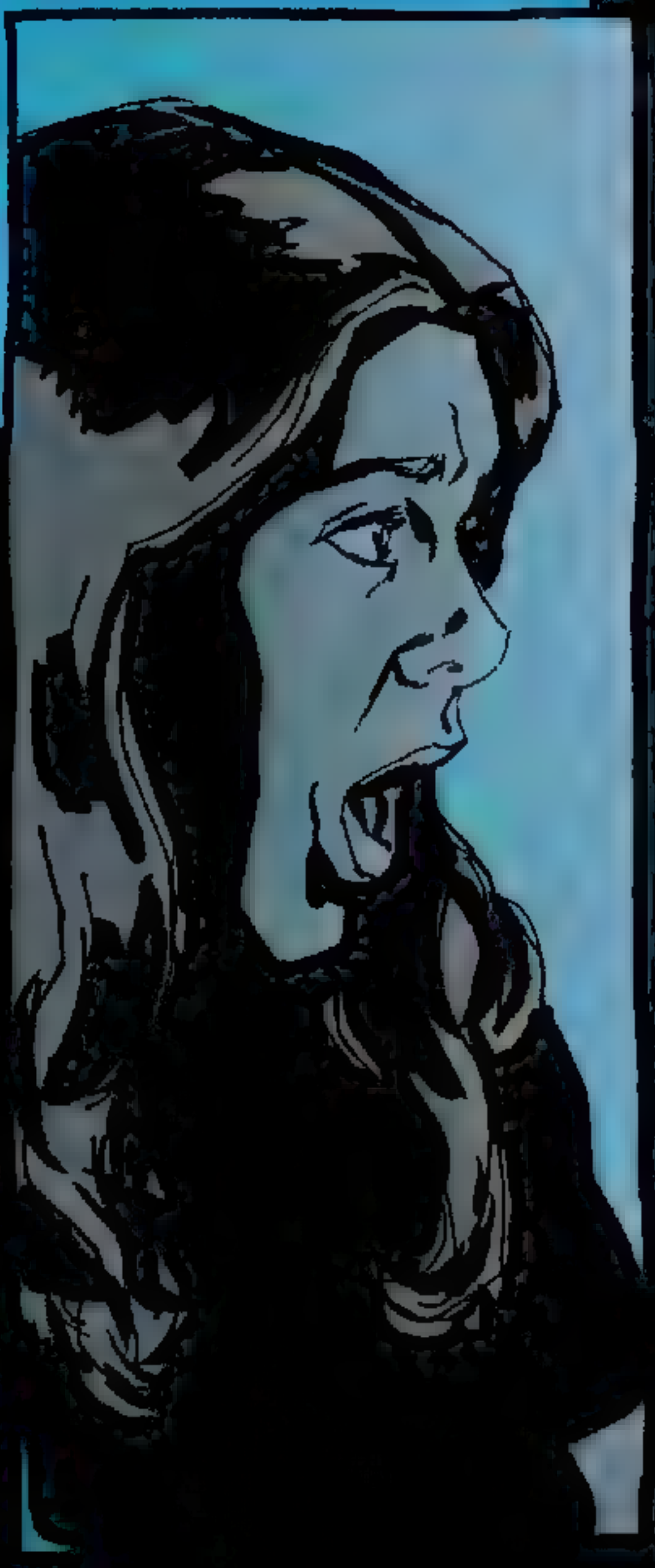
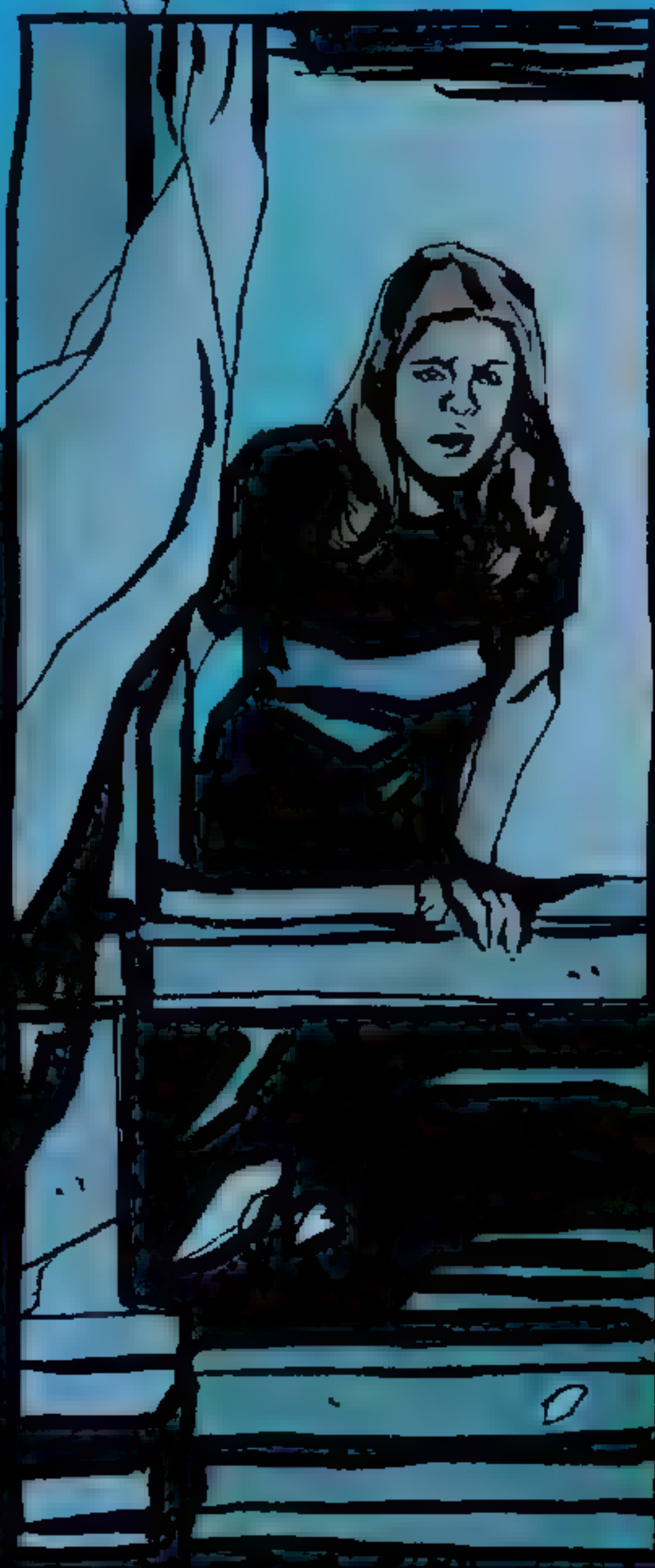
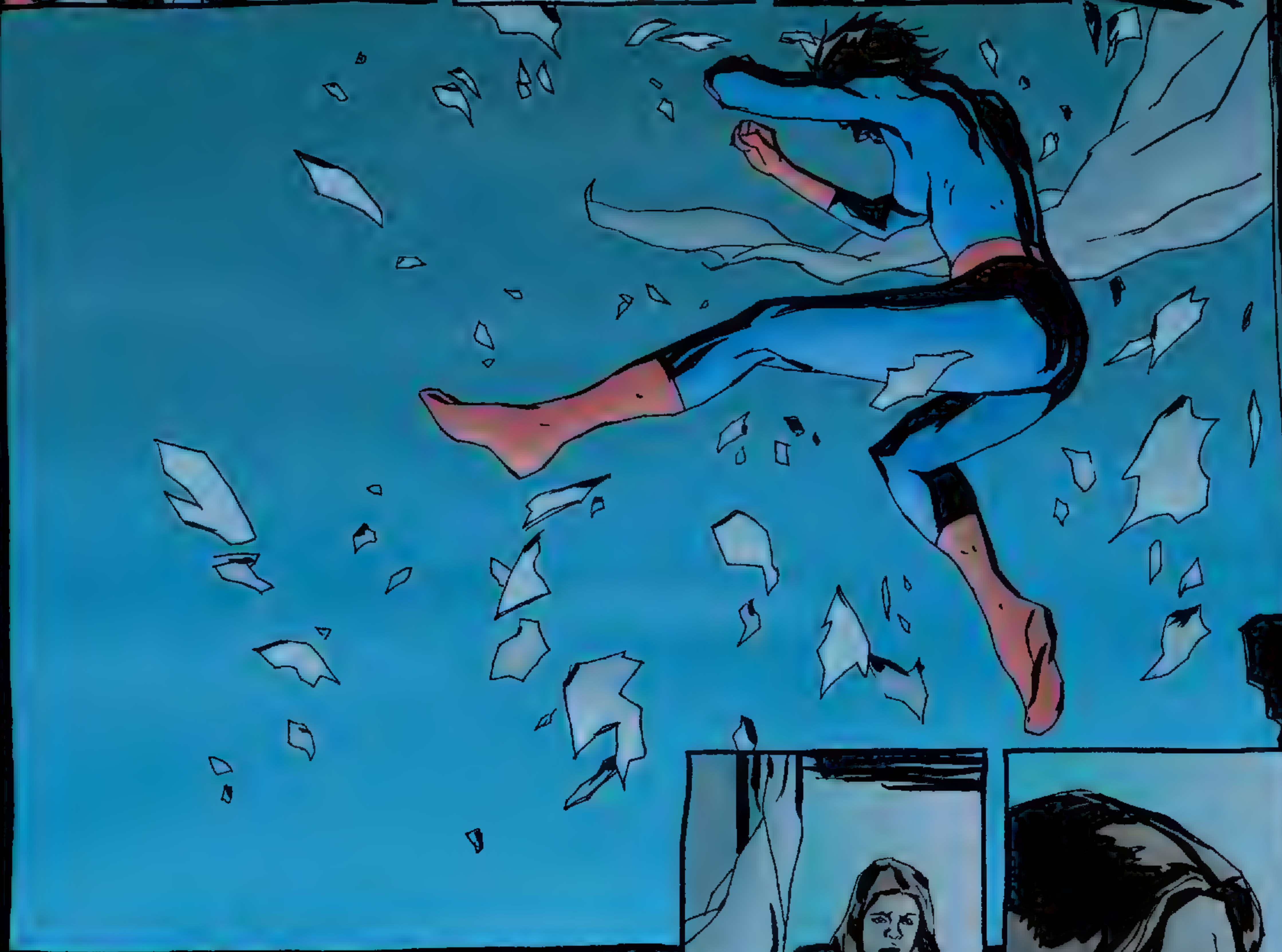
What the fuck is going on?

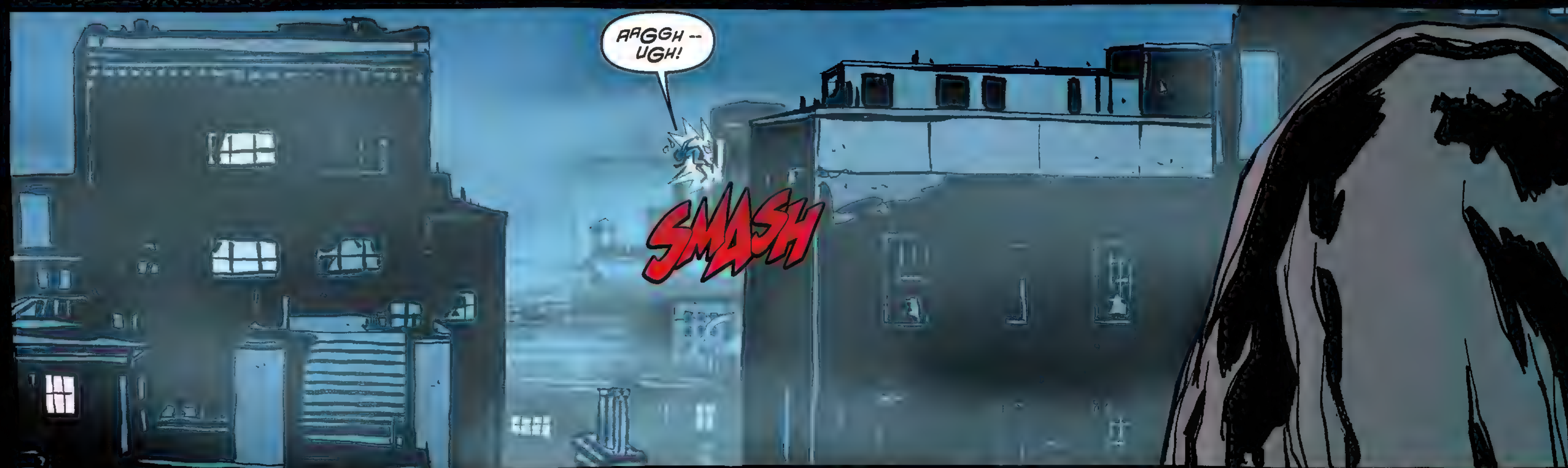
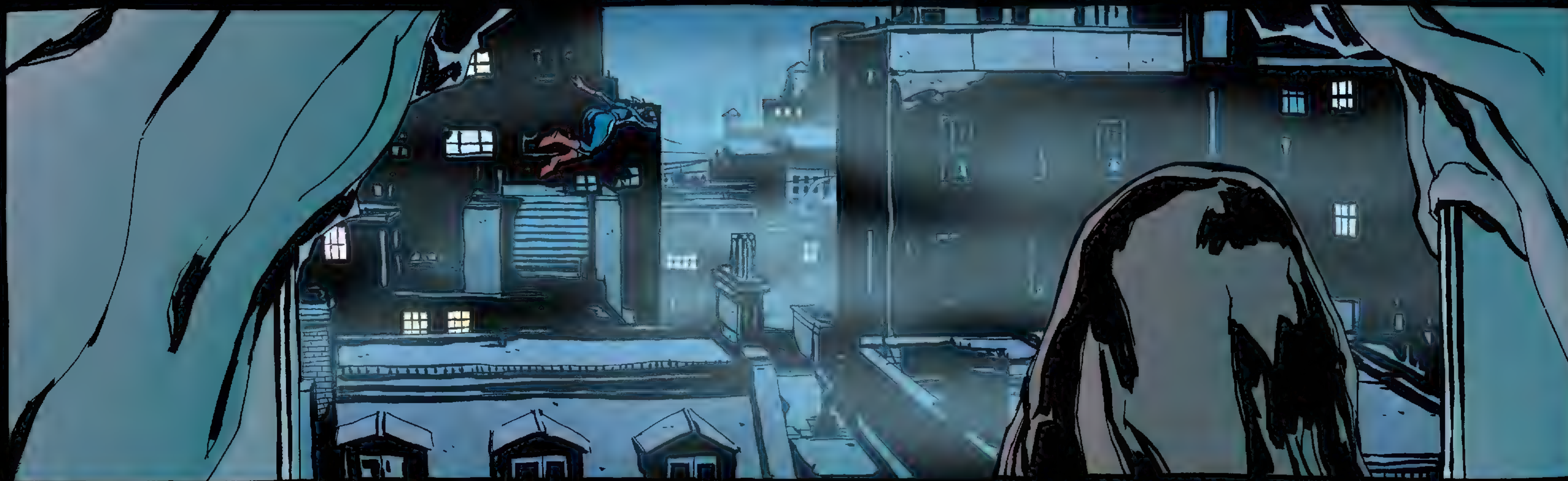


AAGGUGH!



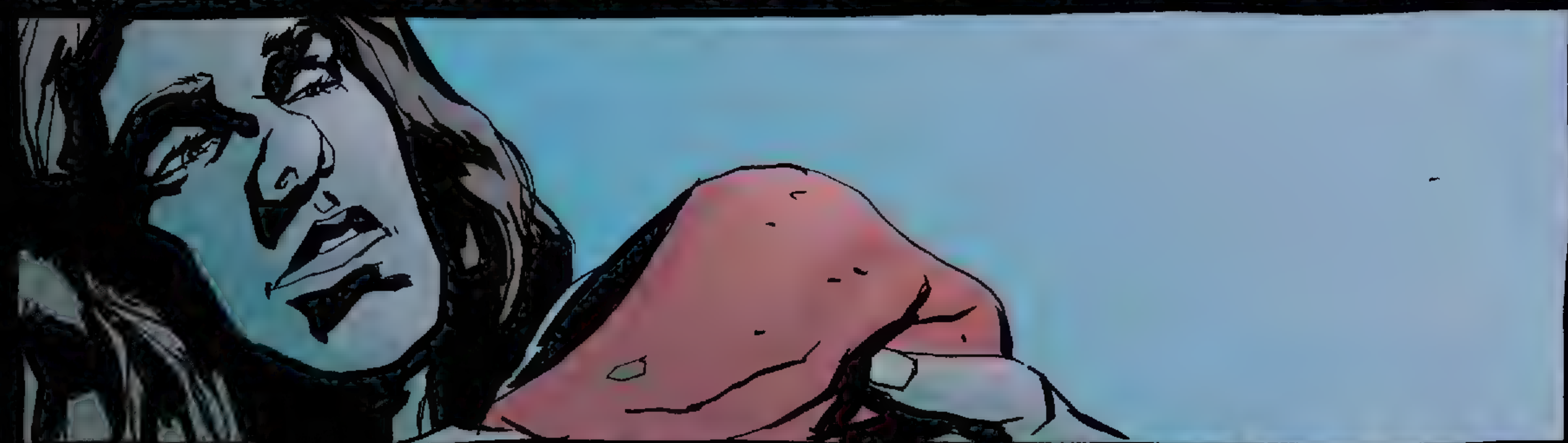
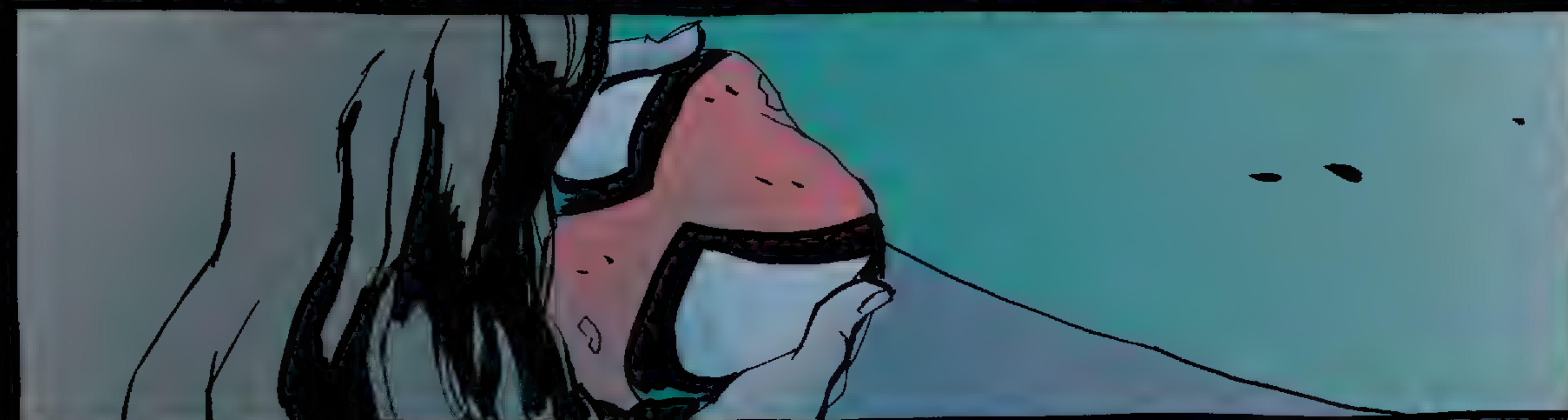
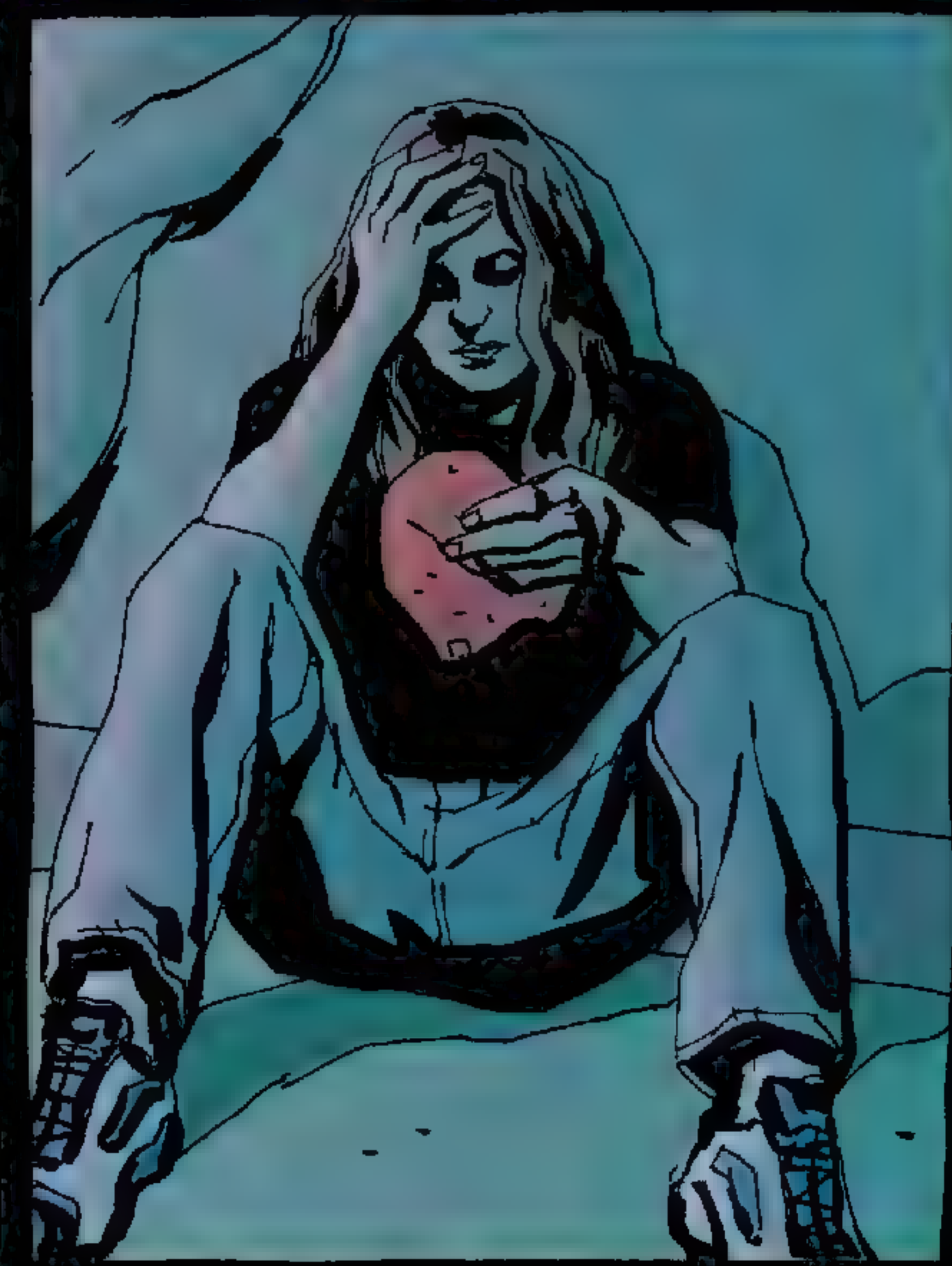
Stop
it!! Stop
it!! Let me
go!!

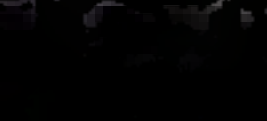
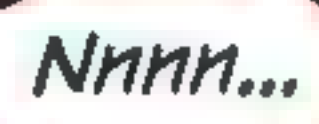
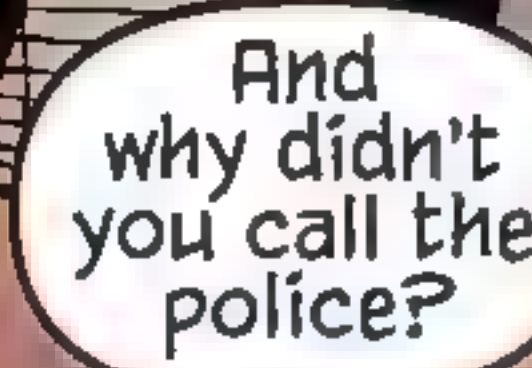
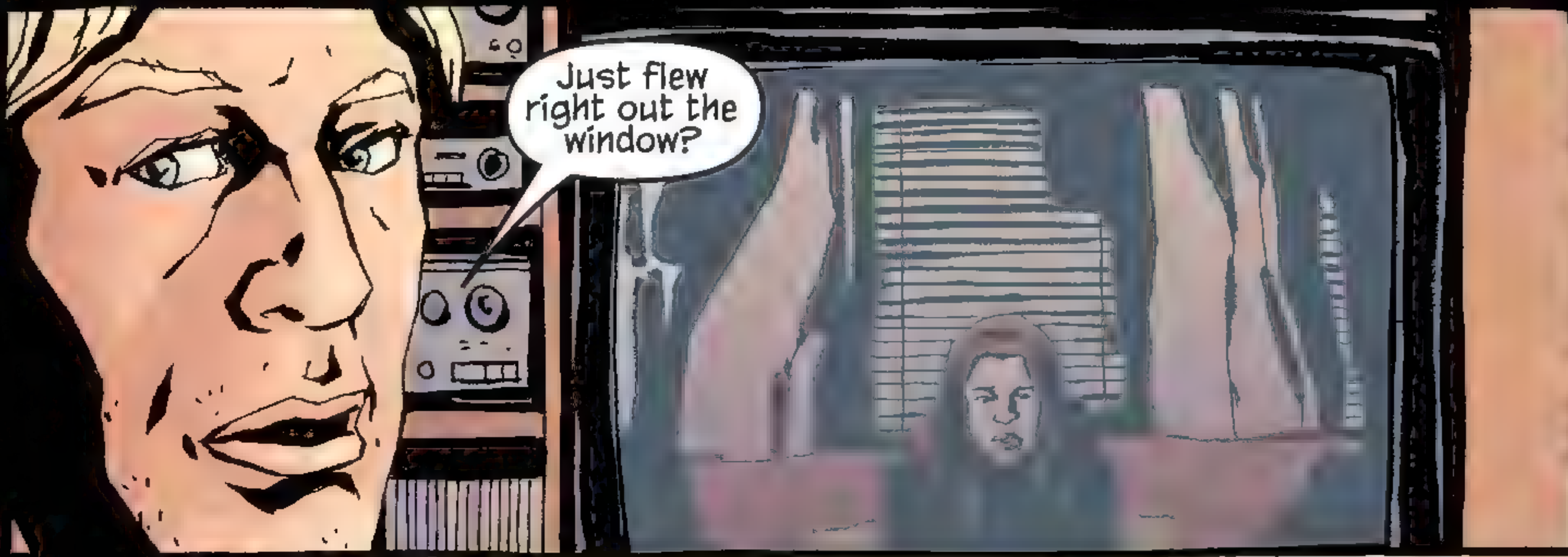




ARGGH --
UGH!

SMASH





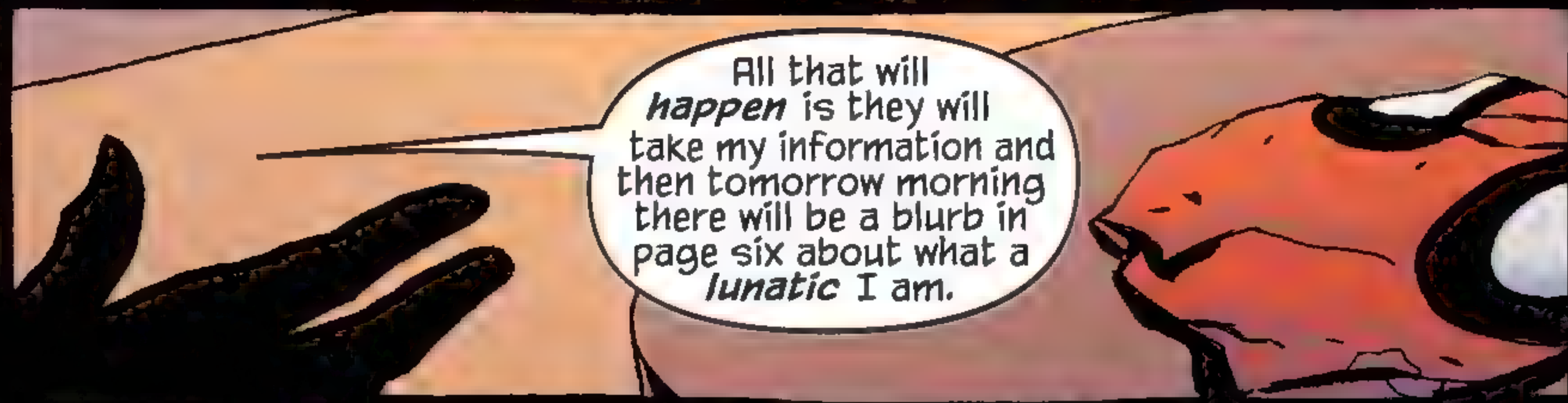


What'll they do?

I --

They won't do anything.

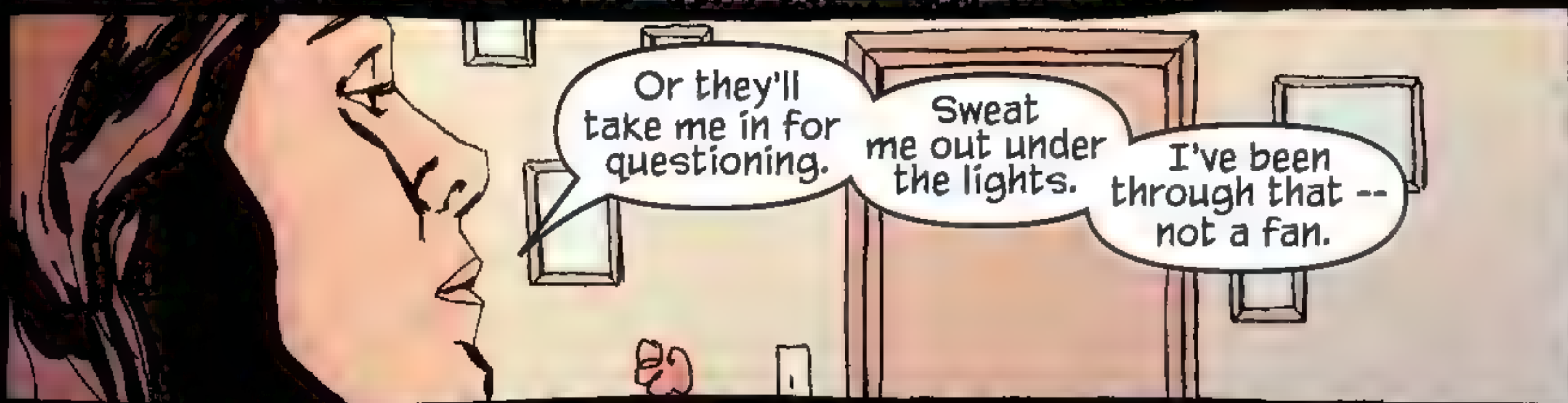
But you *should* call them...



All that will *happen* is they will take my information and then tomorrow morning there will be a blurb in page six about what a *lunatic* I am.



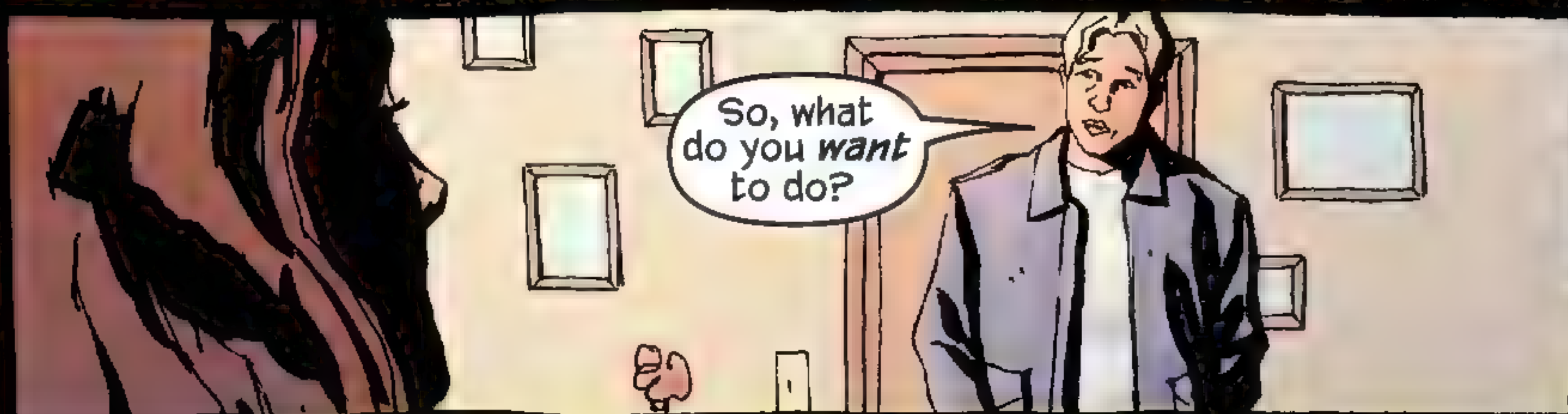
I guess.



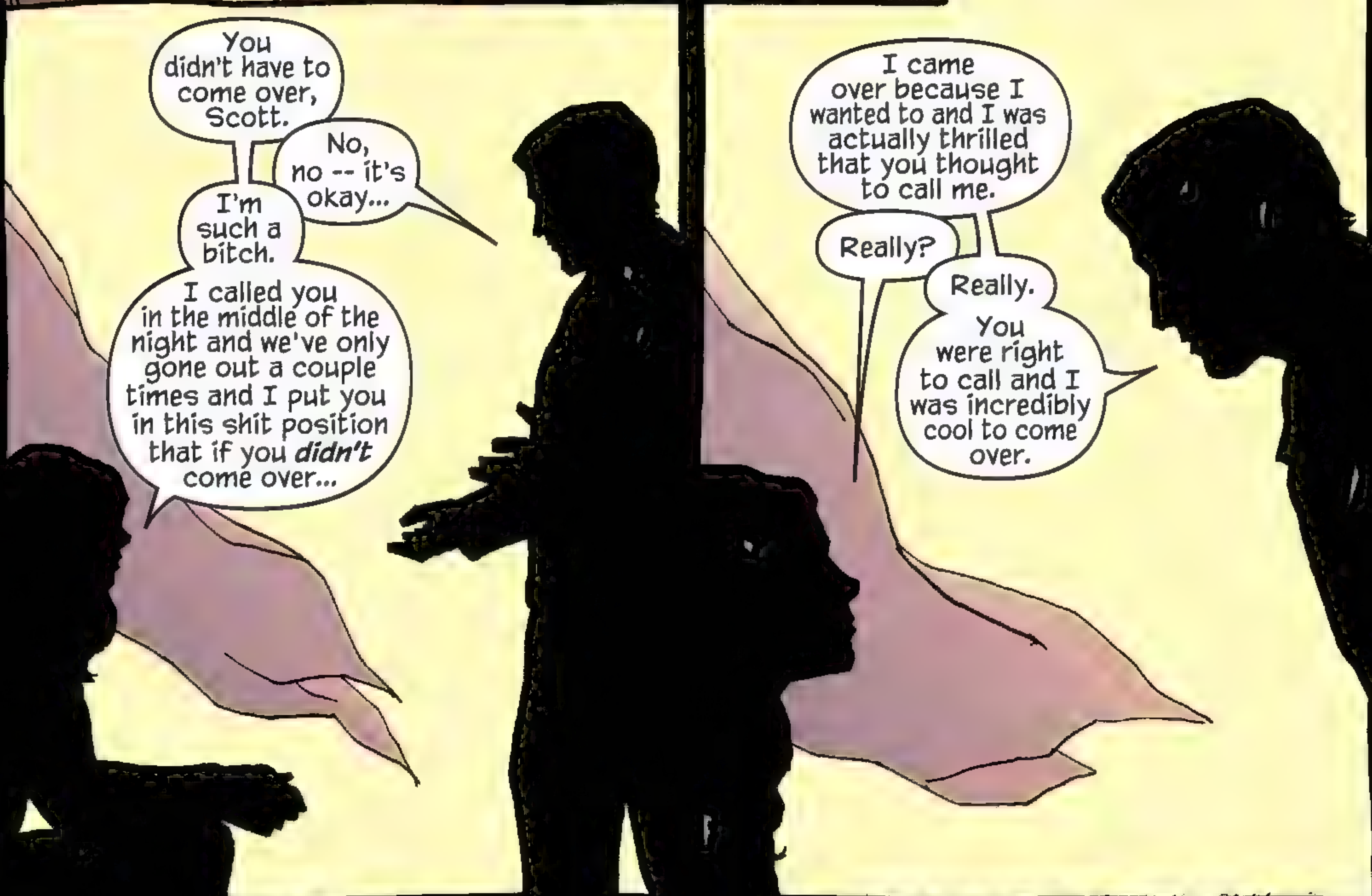
Or they'll take me in for questioning.

Sweat me out under the lights.

I've been through that -- not a fan.



So, what do you *want* to do?



You didn't have to come over, Scott.

No, no -- it's okay...

I'm such a bitch.

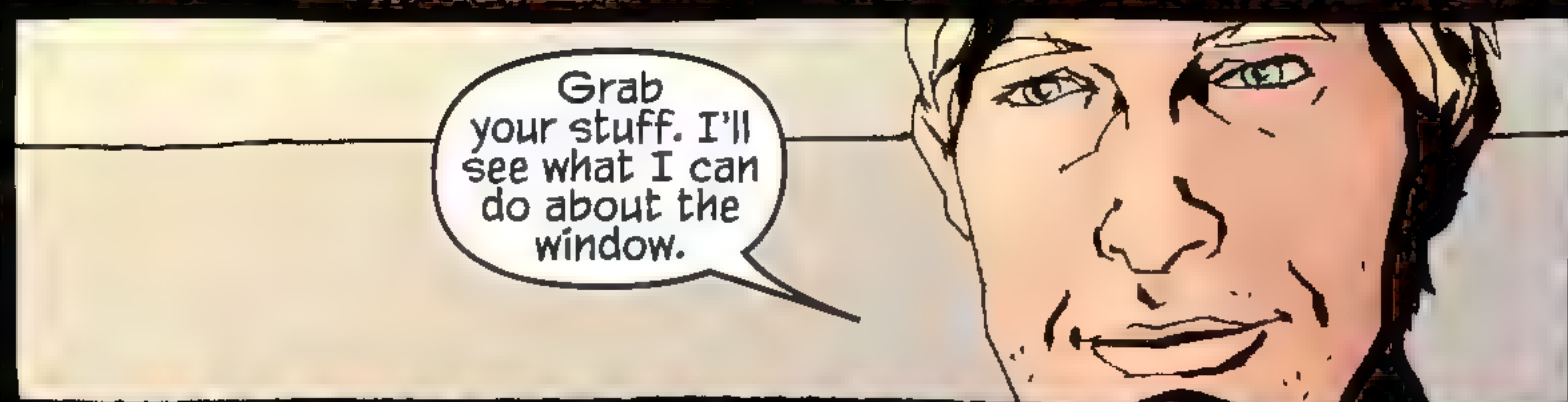
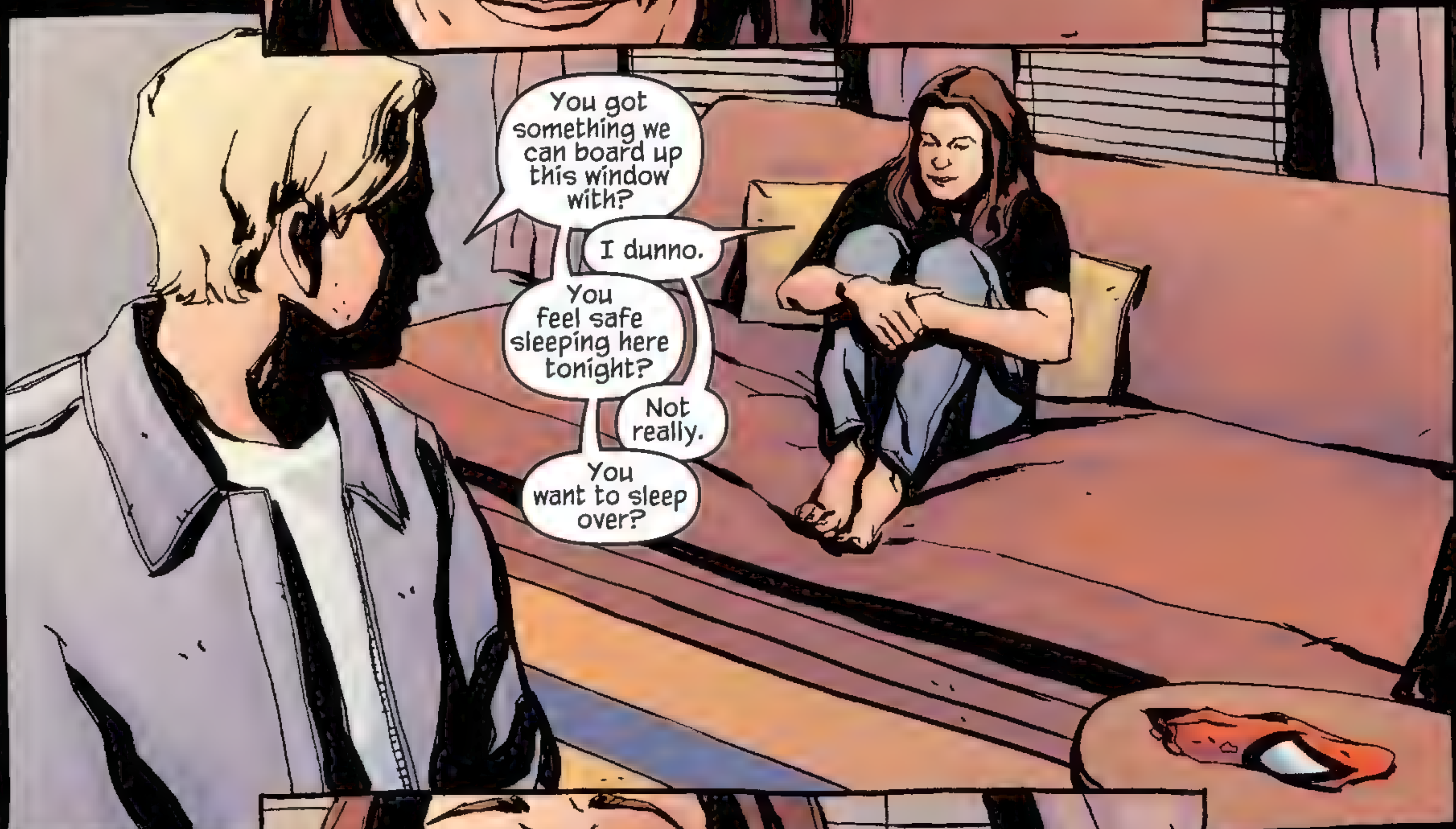
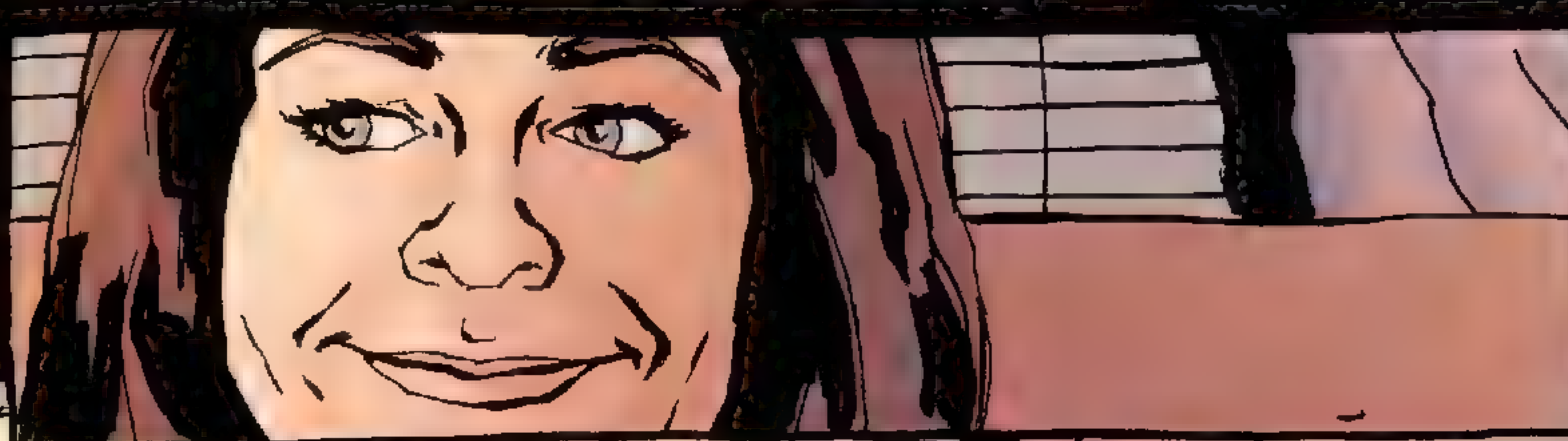
I called you in the middle of the night and we've only gone out a couple times and I put you in this shit position that if you *didn't* come over...

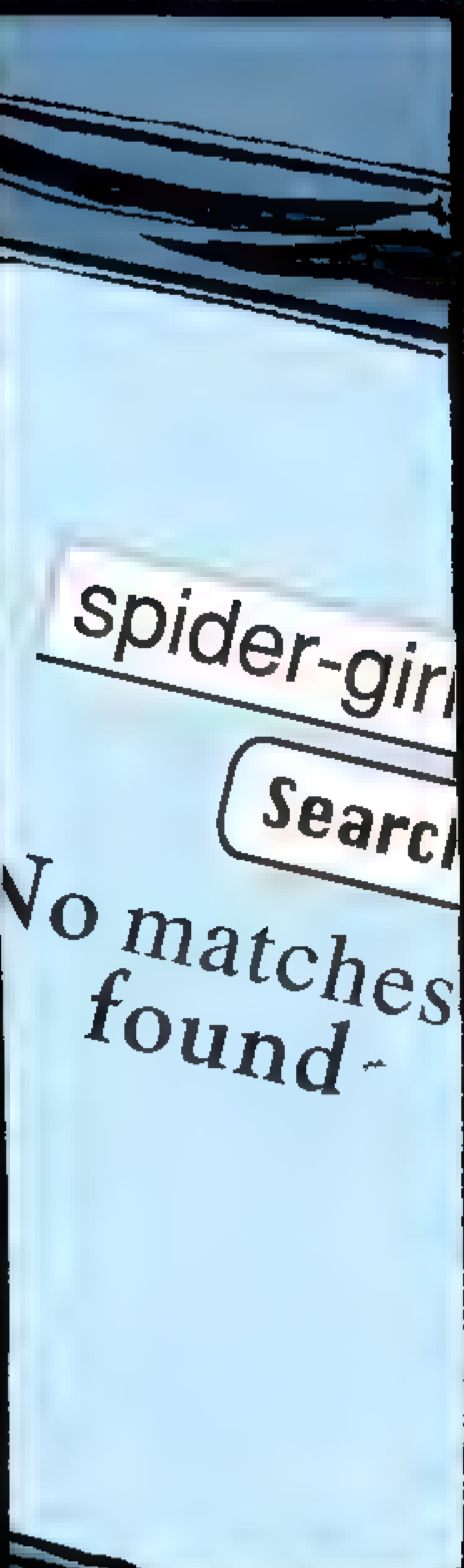
I came over because I wanted to and I was actually thrilled that you thought to call me.

Really?

Really.

You were right to call and I was incredibly cool to come over.



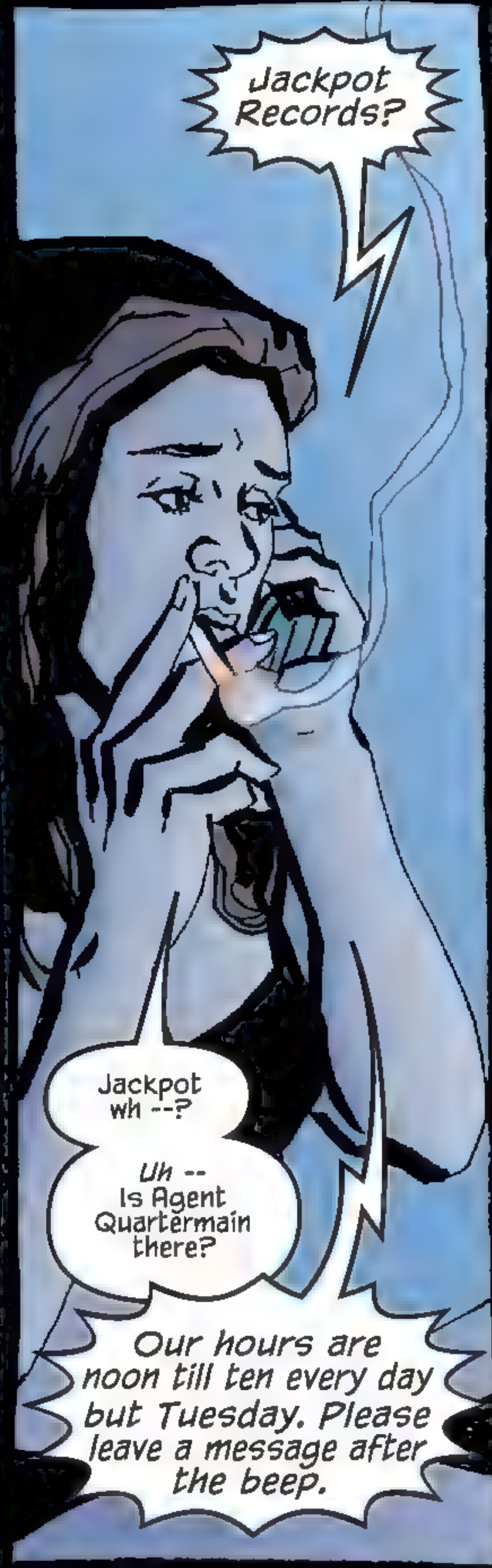


Quartermain.

Don't do it.

He's going to be an asshole about it.

spider-girl
Search
No matches found





Shut up!

Did you call me at four in the morning to tell me you're shtupping --

No, God! What's wrong with you? Why're you being such a prick?

Well, you only call me when you need something, but, usually, at least you wait till midday to --

God, sorry I called.

What do you need?



For you not to be an asshole! I called because something really fucking weird happened.

What?

I came home from shopping and there was this teenager in my house -- this girl in a Spider-Man costume.

I'll call you back.



I --



BEEDOOBEE
BEDOOBEDOO

Hello?



Her name's Mattie Franklin.

Why the fuck did you hang up on me?

That was a secure line.

Jesus.

Mattie Franklin -- she did a short run as Spider-Woman.



Spider-Woman... oh. I -- I ran Spider-Girl.

Spider-Woman. The third one -- for those counting at home.

Why the fuck was she in my house?

How should I know? Check your e-mail. I am sending you the two files I have on her. Nothing much.

Check now because the e-mail won't be there in forty four minutes.



Where will it be?

Sorry I gave you crap before. I just --

It's okay.

I mean, Ant-Man?



He's -- for your information -- he's a nice guy.

He's been in prison.

I know all about it.



If I promise to call you when I don't need something will you stop giving me this shit?

Okay, but you won't.

Thanks for your help, Clay, seriously.

Okay.

CLICK



Fucking S.H.I.E.L.D./ Fucking secret agents/ Fucking Strategic Hazard Intervention Espionage Logistics Directorate/ Fuckers!



**BEEDOOBEE
BEEDOOBEE**



Hello?

Jessica, we can hear you. Don't do that.



Your tickets are for seven. Mrs. Jameson will meet you there.

All I need is another night of musical theatre crap!

What's going on with the story on the White Tiger trial?

I -- I don't know, sir.

Find out and call my house with an update. I want it on the front page tomorrow morning. Not Sunday, not Friday, tomorrow.



Good evening, Mr. Jameson.

How's life in the real world, Ronnie?

Fucked. Indeed.

Mr. Jameson...



I called you today -- you didn't return my calls.

I thought you'd take the hint.

We need to talk.



Can't
imagine what
about...



Mattie...

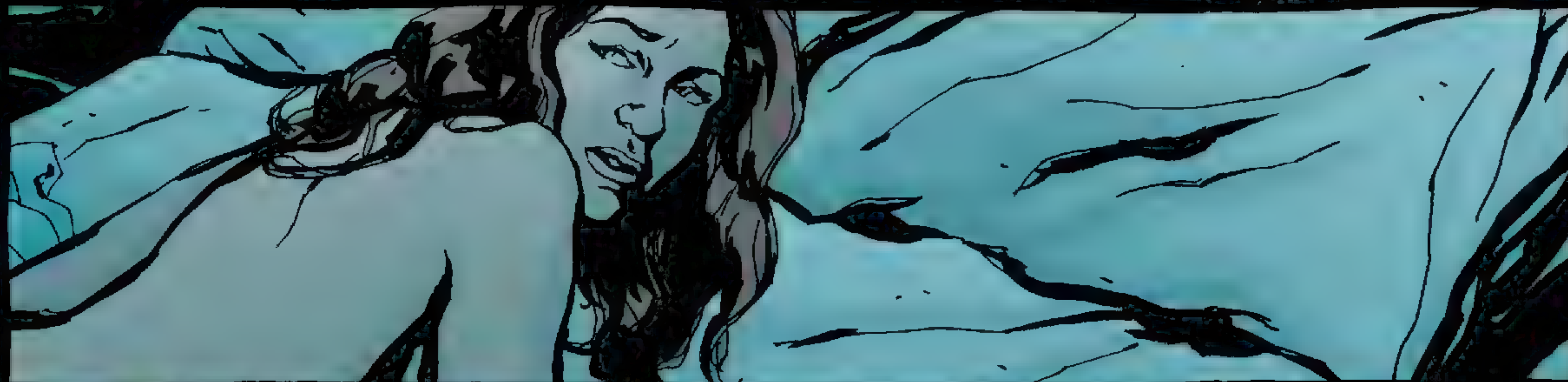
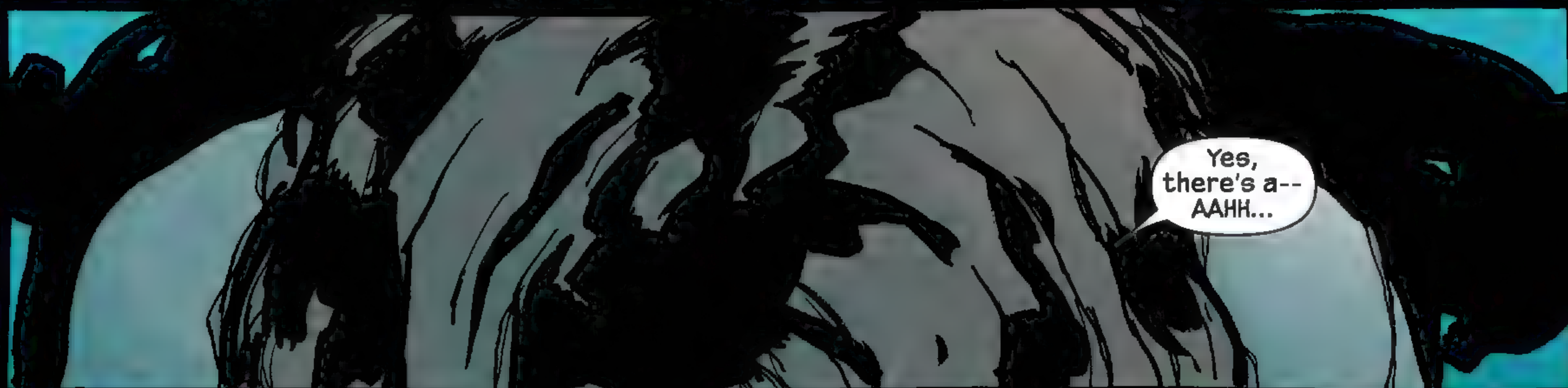


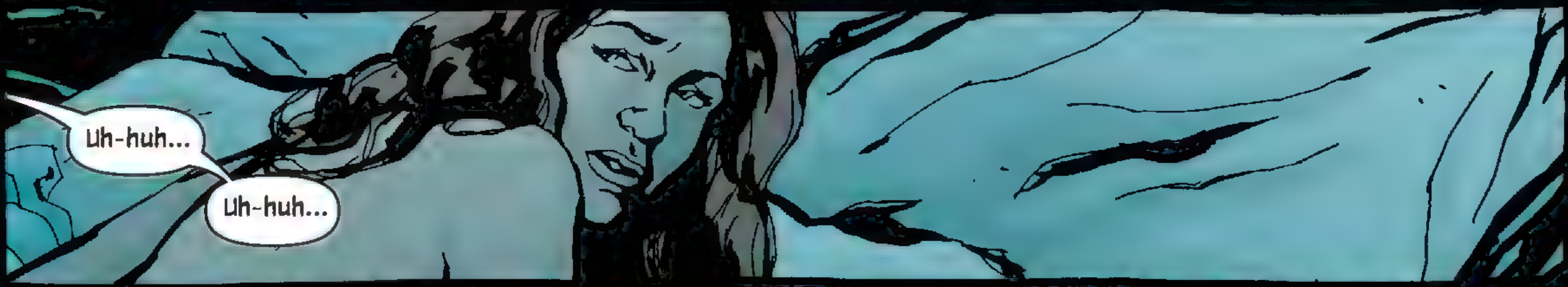
Get
in the
car.

ISSUE #17

ADO







Uh-huh...

Uh-huh...



That's
what I'm--

What?



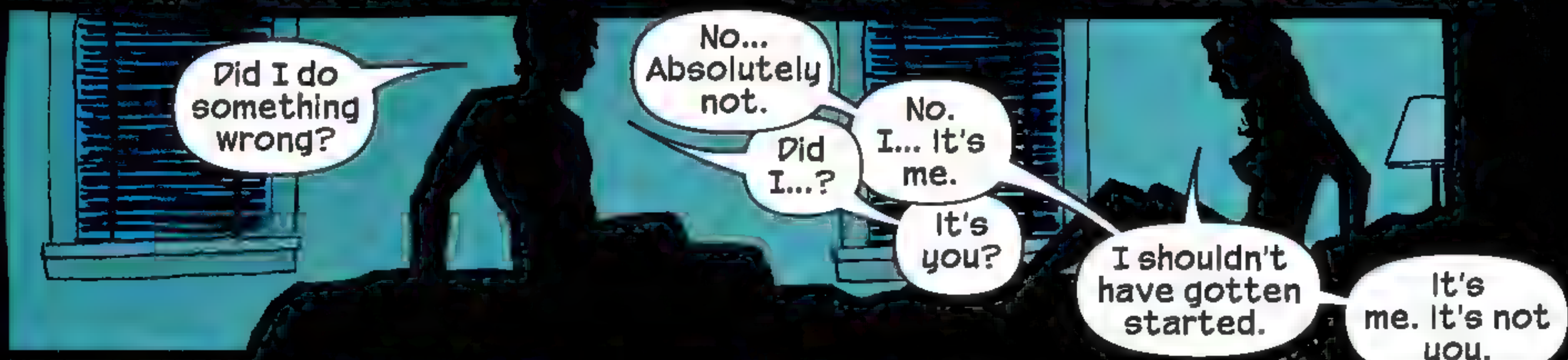
Can
we
stop?



Is
something
wrong?



I just
need to
stop.



Did I do
something
wrong?

No...
Absolutely
not.

Did
I...?

No.
I... It's
me.

It's
you?

I shouldn't
have gotten
started.

It's
me. It's not
you.



Are you
alright?



What
happened?



I'm OK.

Seriously, did I do something wrong?

No, of course not.

Didn't think so.

But... Aggh... You-- you can never tell.

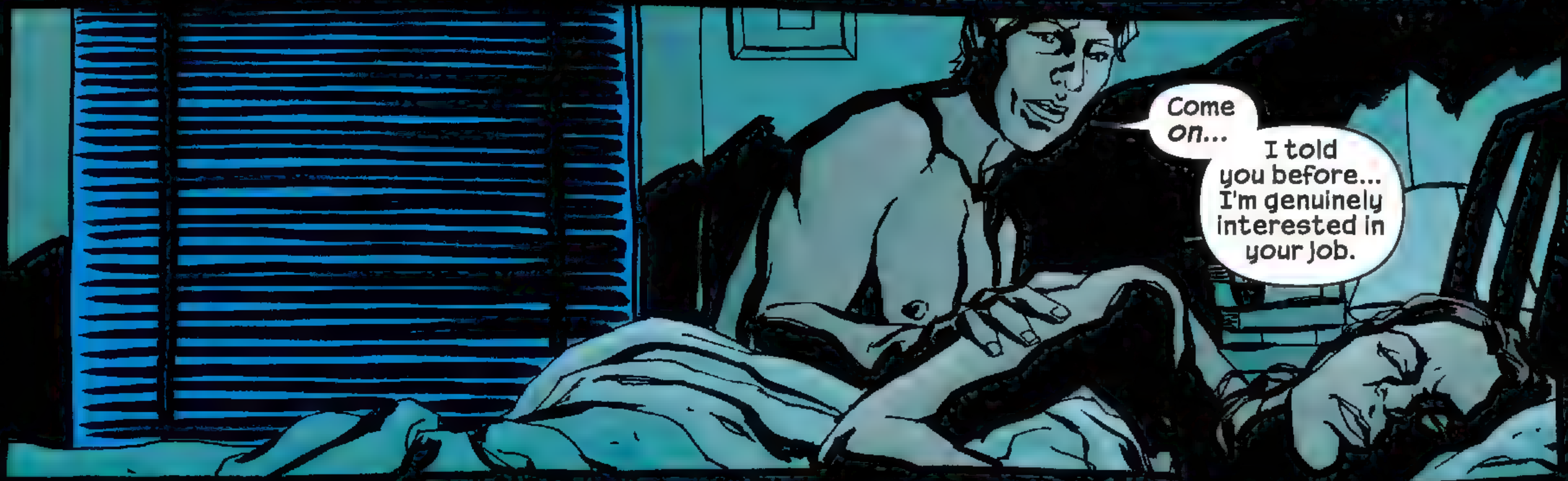


I just-- I shouldn't have come over tonight.

No. I'm glad you did.

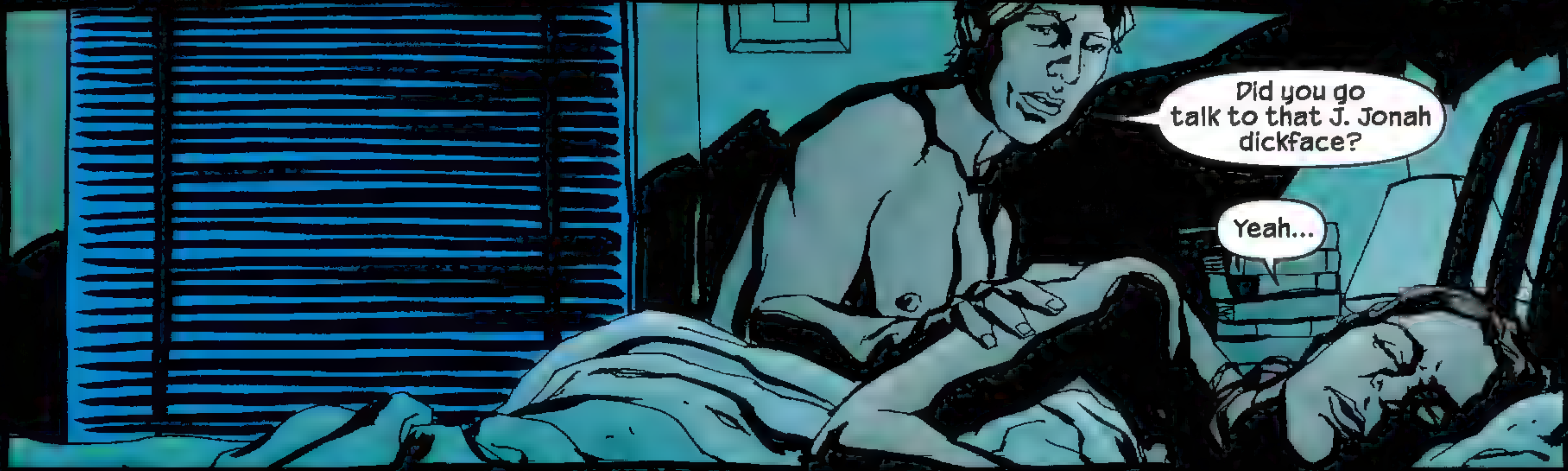
I'm just in a shit mood.

So... What's up?



Come on...

I told you before... I'm genuinely interested in your job.



Did you go talk to that J. Jonah dickface?

Yeah...



We're sitting there in his limo.

And I'm waiting... waiting for a response from him.

And nothing.

He just sits there. Which is the exact opposite of what he was like the last time I met him when he wouldn't shut his fucking mouth.

And then I start reminding myself how much I don't want to be sitting here with this piece of garbage.

All I hear in my head is: This guy hates you.

And this isn't like my usual self-loathing paranoia. No.

I have it on tape. On my answering machine. Him wishing I would drop dead.

This guy-- this rich, asshole scumbag.

He's everything that's wrong with Journalism in America. Guy with a clear agenda and he uses his Daily Bugle as a forum to express it instead of reporting the facts.

Disgusting.

I'm sitting there thinking... this piece of garbage.

And believe me, if this was about him... Fuck 'im!

But it's not. It's about a girl.

It's about some girl I know nothing about named Mattie Franklin. A girl that he somehow took responsibility for who is now in some kind of trouble.

And I sat there in silence.

And I didn't know what else to do.





So I did what I always do when I am sitting in front of someone in total silence and I don't know what to do.

I babbled like an idiot.

The thing is, Mr. Jameson, as I said, I don't know the story between you and this girl. All I know is that she was staying with you and your wife.

And that she dresses as Spider-Man and it looks like she has some kind of abilities to back it up.

And, of course, that she broke into my house in the middle of the night last night, strung out or something.

Or at least *my* definition of strung out...

And the minute she sees me-- the minute I confront her-- she runs away. Flies away.

She didn't steal from me or anything, but she seemed to think she knew me. But I don't know how that could be.

Well, the entire thing's freaked me out, for obvious reasons.

And although, clearly, there is this shit between us. Me and you...

I just felt that coming to you with this was, I don't know, the right thing to do.

I'm sure this is awkward for *both* of us, certainly I do.

Well...

But she's just a girl and...

Where is she now?

What? I don't know.

I'll ask you again.

Where is she now?

I-don't-know.

What's the angle? Money?

Of course it is. It *always* is!

Uh-- I don't think you're hearing me.



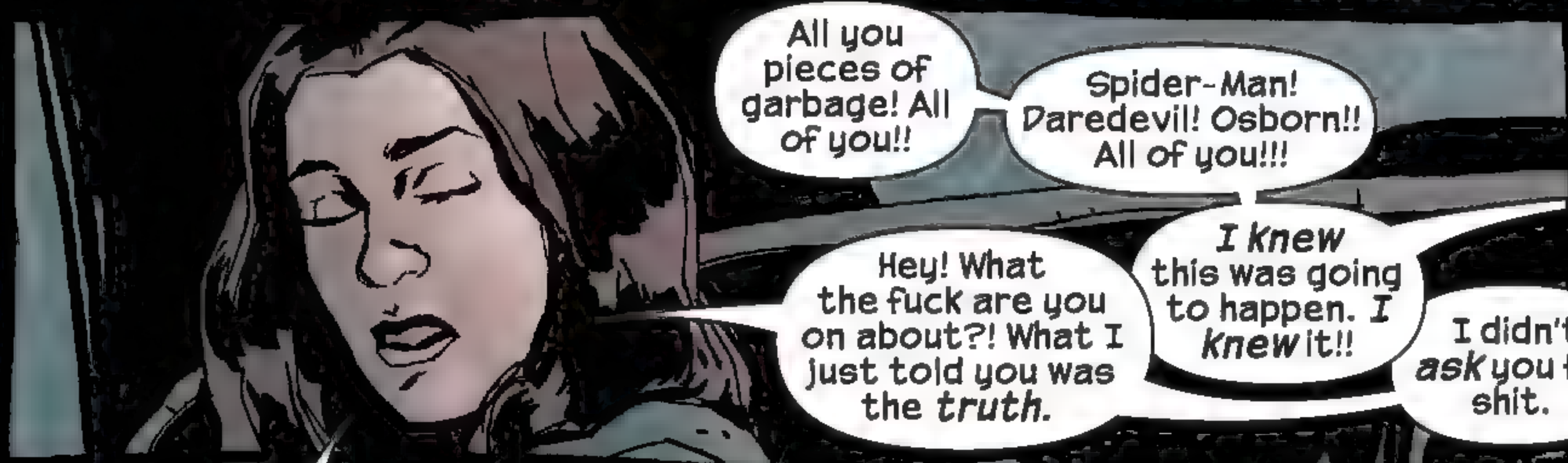
To come here like this and dangle that girl over my head.

She's just a child.

You people are all the same.

Preying on people's... people's fears and hopes.

You piece of trash.



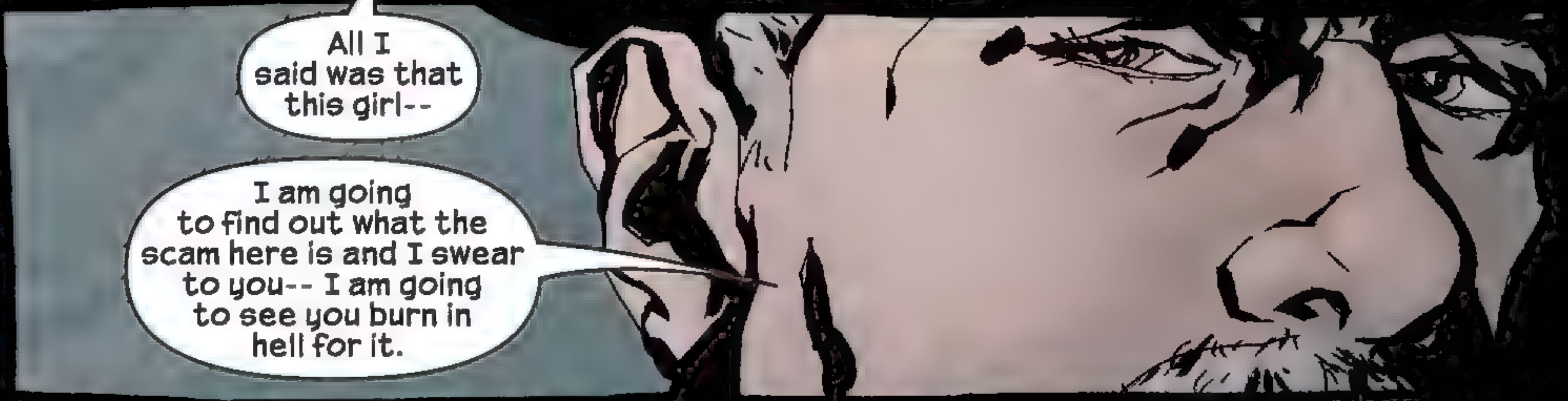
All you pieces of garbage! All of you!!

Spider-Man! Daredevil! Osborn!! All of you!!!

Hey! What the fuck are you on about?! What I just told you was the *truth*.

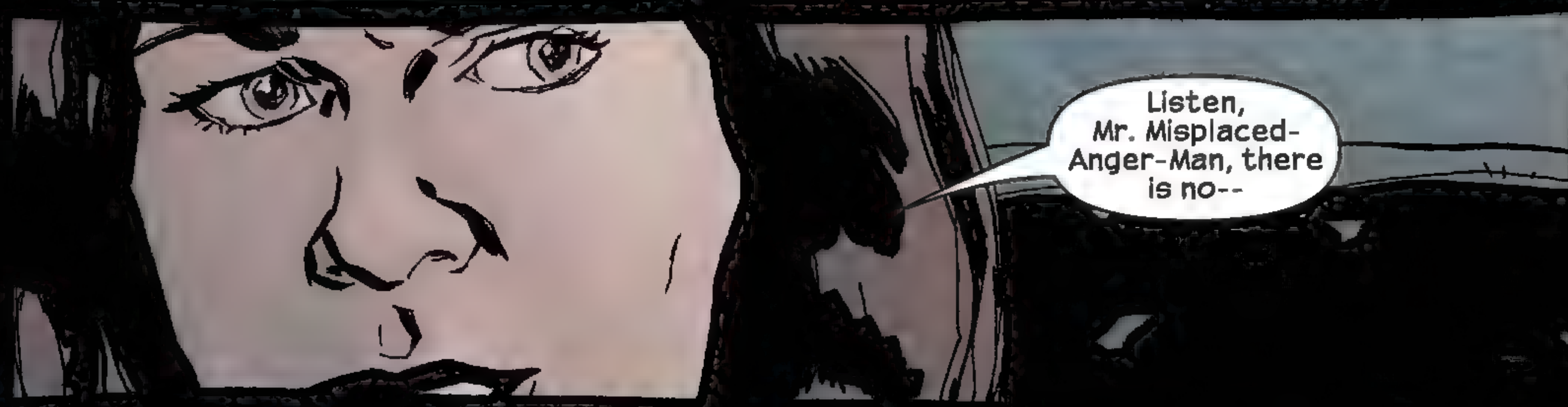
I knew this was going to happen. I *knew* it!!

I didn't ask you for shit.



All I said was that this girl--

I am going to find out what the scam here is and I swear to you-- I am going to see you burn in hell for it.



Listen, Mr. Misplaced-Anger-Man, there is no--



And I'll tell you right now: Any harm comes to that girl... so much as a broken nail...

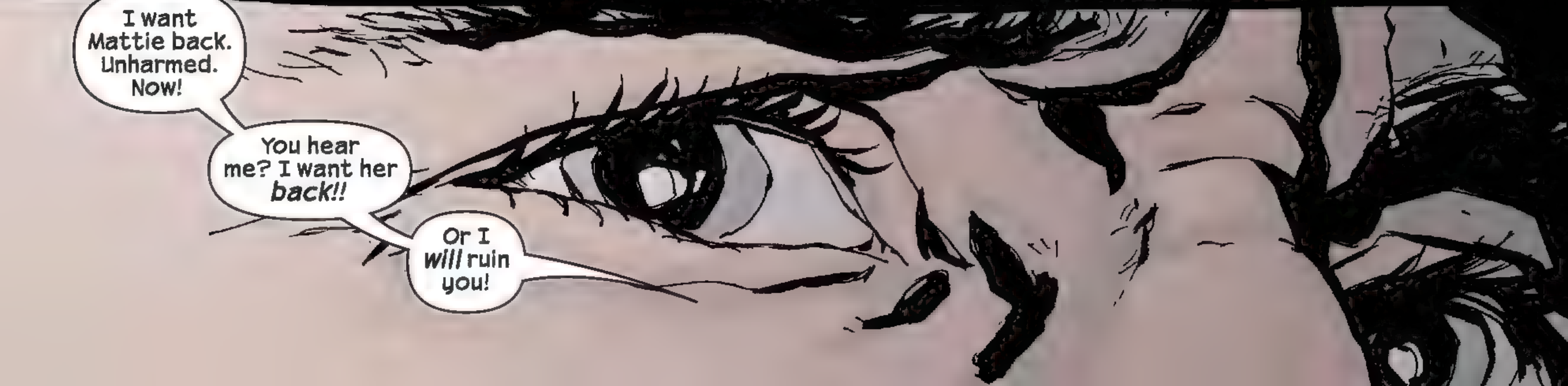
I find out anything has happened to her.

You! You are the one that's going to answer for it.



You screwed with the wrong guy this time, Jones.

Pull over, Melvin!! Ms. Jones is getting out.



I want Mattie back. Unharmd. Now!

You hear me? I want her *back*!!

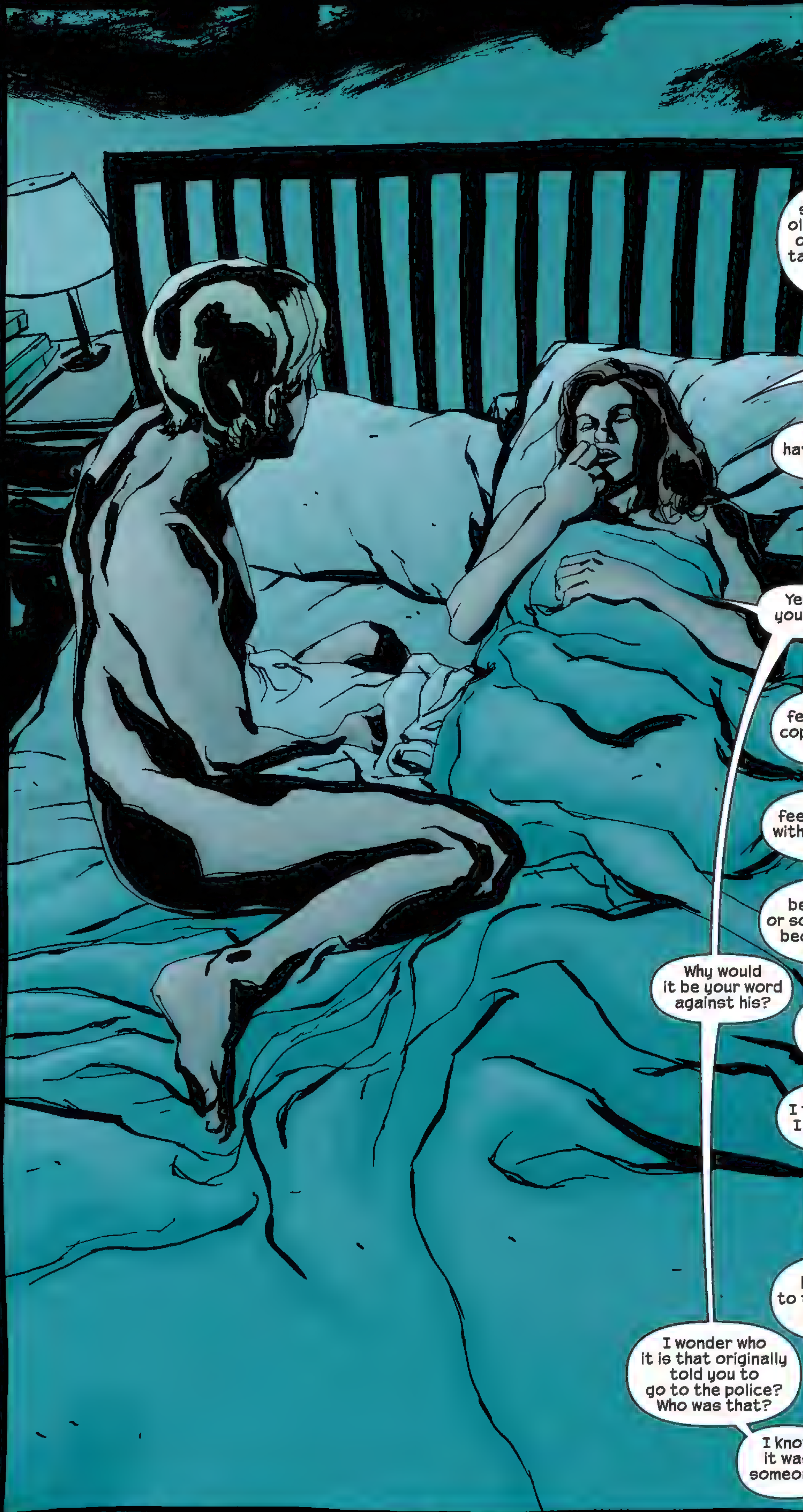
Or I *will* ruin you!



So...

Basically...

...*that* blew up in my face.



I should have run to the police right there.

I don't know why, but I never do.

It's probably something about my old life as a super hero or something. Always taking shit into my own hands, but I never go to them.

I always go off and try to do everything myself.

Well, you have issues with authority.

I do not.

Yes, you do.

Nnnnn... I do.

Plus, I always feel like if I go to the cops, all they are going to do is grill me.

And I always feel that with someone with a shitload of money, like Jameson...

It's going to be my word against his or something. And I'll lose-- because, like, look at me and look at him.

Why would it be your word against his?

How the fuck should I know?! The guy's a loon.

I tell him what I tell him and he says I kidnapped the girl. Insinuates it.

He's a wingnut. He's a piece of baklava.

What I should have done is gone to the police right away when it happened but I didn't.

OK. Alright.

I wonder who it is that originally told you to go to the police? Who was that?

I know it was someone.

Are you done?

Regardless, I was in the situation I was in now and the best thing I could think to do is try to find the girl.

How?

Well, I'm a private investigator... basically I just start throwing shit at the wall and I see if anything sticks.

I went back to my office and I started making a point list of everything I heard or saw since this shit began.

I wrote down everything I remember this Mattie saying.

They-- they lied to me! Those fuckers lied to me! Sniff!

I looked over the very brief file I had on her.

Then I wrote down everything I remember Jameson saying.

Name: Mattie Franklin
ID: Secret (Minor)
Last known residence: Jameson,
Powers: 'Psychic' Spider Legs (See
Flight (6). Strength and Agility (1)
Comments: Participant in the
"Gathering Of Five" incident. (See
Ritual involving five people bidd
for power through the combining
five ancient artifacts.
Associates: MadameWeb
Jessica Drew

Well, Jameson always has a gay boner for Spider-Man.

And I bet he mentioned Daredevil just because he's in the news.

But Osborn. Norman Osborn? Is he even still alive?

Spider-Man. Spider-Woman.

Spider-Woman.

Jessica Drew?

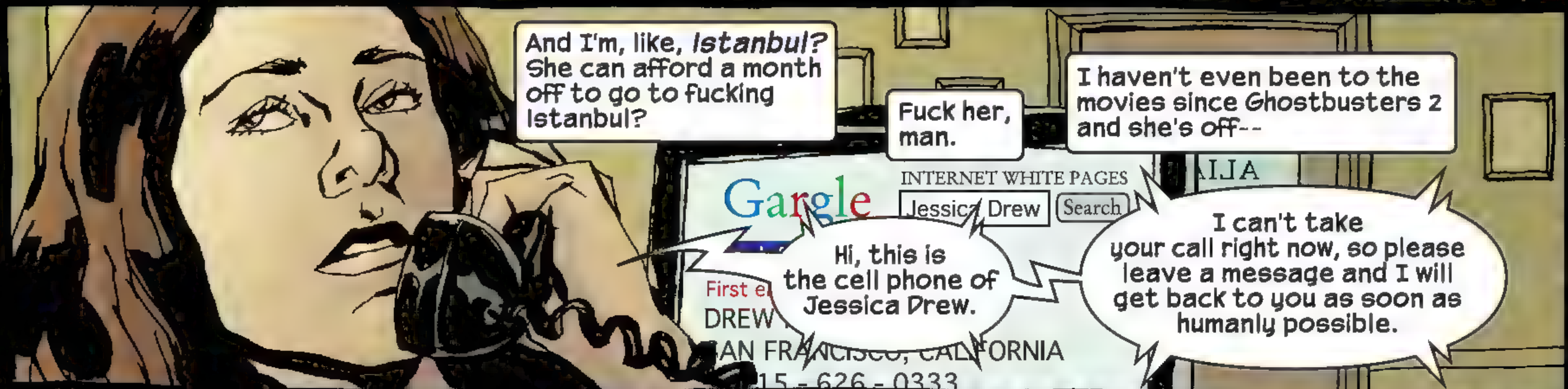
Jessica's name is in Mattie's tiny S.H.I.E.L.D. file.

What is this other name? Madame Web.

Madame Web? What the fuck is a Madame Web?

Jessica Drew. Jessica Drew. Jessica Drew...

Spider-Man! Daredevil! Osborn!! All of you!!!





Hey, you know Captain America?

This kid... Malcolm--
He's a super hero nerd and he has chosen to haunt me for reasons that I am not quite clear on.

Hey, you remembered my name.

Huh.
I did.

Where you been?
Living my own life.

I come around to say hey and you're never here.
Well, why don't you not do that then.

Thought maybe the Skrulls got you.



The Skrulls?



Do you know Captain America or not?

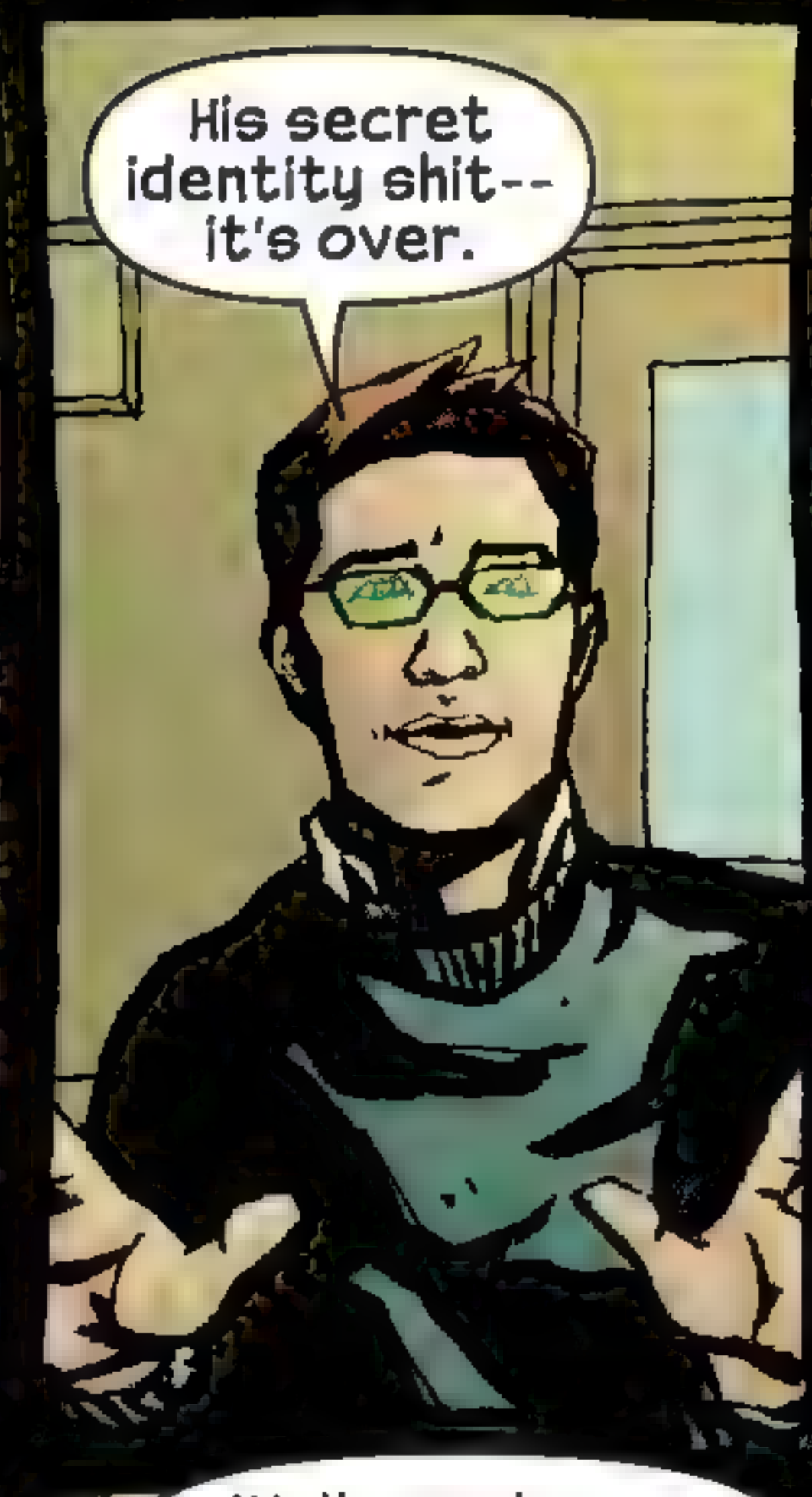
I do.



What do you think about him coming out?



He came out?



His secret identity shit-- it's over.



It is?
You didn't know?
No.



It's on the TV.
What do you think of that because I think it's bullshit?



Don't you have parents or homework?



He's copying you.

You so came out years ago.

And that Paredevil asshole. He's a big pussy.



How is he a--?



He got outted in the tabloids, right? And now what? He's suing everyone like a big fucking pussy.

I mean, be a man.



Well, as always, it's been nice visiting with you.

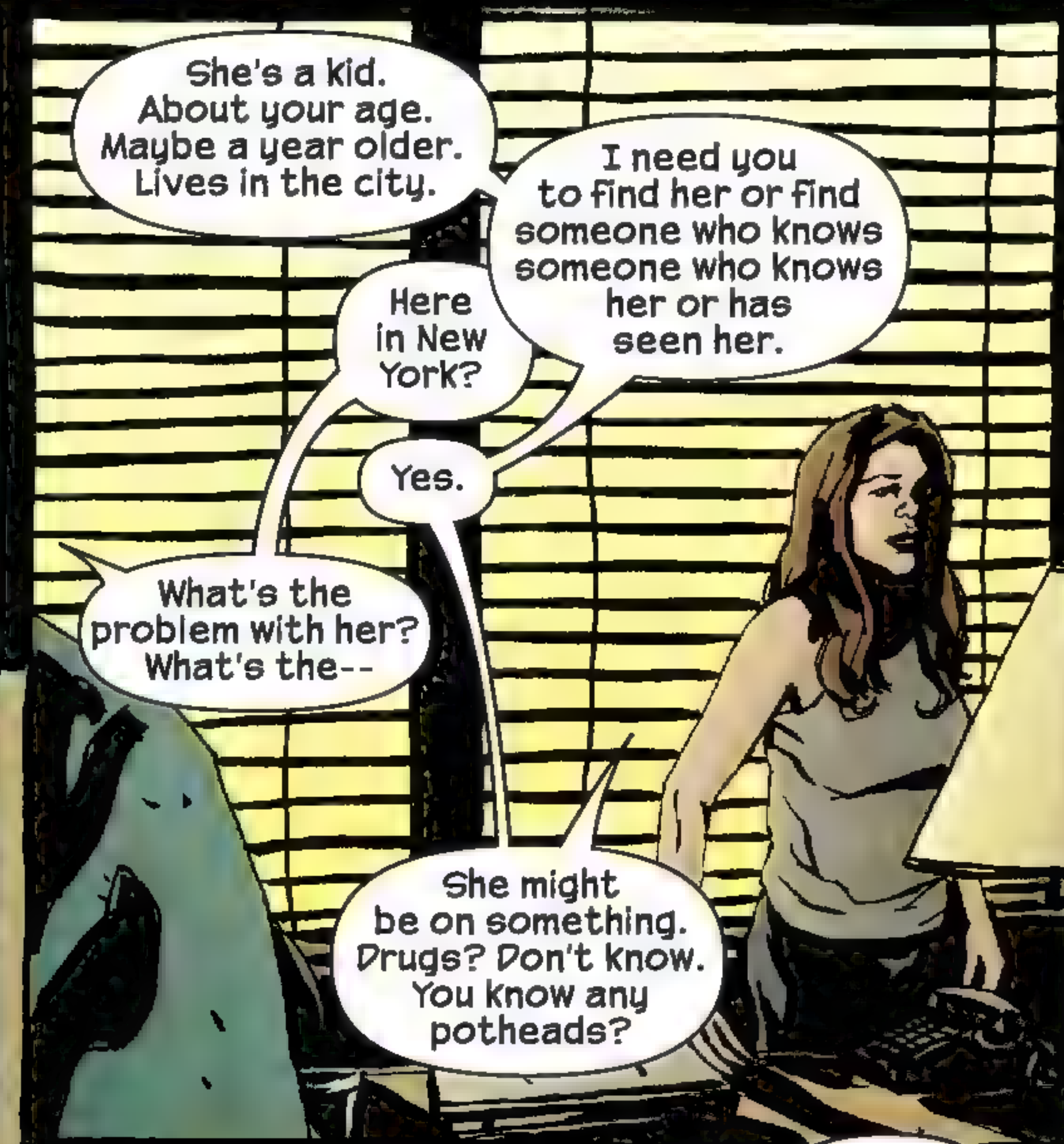
And by nice, I mean irritating.

I told my friends at school about how you did this shit years ago... before it was trendy.



Malcolm.

I gotta work.





'Cause you guys have to keep your word.



Go.



You have a code.



If you're not gone in the count of three...

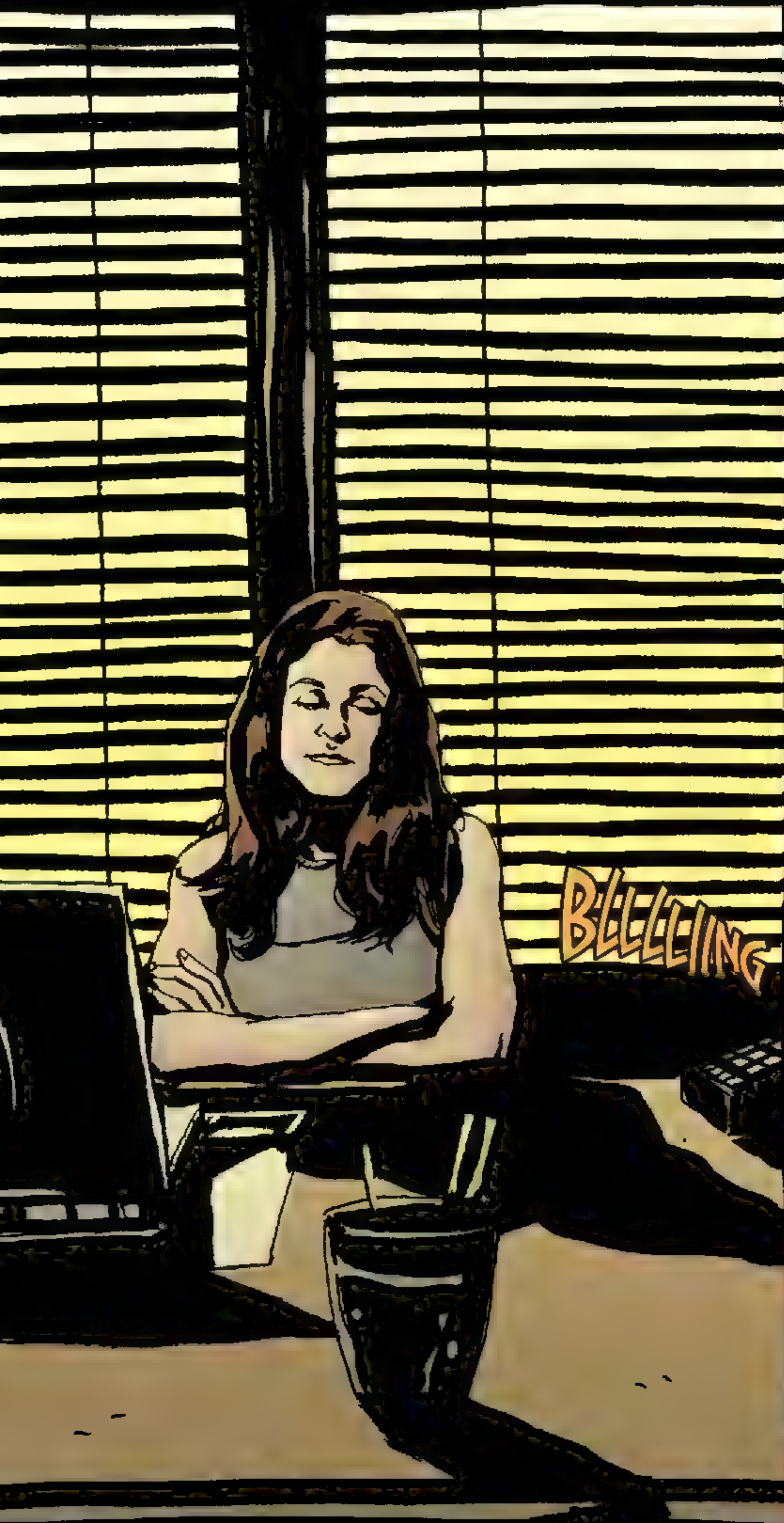
SAIA
INVESTIGATIONS



Can I have my own cell phone?



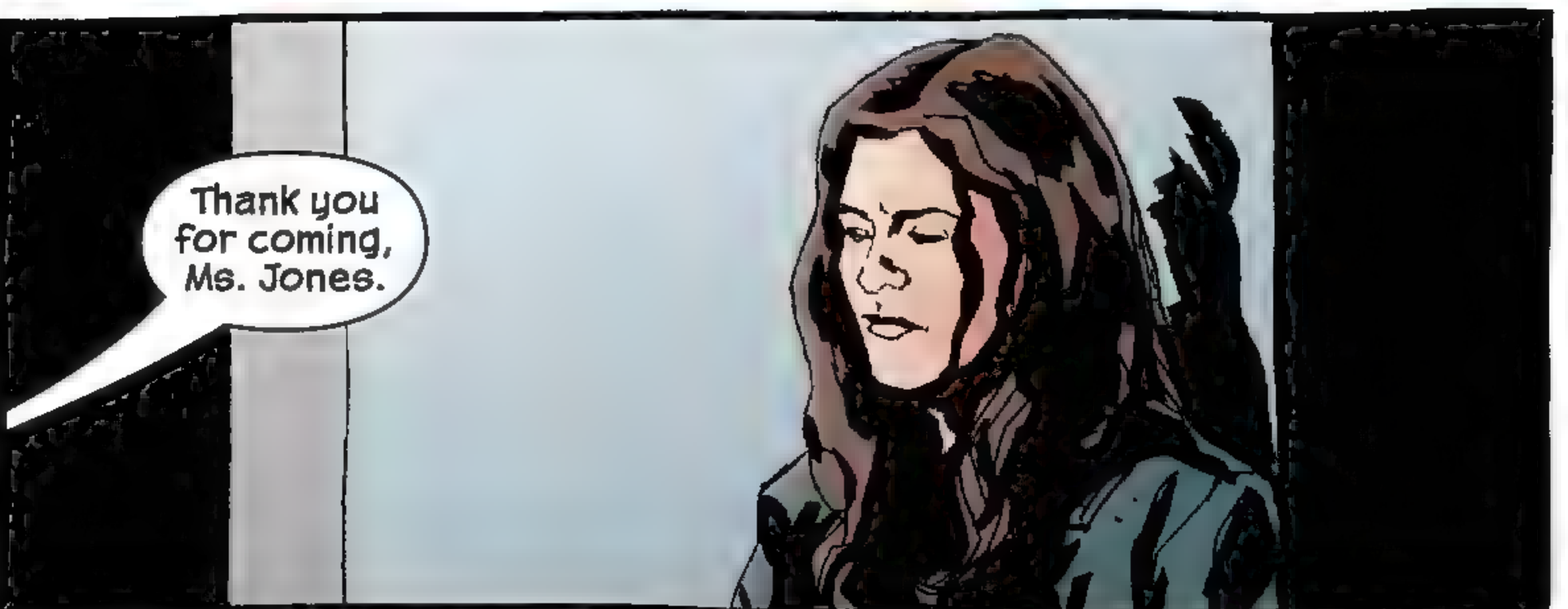
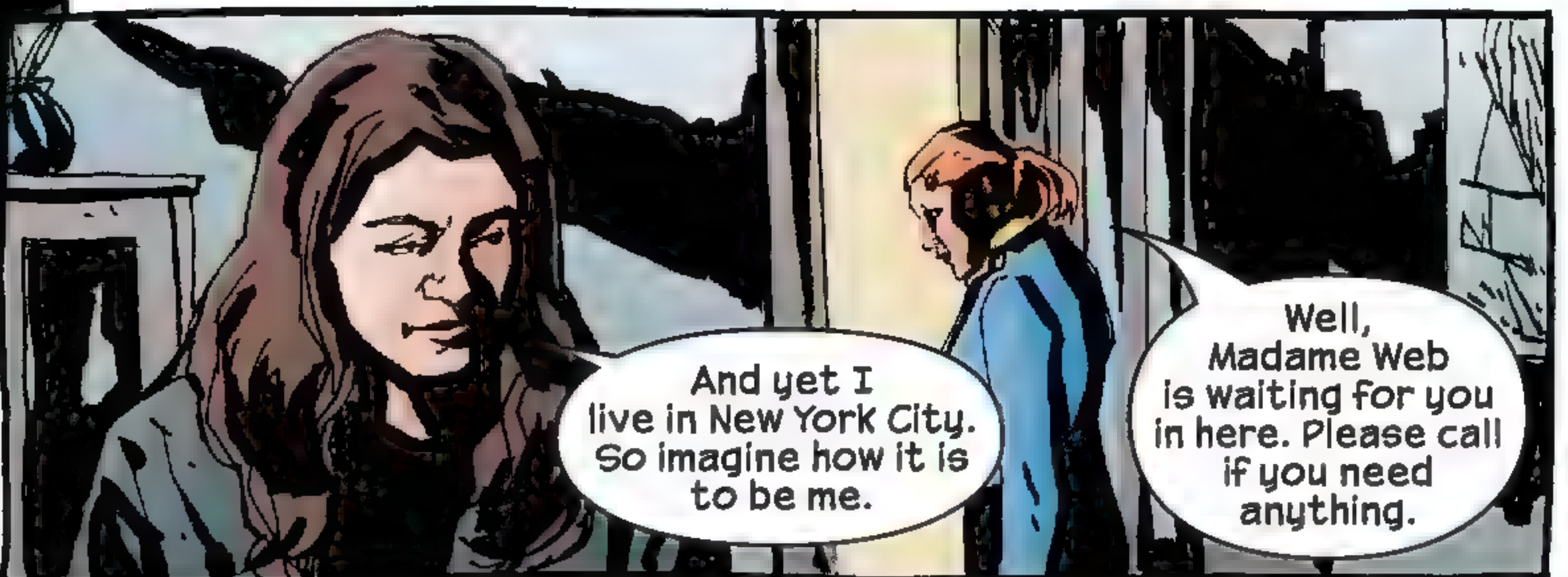
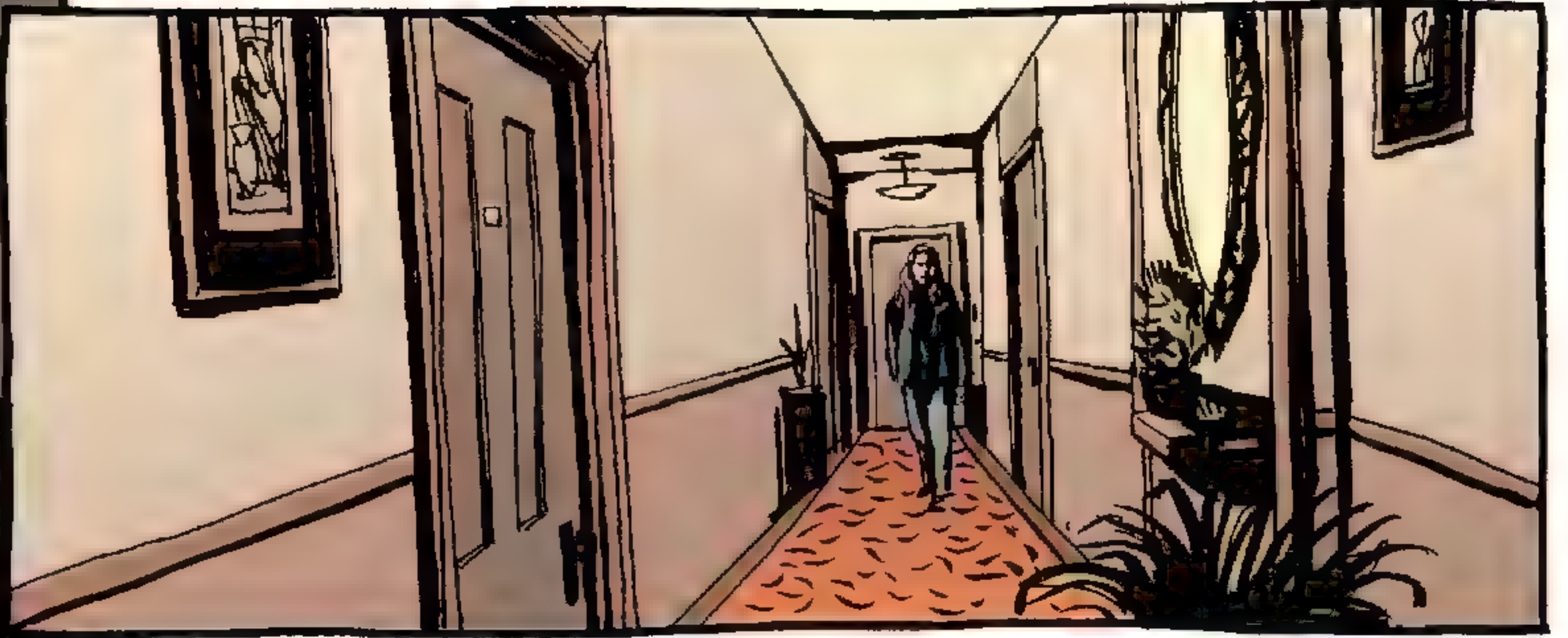
SAIA
INVESTIGATIONS



BELLING



7:12 PM







I can see
into the near
future.
I can see the
possibilities.



I don't
understand.



Every decision in
life you make creates
a new set of tangents
of time and space.

Every decision
creates a myriad
of possibilities for
your future.

And now,
with you-- in
you-- I finally see
Mattie once
again.

I see
the strongest
ones.

I see Mattie
playing an important
role in your future.



Do you
know where
she is now?



I see
her in
darkness.

I-- I see
her in strobing
lights.

Strobing
lights?



I see
her in
pain.

She is
dancing.
Tribal.

She's in a
nightclub?

You are
angry. You
start fighting
with her.



Physically
fighting her?

You... oh, my...
Kill her.



And in
another...
she kills
you.

You kill a
strong, primal
boy.



You look
like you, but not
like you.

I--
I-- I do
what?



What
do I
do?

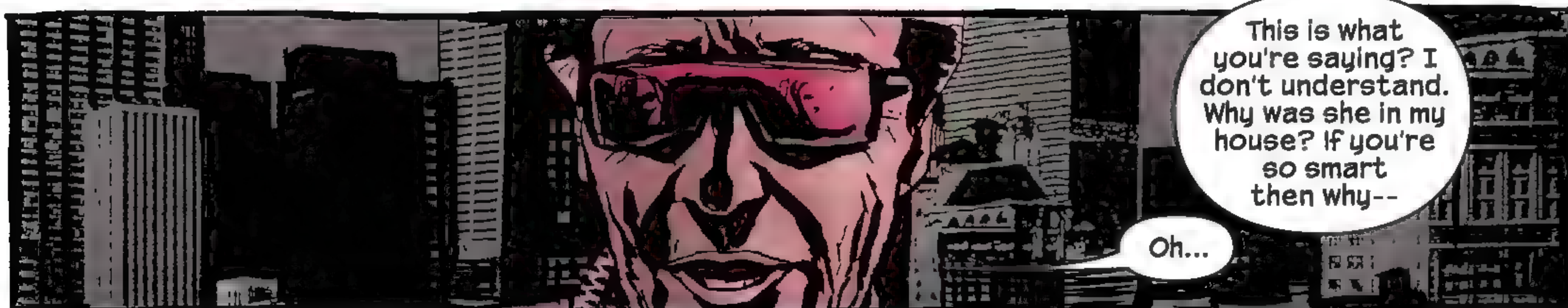
These are
just a few strong
possibilities of the
near future.



Kill her?
What are you
talking
about?

I don't
understand.

This might
happen. It might
not happen.

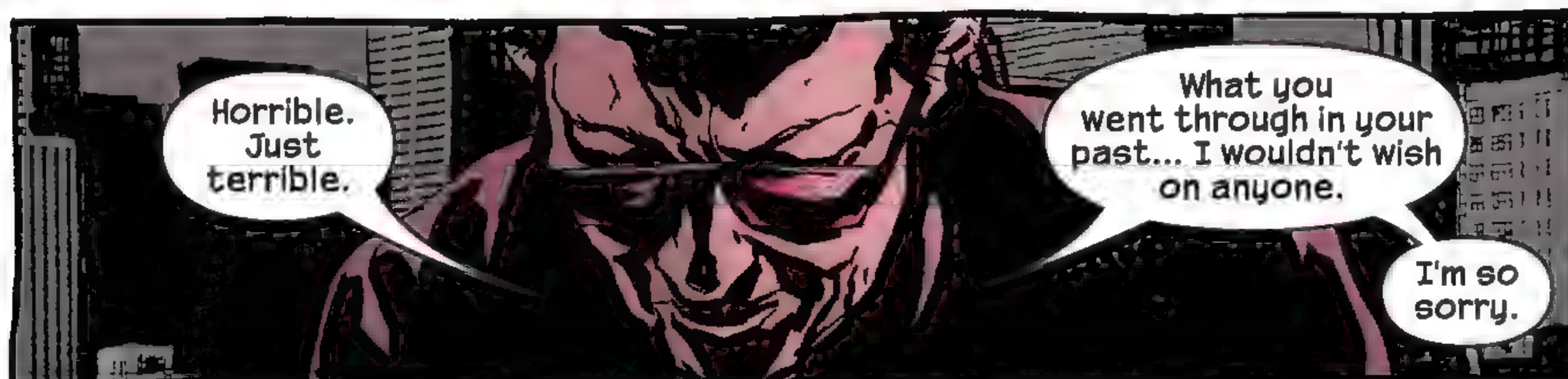


This is what
you're saying? I
don't understand.
Why was she in my
house? If you're
so smart
then why--

Oh...



What?



Horrible.
Just
terrible.

What you
went through in your
past... I wouldn't wish
on anyone.

I'm so
sorry.



You just
what? You just read
my mind?



I'm sorry.
I can't help what
I see.

I'm
sorry.



Without
permission?!
You just read
my mind?

You--
You
just--



I can't
always control
the images coming
to me.

The images...
so strong, so
violent.

Fuck
you!!

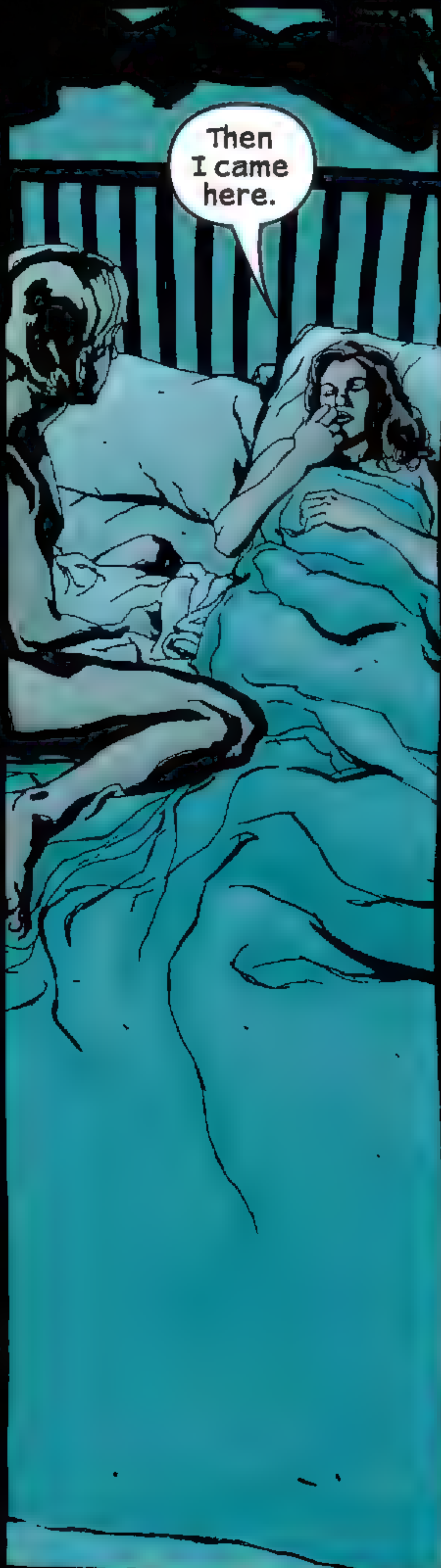


Your
language is
a mask.

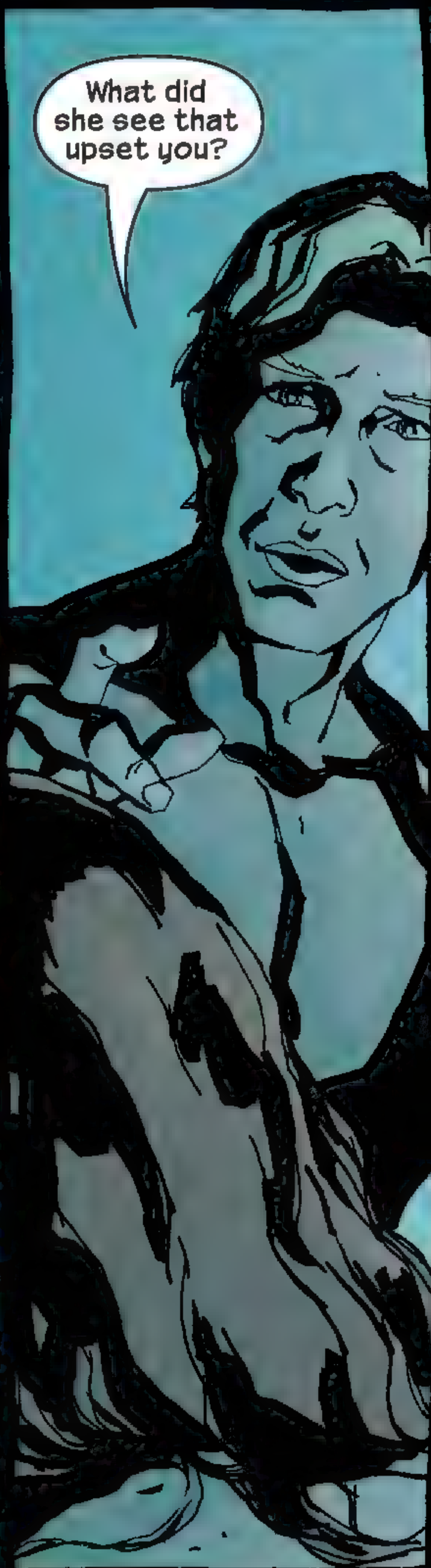
Fuck
you!!

FUCK
YOU!!!

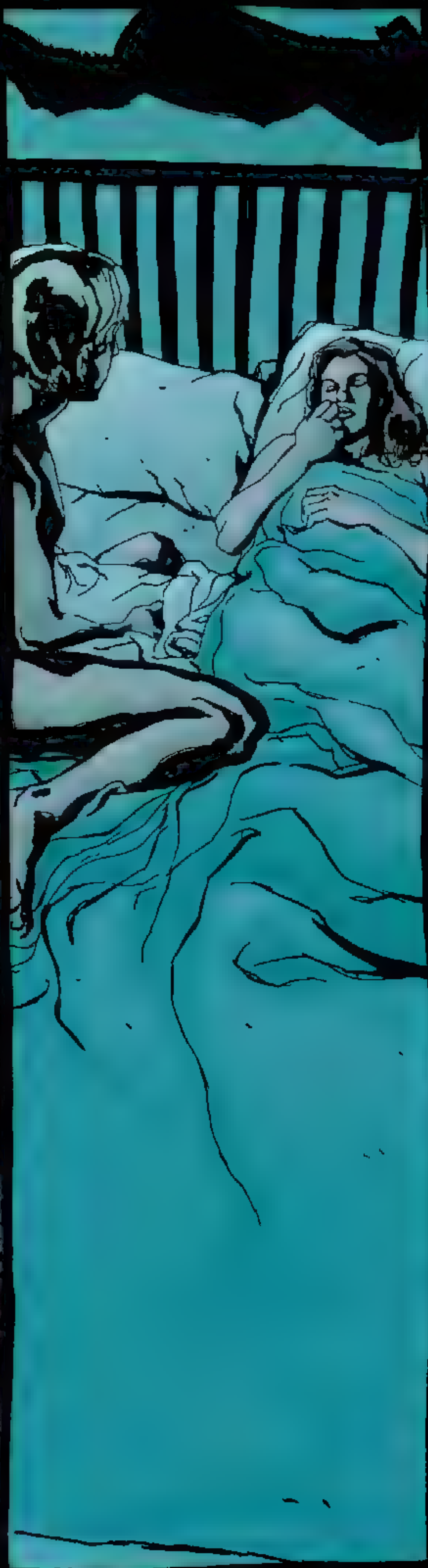




Then I came here.



What did she see that upset you?



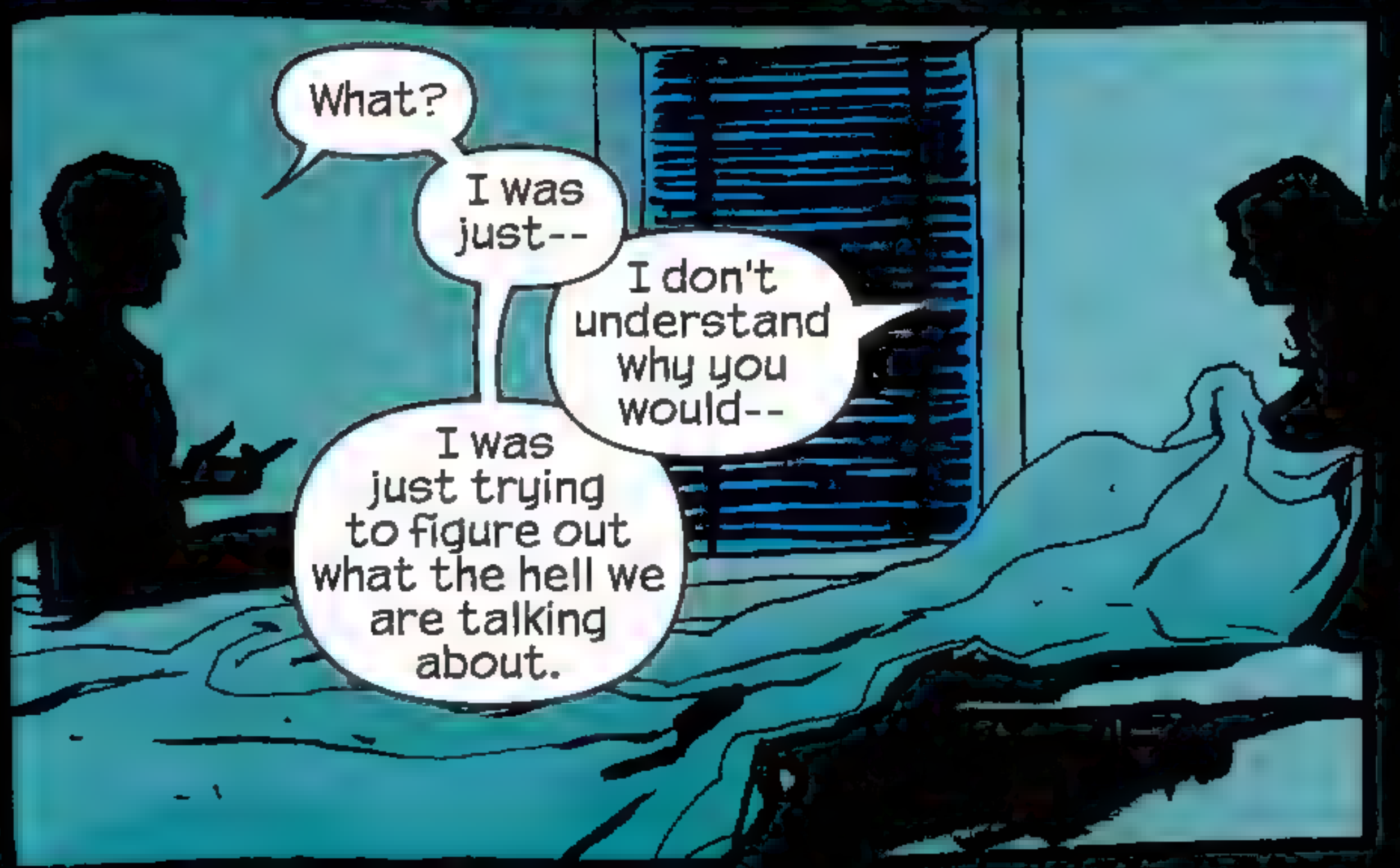
CONFIDENTIAL



ISSUE #18

P







Such a *guy* thing to say!!

A girl has a secret in her past-- she must have been *raped*!



I don't understand how *asking* that is offensive if it didn't--



Where are you *going*?

I think I want to go home.



What?

What are you doing?

You were telling a story. I was just--

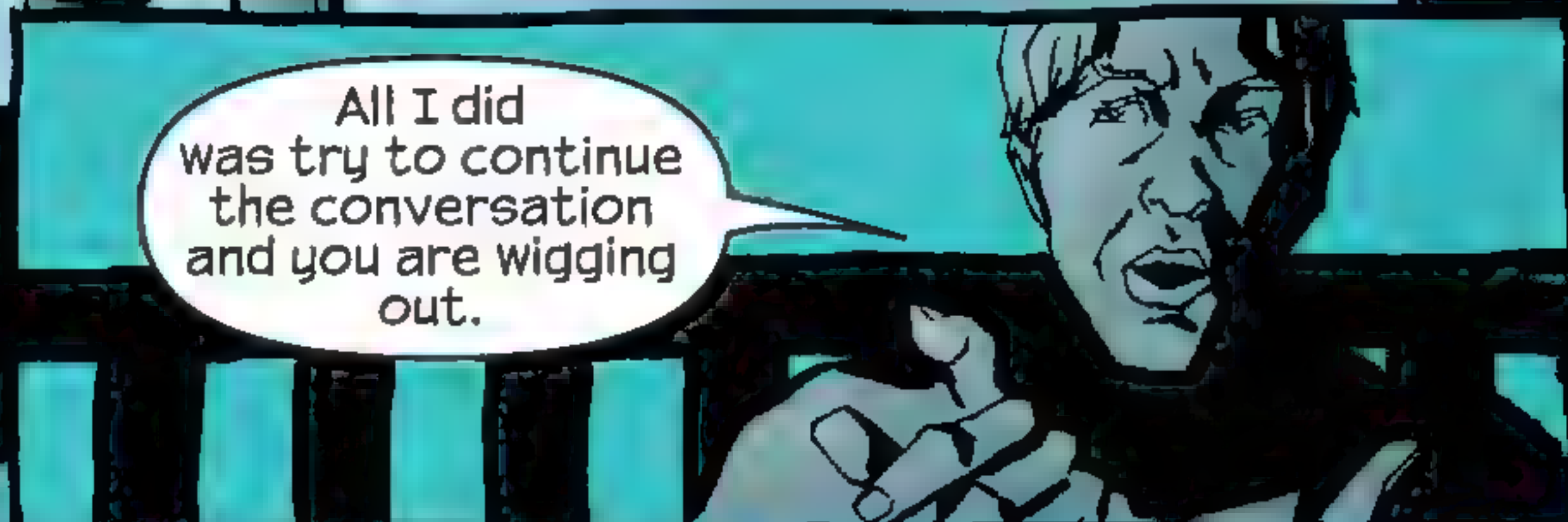
I just want to go home, okay?



I just want to point out that *you* were telling a story!

You told me this woman psychic read your thoughts and found something horrible.

You told me all that. *You* did.



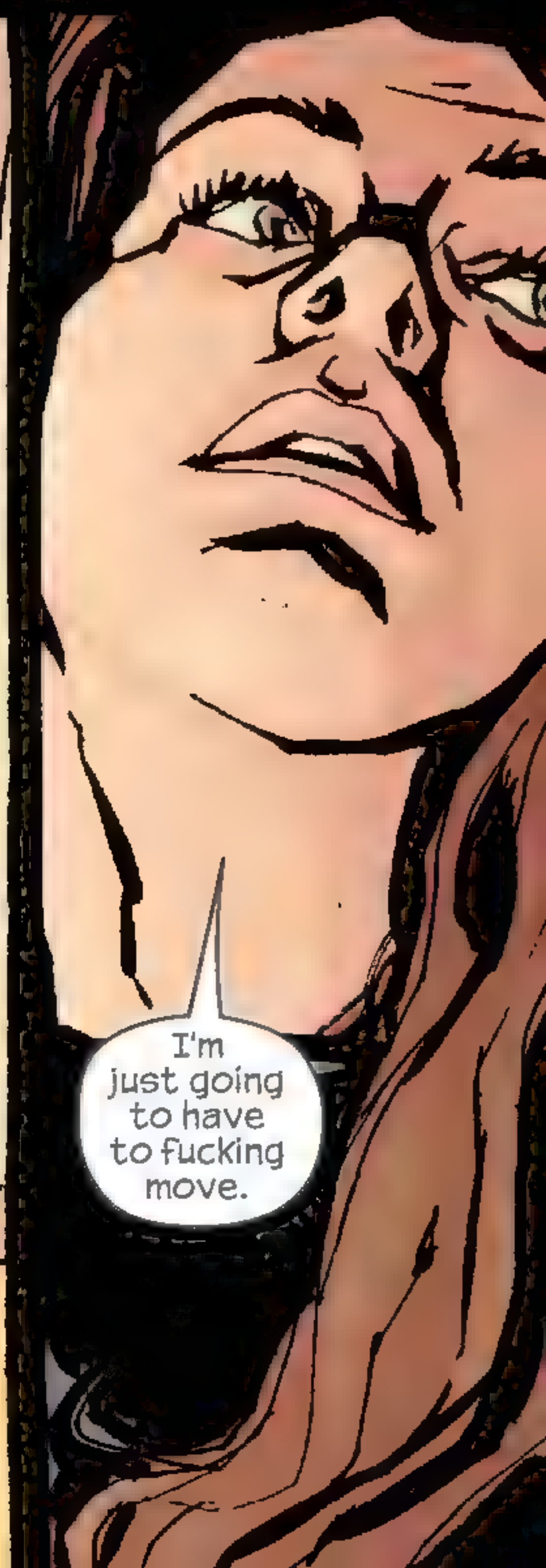
All I did was try to continue the conversation and you are wiggling out.



I said I didn't want to *talk* about it!

Then why *were* you?!

SLAM

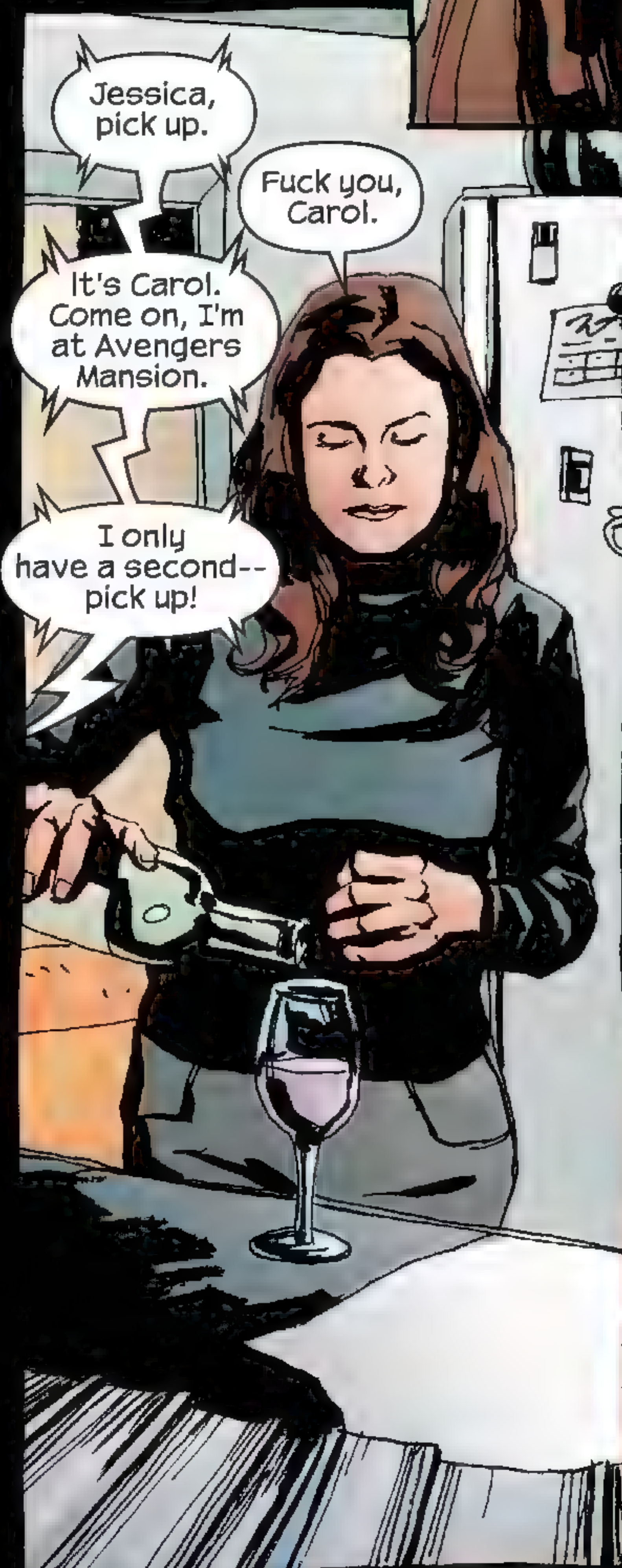




RIIINNNGGGG



RIIINNNGGGG



Jessica, pick up.

Fuck you, Carol.

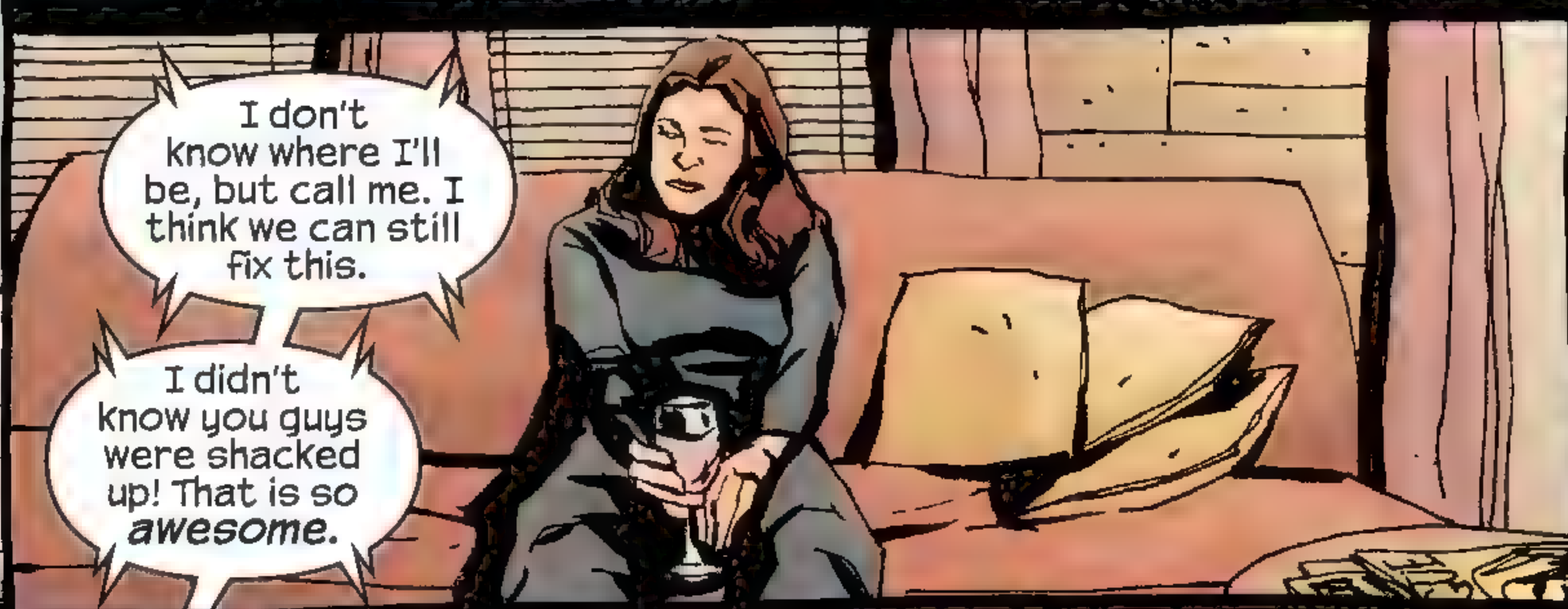
It's Carol. Come on, I'm at Avengers Mansion.

I only have a second--pick up!



Well, you can guess who I just got a call from. Scott was *really* bummed out.

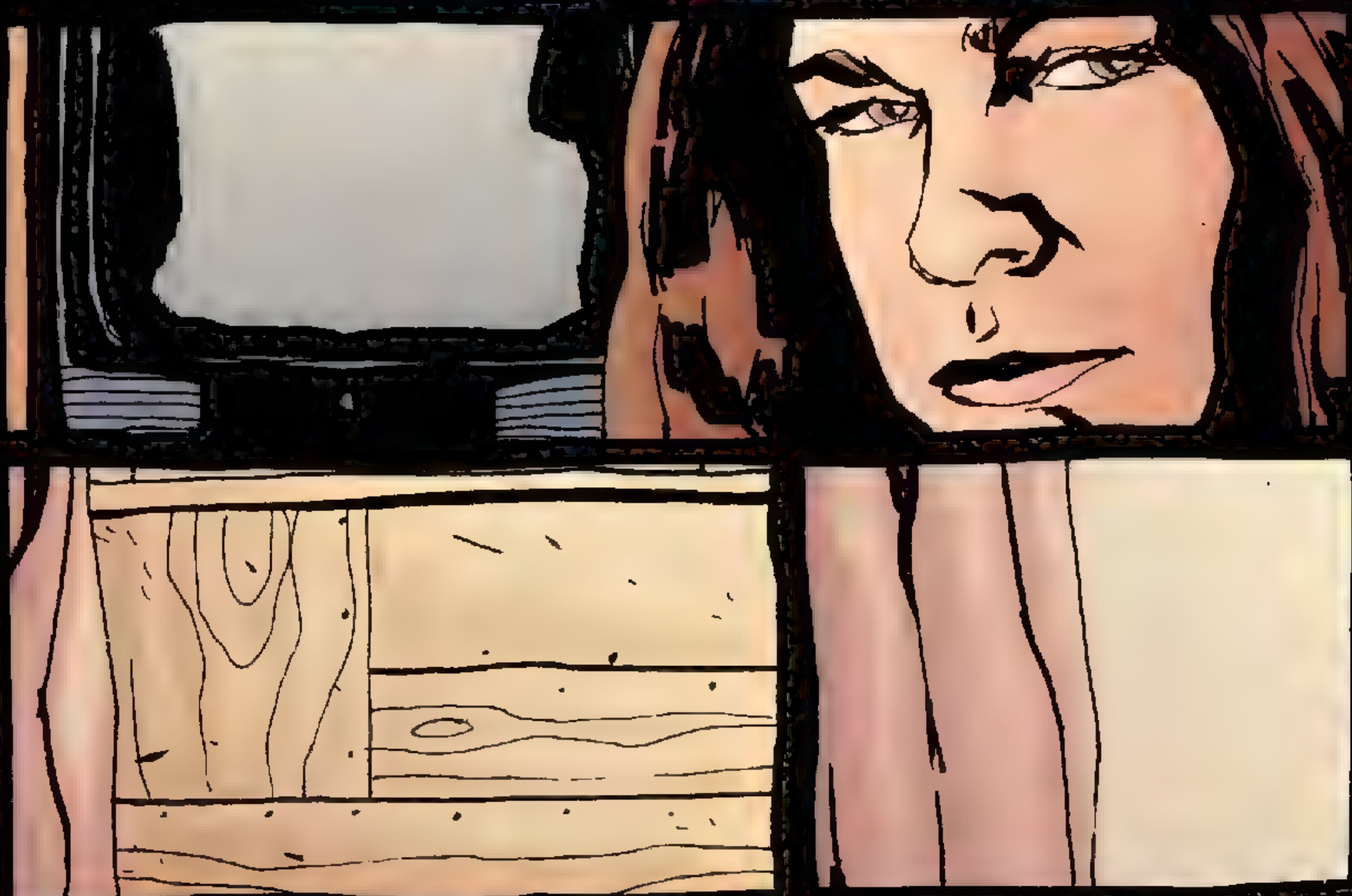
What the hell did you do?



I don't know where I'll be, but call me. I think we can still fix this.

I didn't know you guys were shacked up! That is so *awesome*.





Didn't set my alarm.
Fell asleep on my couch
like an asshole.

Thank God I got up in
time to shower and
get over to my actually
paying job this month.

I don't usually
bodyguard-- even
though a lot of P.I.s do.
I don't like to do it.
It's grunt work.
Mindless bullshit.

But for my attorney,
Matt Murdock, I'll do it.
He's certainly been
there for me enough
times-- and he's going
through a real bunch
of crap now.

The tabloids outted him
as Daredevil. Can you
believe that shit? They
just outted him. "The
man without fear"
outted as a blind Hell's
Kitchen lawyer.

("Man without fear"--
I had nothing that cool
in my flying days.)

They outted him, but
he is publicly standing
up to it. He's denying
the whole thing and
suing the shit out of
everybody.

Good for him.
Fuck the assholes.

So he needs me, and
a couple of others like
Luke Cage, to hang
around the office, walk
him to work.

We're supposed to
keep an eye out for any
of Daredevil's asshole
butt-buddy rogue's
gallery who might come
around looking for some
mindless payback-- but
none of them have
shown up.

All we end up doing
all day is pushing the
media away from him.

But he asks me to be
here-- I'm here. Hate
taking his money but
he won't let me *not*
take it.

And I need it.

He has it and I need it.



The only thing that really irritates me about this gig is that any asshole with two eyes can see that he really *is* Daredevil-- and that I am just here for show.

But he hasn't confided in me.

He knows I know, but he just won't come out and tell me.

Think he told Luke Cage. But he won't tell me.

Sexist shit.

But this is the little revenge game I play with him.

Everyday I refuse to knock on the door.

I just stand down here.

I know that his Daredevil powers will "see" me here. Whatever they are, they must be able to if he can do all those things as Daredevil.

And out he will come.

We do this everyday.

I also light up just to be a bitch. He should fucking trust me more.



Good morning, Jessica.

Mornin'.

Haven't seen you in a couple of days. How's everything?

Living a dream.

Aaand... I think I got in trouble again.

Legal trouble?

Maybe. Do you know who J. Jonah Jameson is?

Not one of my favorite people.

I don't think he's one of *his* favorite people.

What happened?

Short version: a girl, a runaway by the looks of it, who was staying with the Jamesons-- turns out she's really this teenage Spider-Woman.

With super powers and a costume?

Yeah.

Jameson had a super hero girl living in his house?

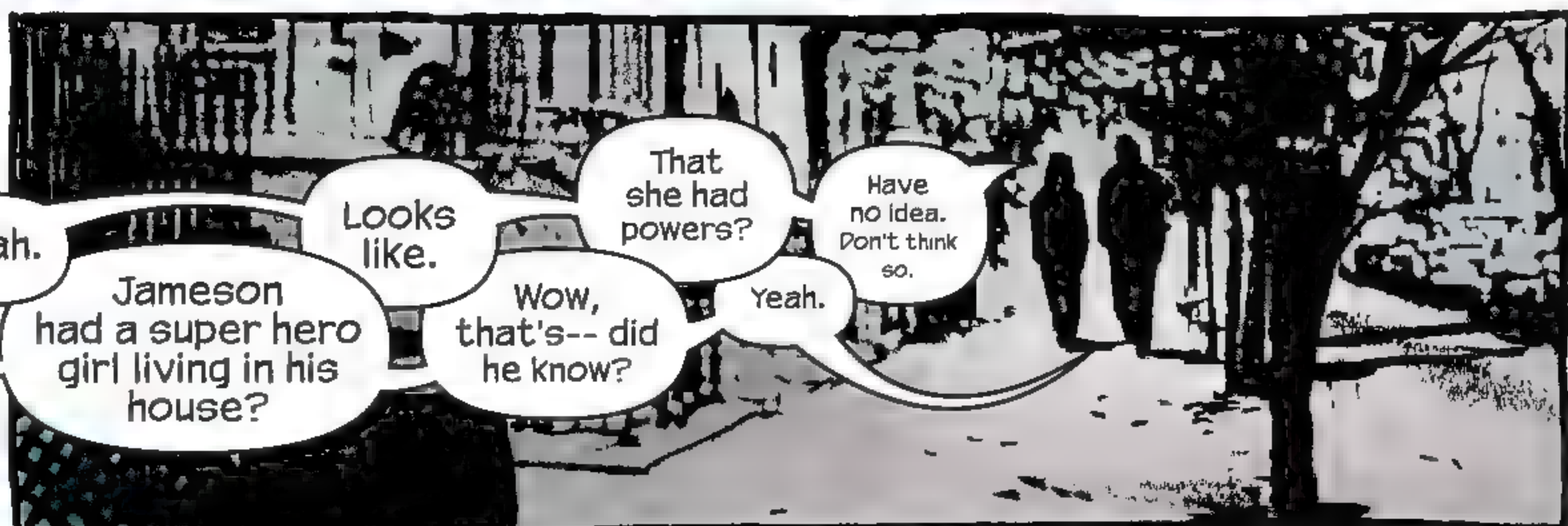
Looks like.

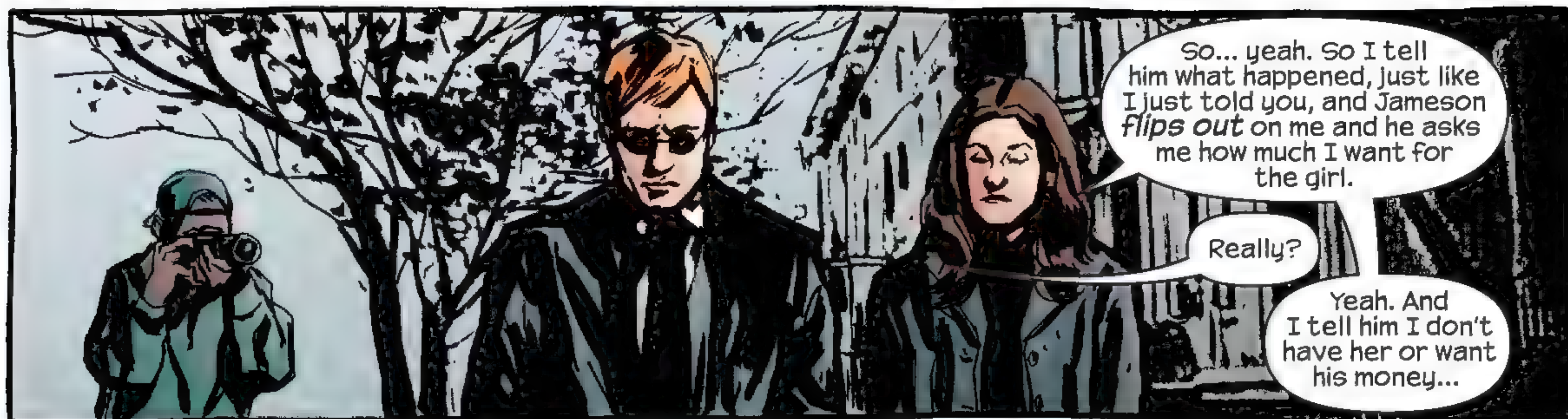
Wow, that's-- did he know?

That she had powers?

Yeah.

Have no idea. Don't think so.





So... yeah. So I tell him what happened, just like I just told you, and Jameson *flips out* on me and he asks me how much I want for the girl.

Really?

Yeah. And I tell him I don't have her or want his money...



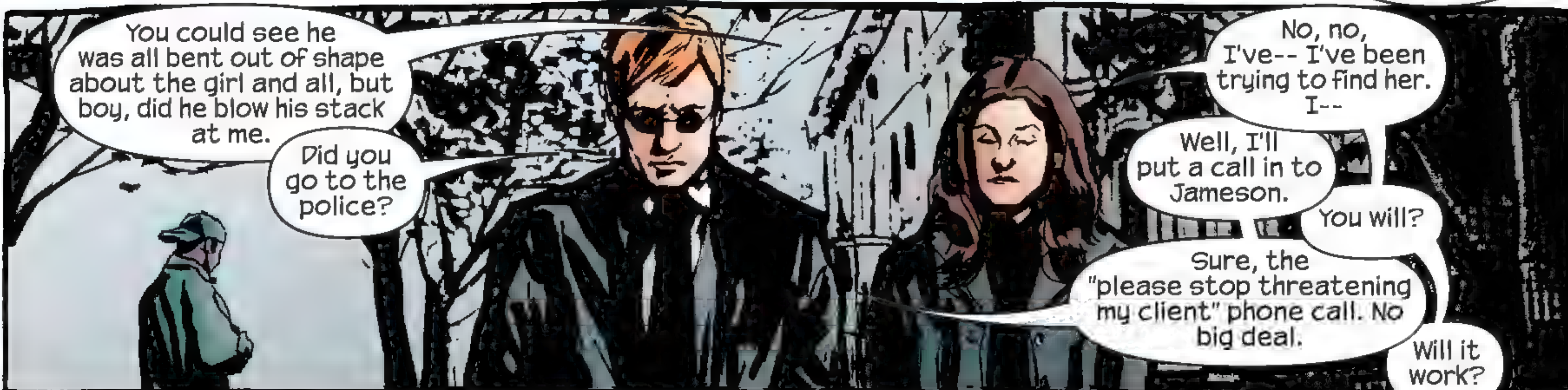
...and that I was just trying to tell him what happened and he-- get this-- he tells me: "If anything happens to that girl, I am going to ruin you!!"

Really?

Oh, yeah.

He *threatened* you?

No other word for it. Yeah.



You could see he was all bent out of shape about the girl and all, but boy, did he blow his stack at me.

Did you go to the police?

No, no, I've-- I've been trying to find her. I--

Well, I'll put a call in to Jameson.

You will?

Sure, the "please stop threatening my client" phone call. No big deal.

Will it work?



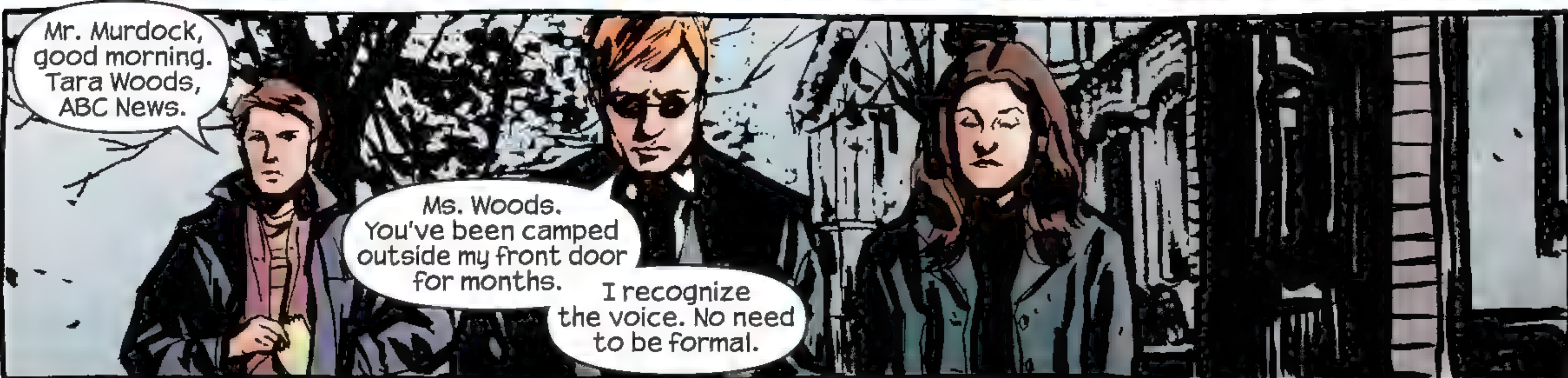
Always does.

You'd *do* that?

It's Jameson. It'll be fun. You still going to look for the girl?

I want to, but the leads are soft.

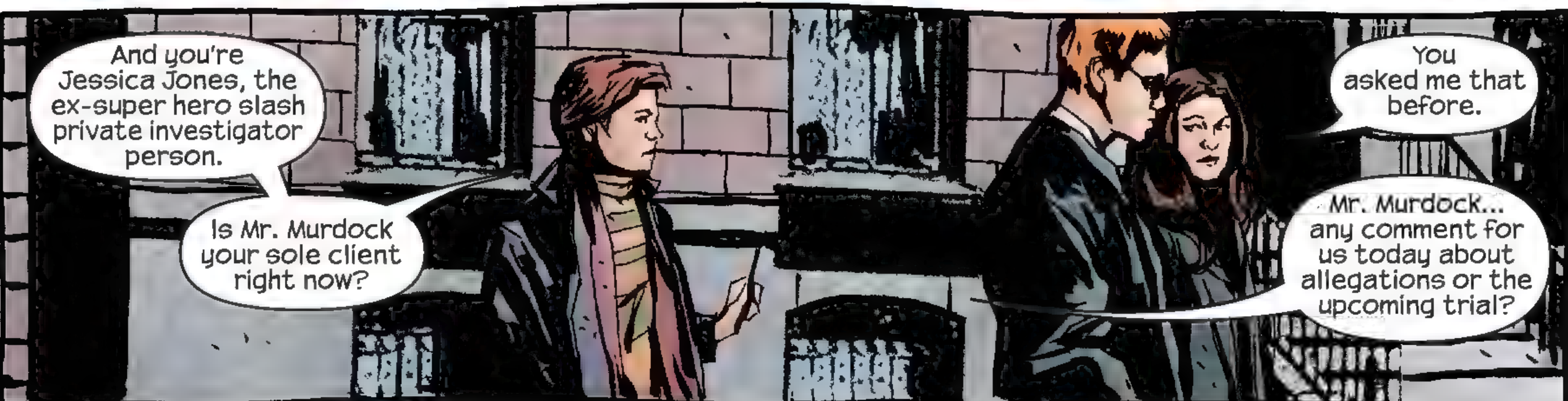
Let me know if I can help.



Mr. Murdock, good morning. Tara Woods, ABC News.

Ms. Woods. You've been camped outside my front door for months.

I recognize the voice. No need to be formal.



And you're Jessica Jones, the ex-super hero slash private investigator person.

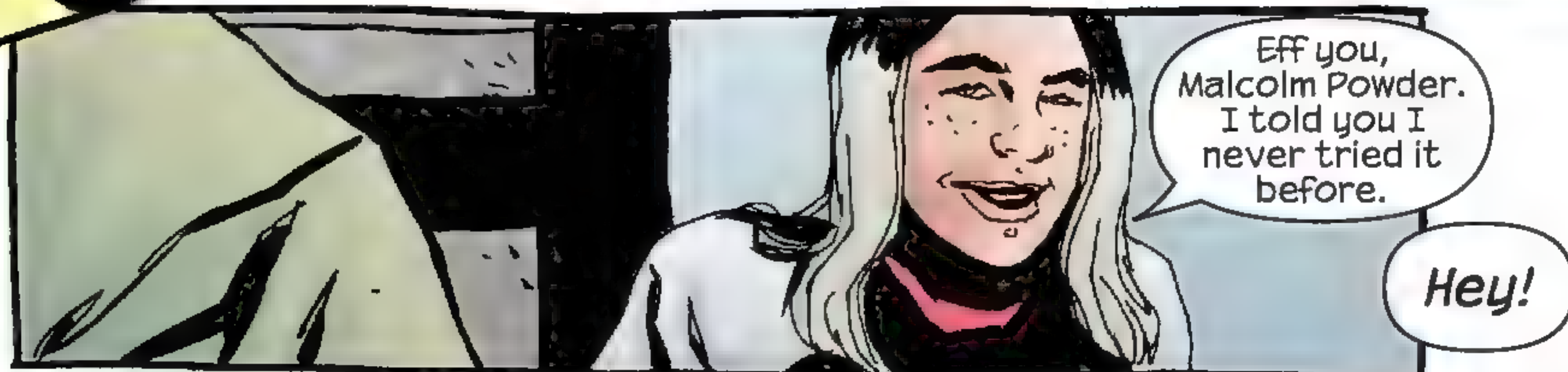
Is Mr. Murdock your sole client right now?

You asked me that before.

Mr. Murdock... any comment for us today about allegations or the upcoming trial?

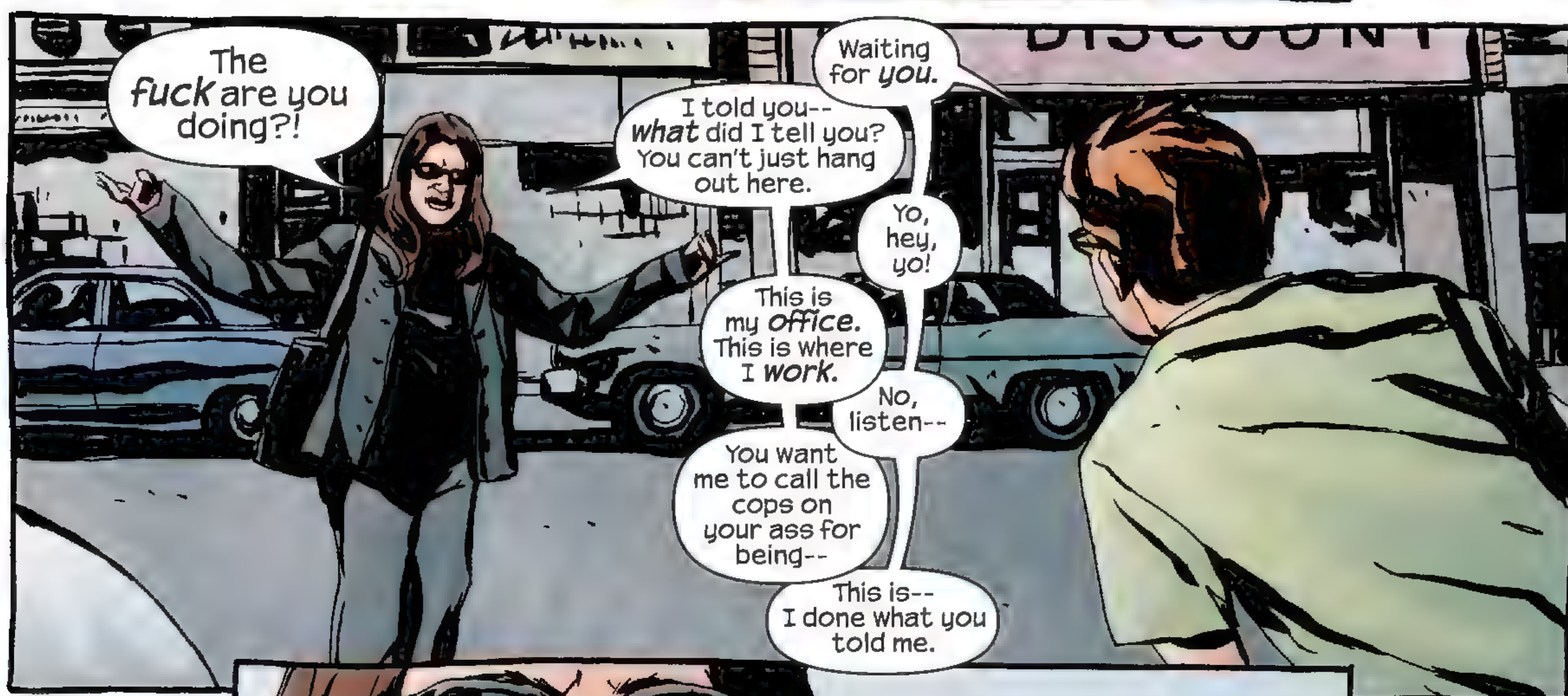


Goddamn--
you suck!



Eff you,
Malcolm Powder.
I told you I
never tried it
before.

Hey!



The
fuck are you
doing?!

Waiting
for *you*.

I told you--
what did I tell you?
You can't just hang
out here.

Yo,
hey,
yo!

This is
my *office*.
This is where
I *work*.

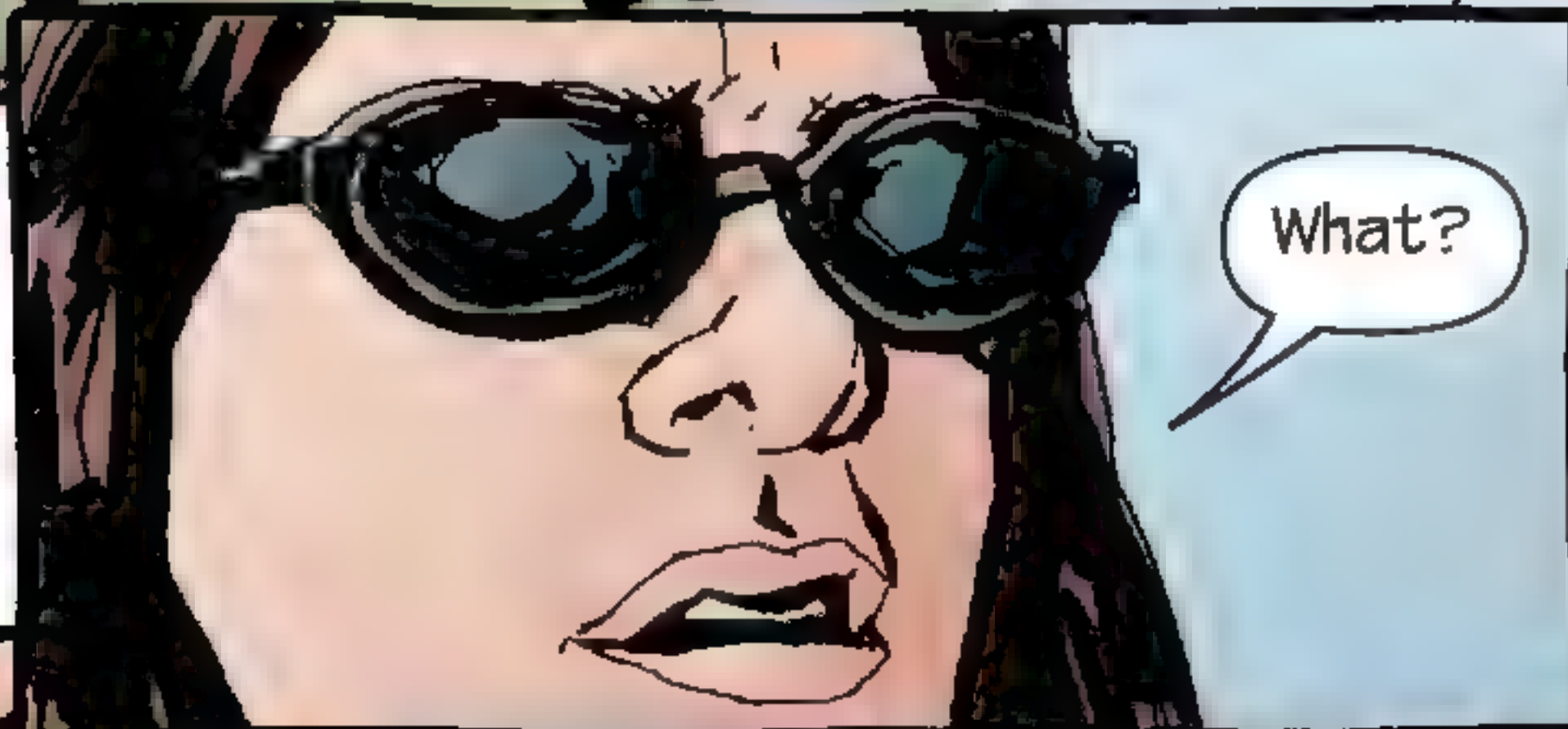
No,
listen--

You want
me to call the
cops on
your ass for
being--

This is--
I done what you
told me.



What?



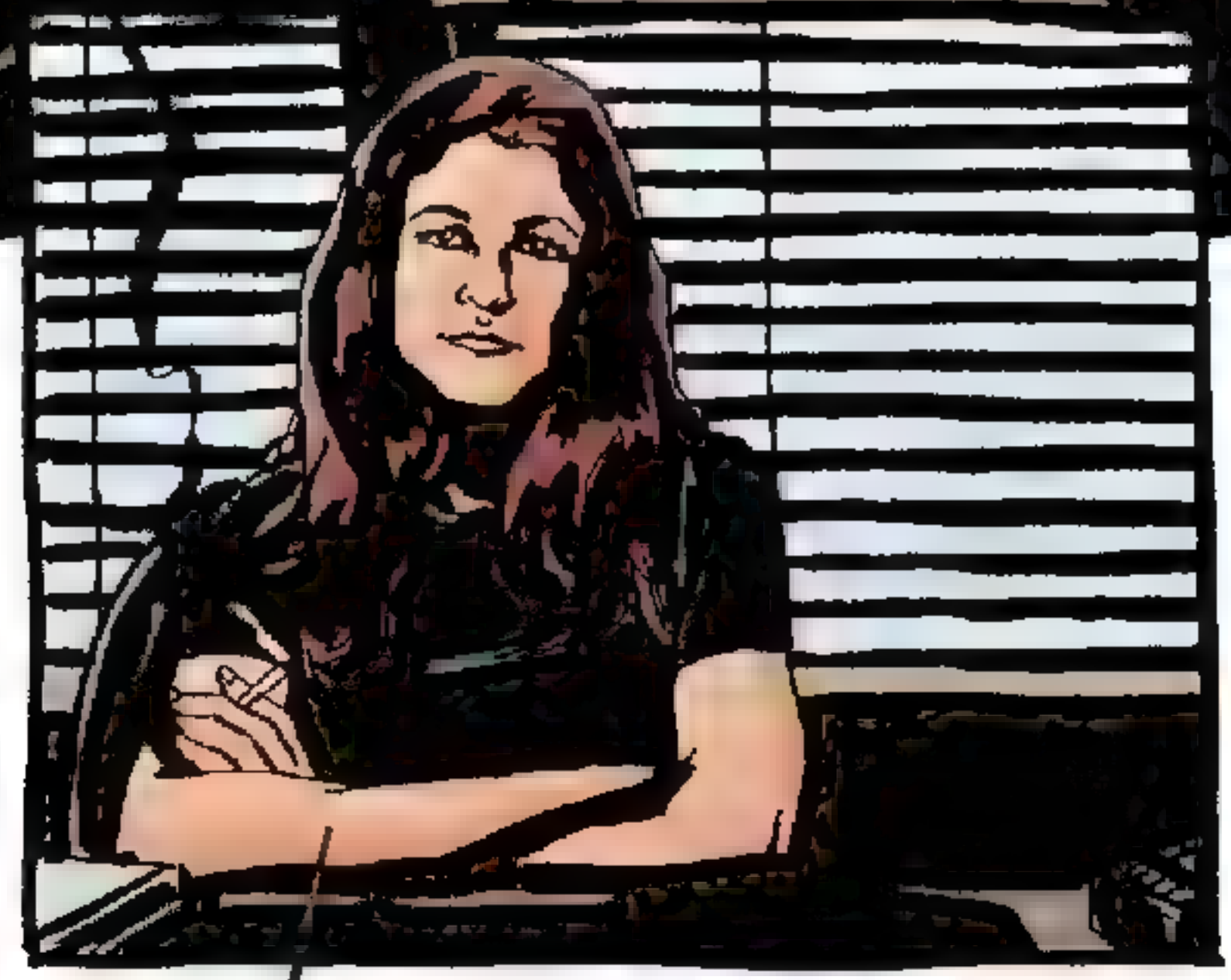


So's my brother thinks he's a hot shit.

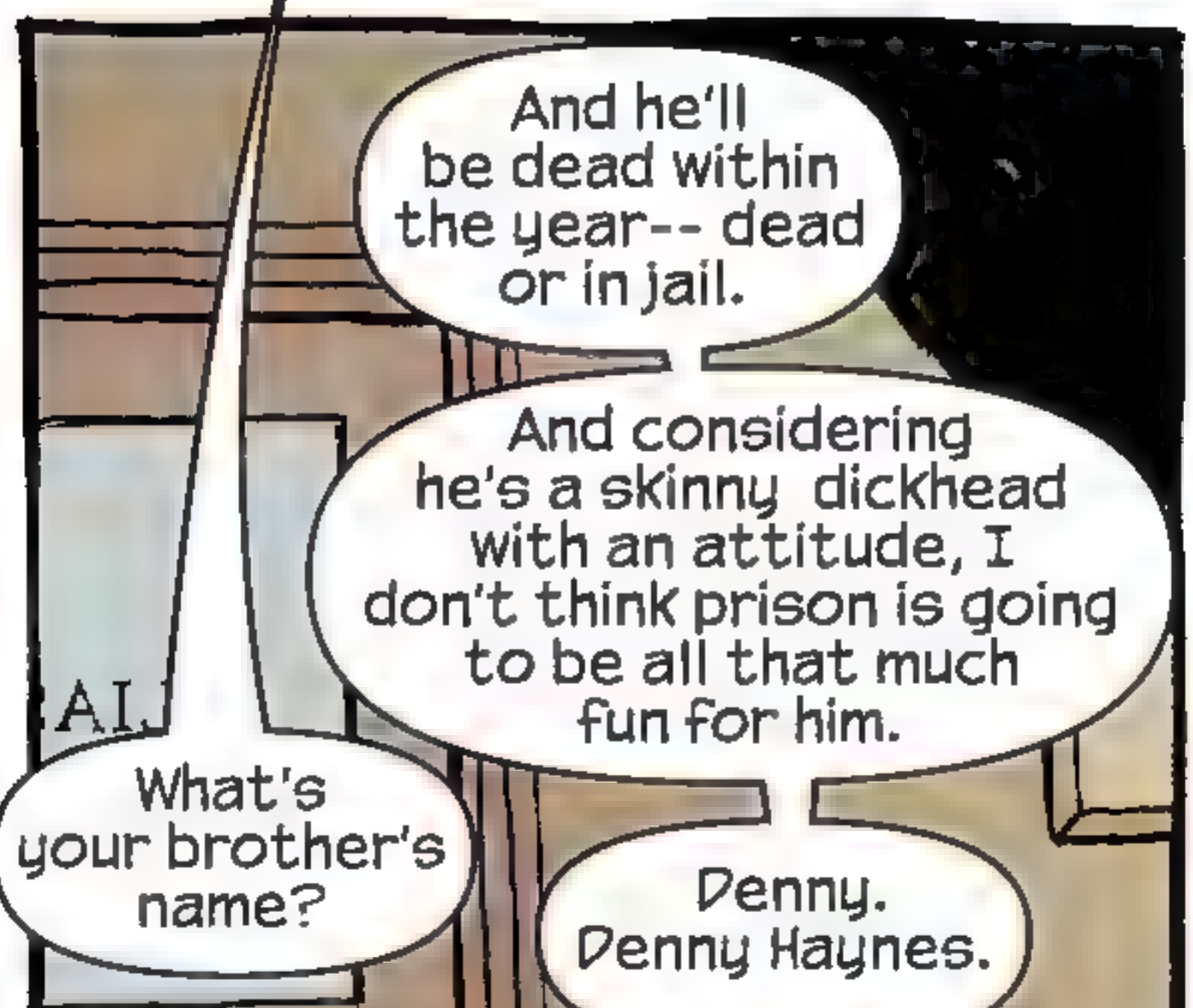
Basically.

He thinks he's going to be, like, the next Kingpin or something.

But in reality, he's a fucking junkie and drug dealer.



What does this have to do with the girl?

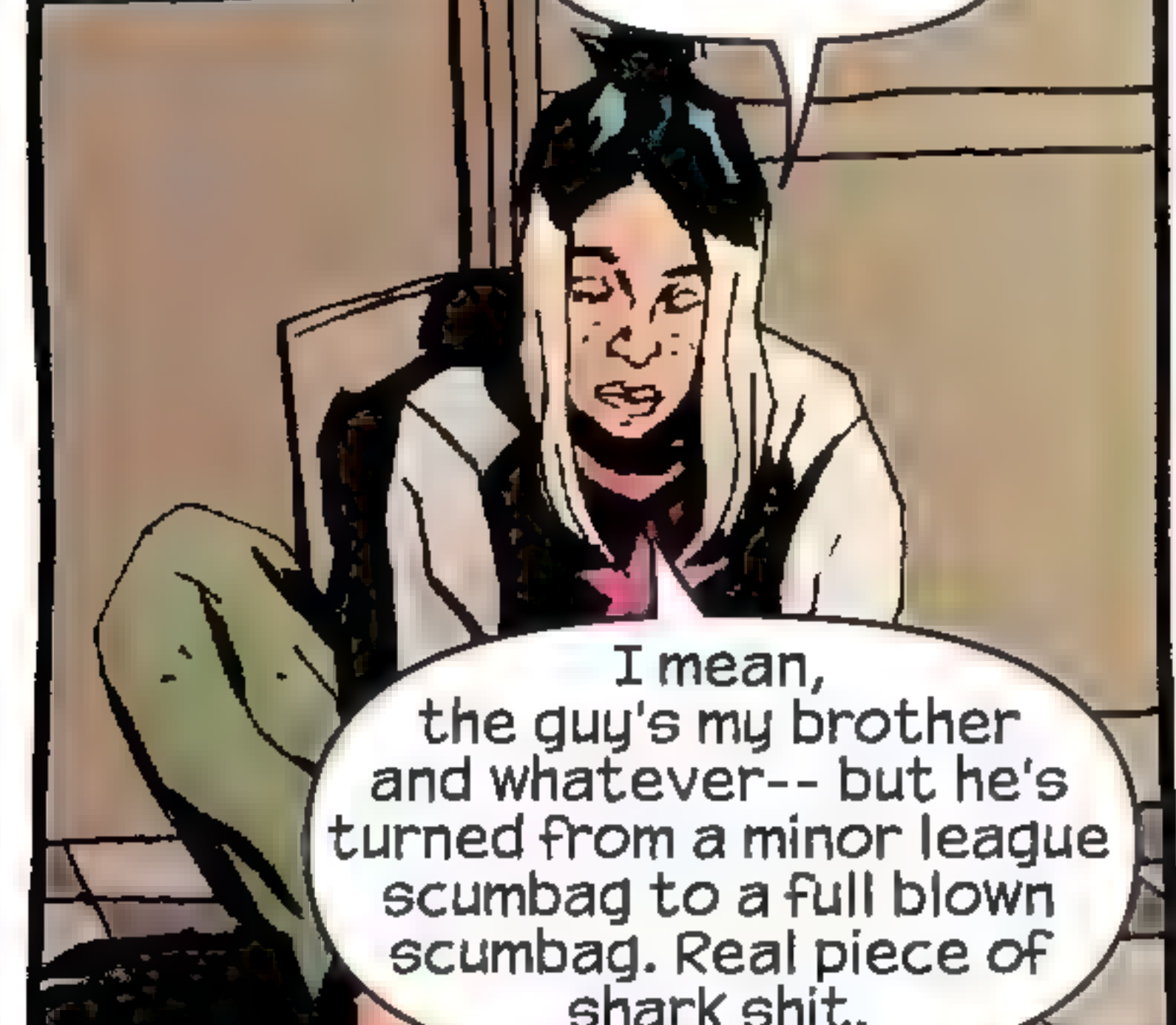


And he'll be dead within the year-- dead or in jail.

And considering he's a skinny dickhead with an attitude, I don't think prison is going to be all that much fun for him.

What's your brother's name?

Denny. Penny Haynes.

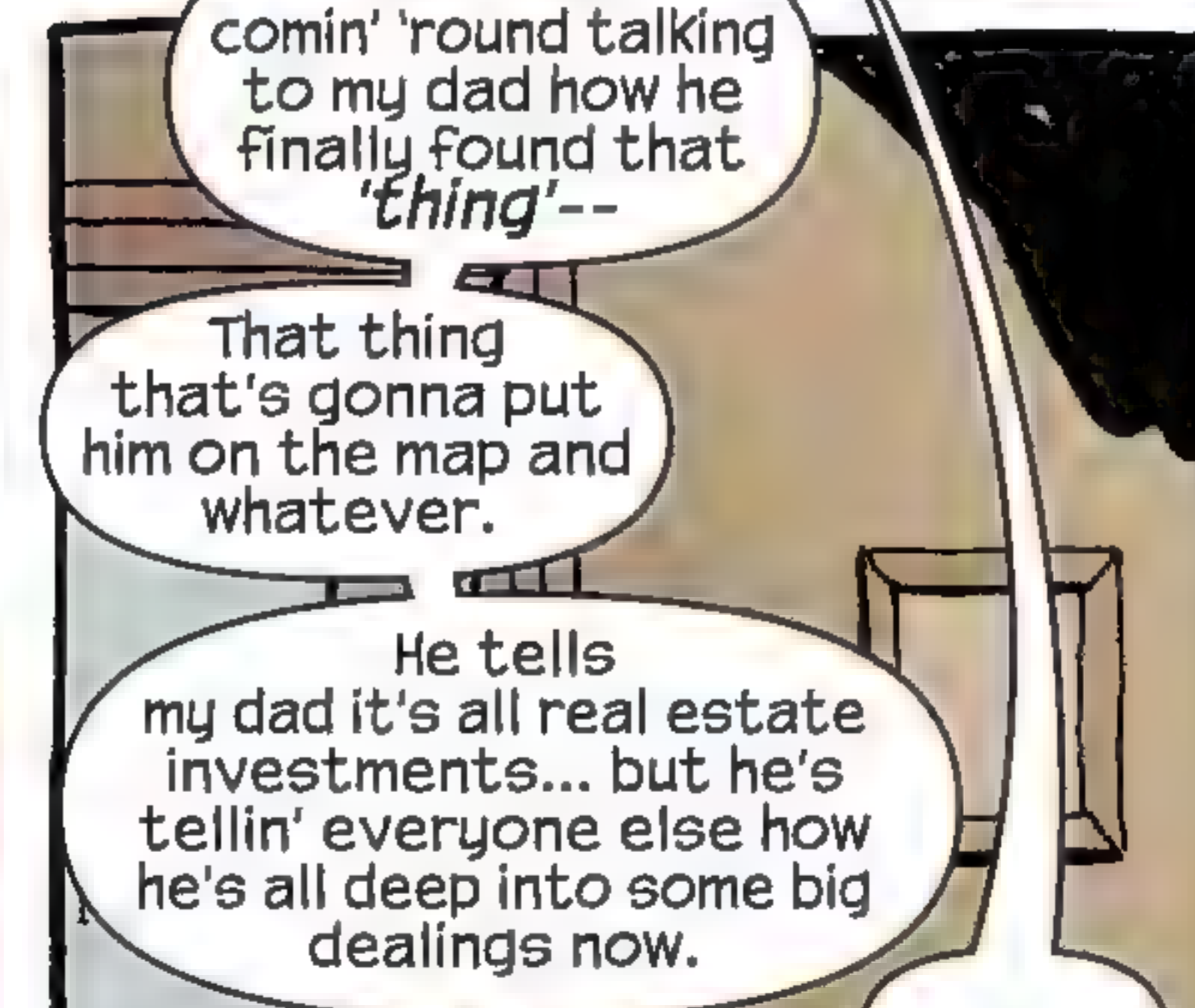


I mean, the guy's my brother and whatever-- but he's turned from a minor league scumbag to a full blown scumbag. Real piece of shark shit.

He punched my mom in the face last month 'cause she asked him if he was eatin' right.

So he's been dealing since he was, like, my age and shit. Nickel bags and some rock and whatever.

But lately, all of a sudden, he has, like, a sports car. And he's wearing all these clothes.

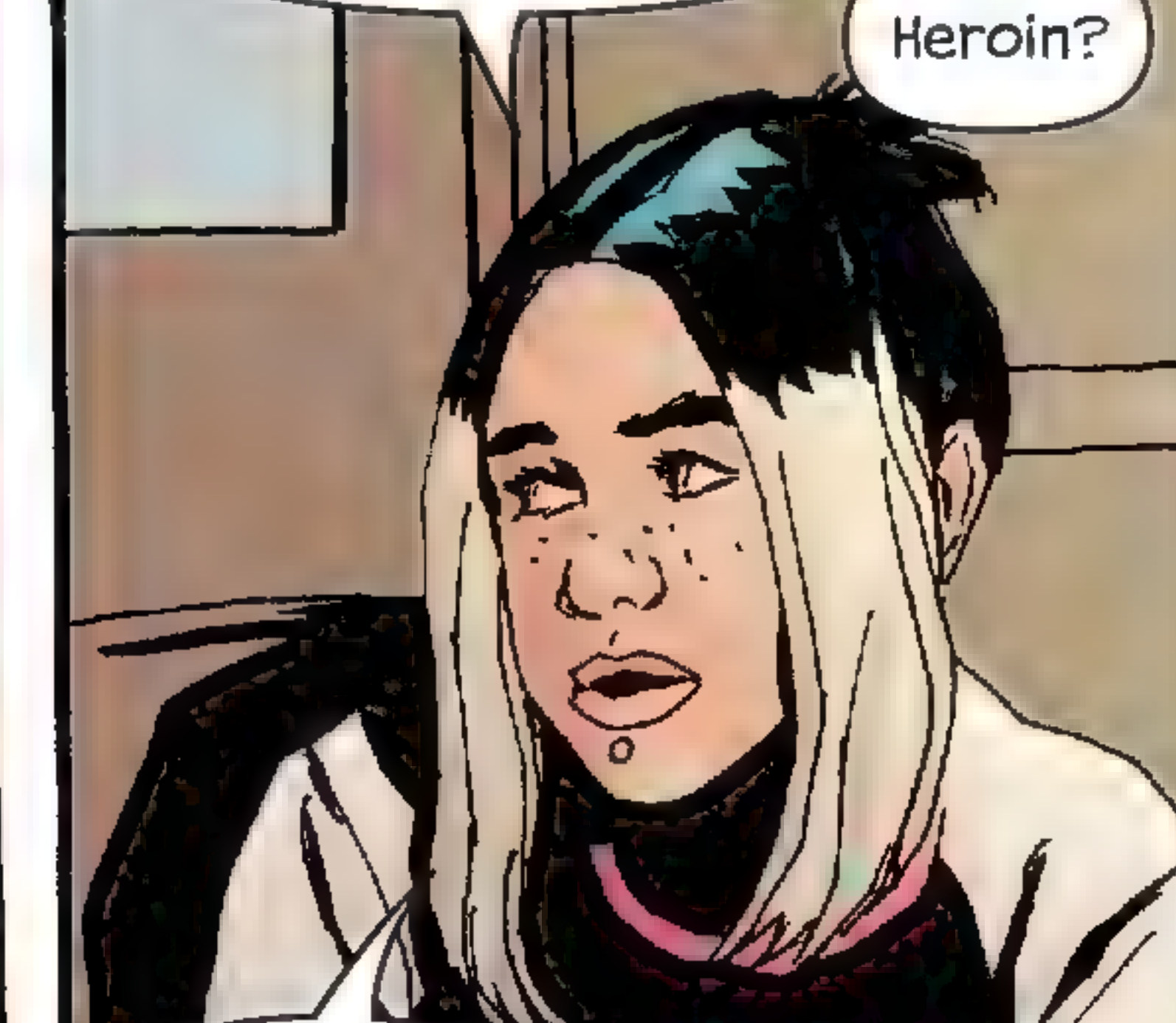


And he's comin' 'round talking to my dad how he finally found that 'thing'--

That thing that's gonna put him on the map and whatever.

He tells my dad it's all real estate investments... but he's tellin' everyone else how he's all deep into some big dealings now.

Heroin?



I don't know what.

I just know that he's stupid as a wall and all of a sudden he has a brand new Porsche and shit.

So he's doin' somethin'.

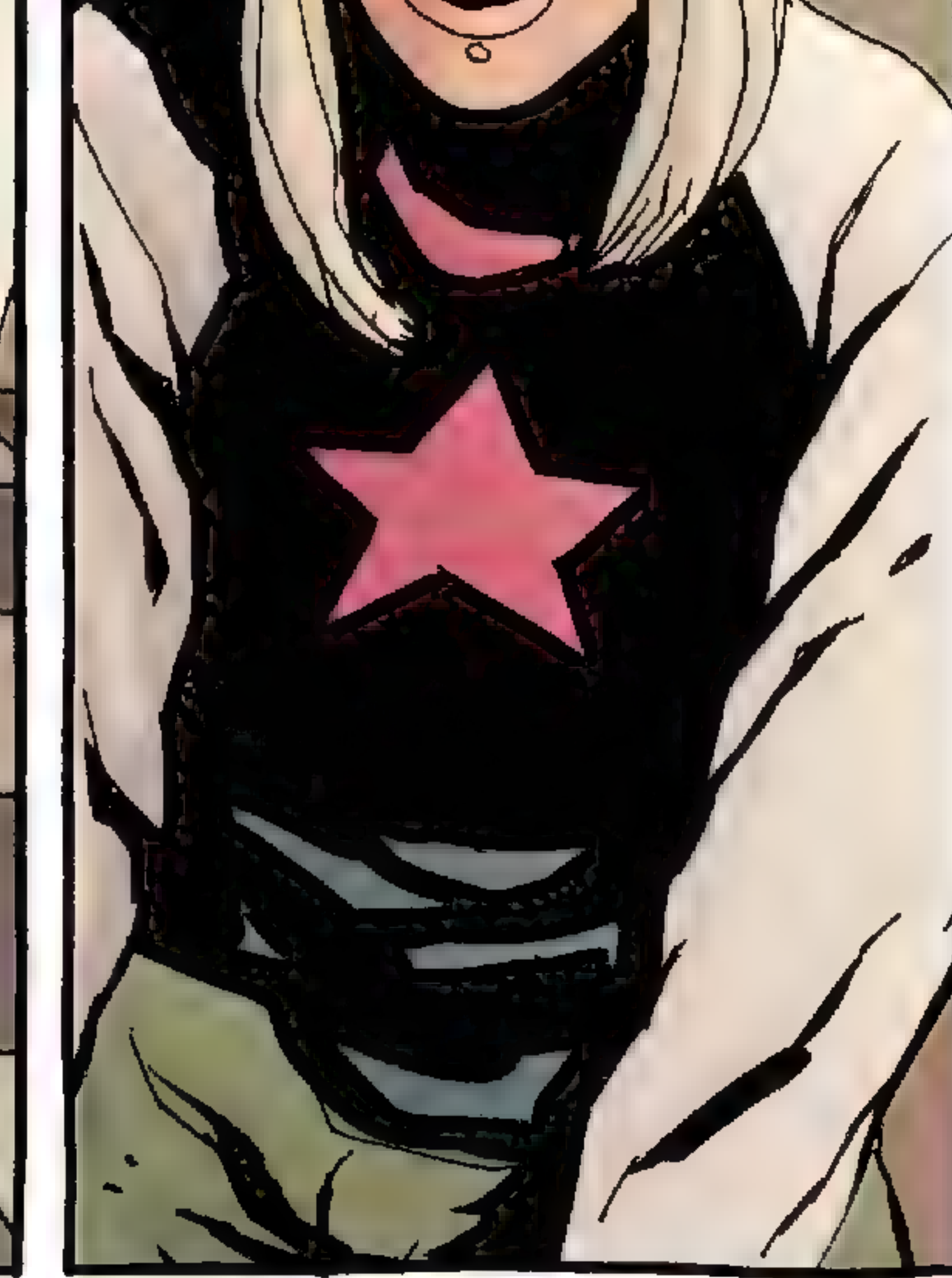


He's dating her. Or whatever they're doing. I knows he's fucking her.

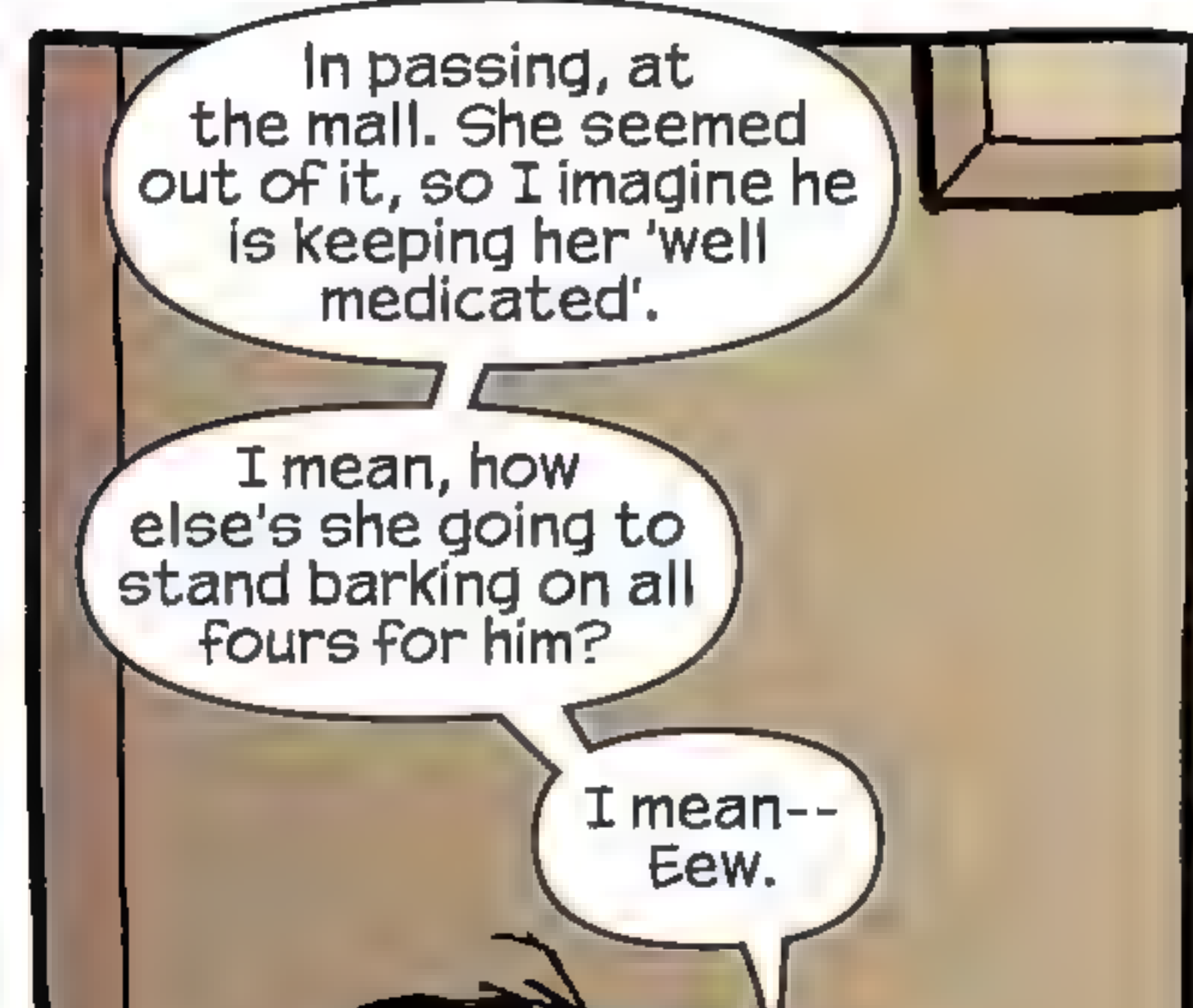
He told you this?

He told a bunch of people.

It wouldn't surprise me if he *wasn't* fucking her and was just hanging out with her for show, but it also wouldn't surprise me if he was fucking her.



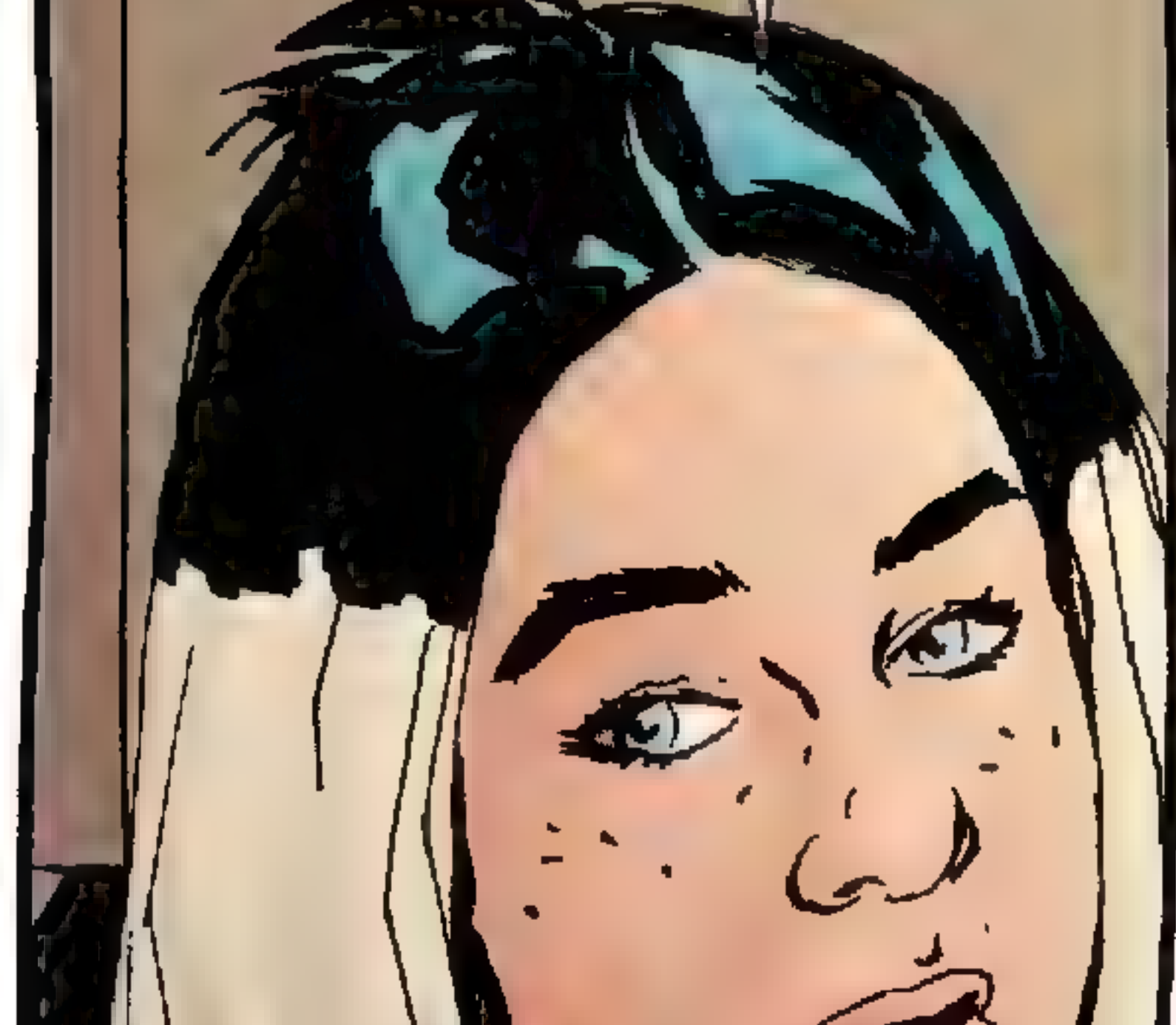
You met her?



In passing, at the mall. She seemed out of it, so I imagine he is keeping her 'well medicated'.

I mean, how else's she going to stand barking on all fours for him?

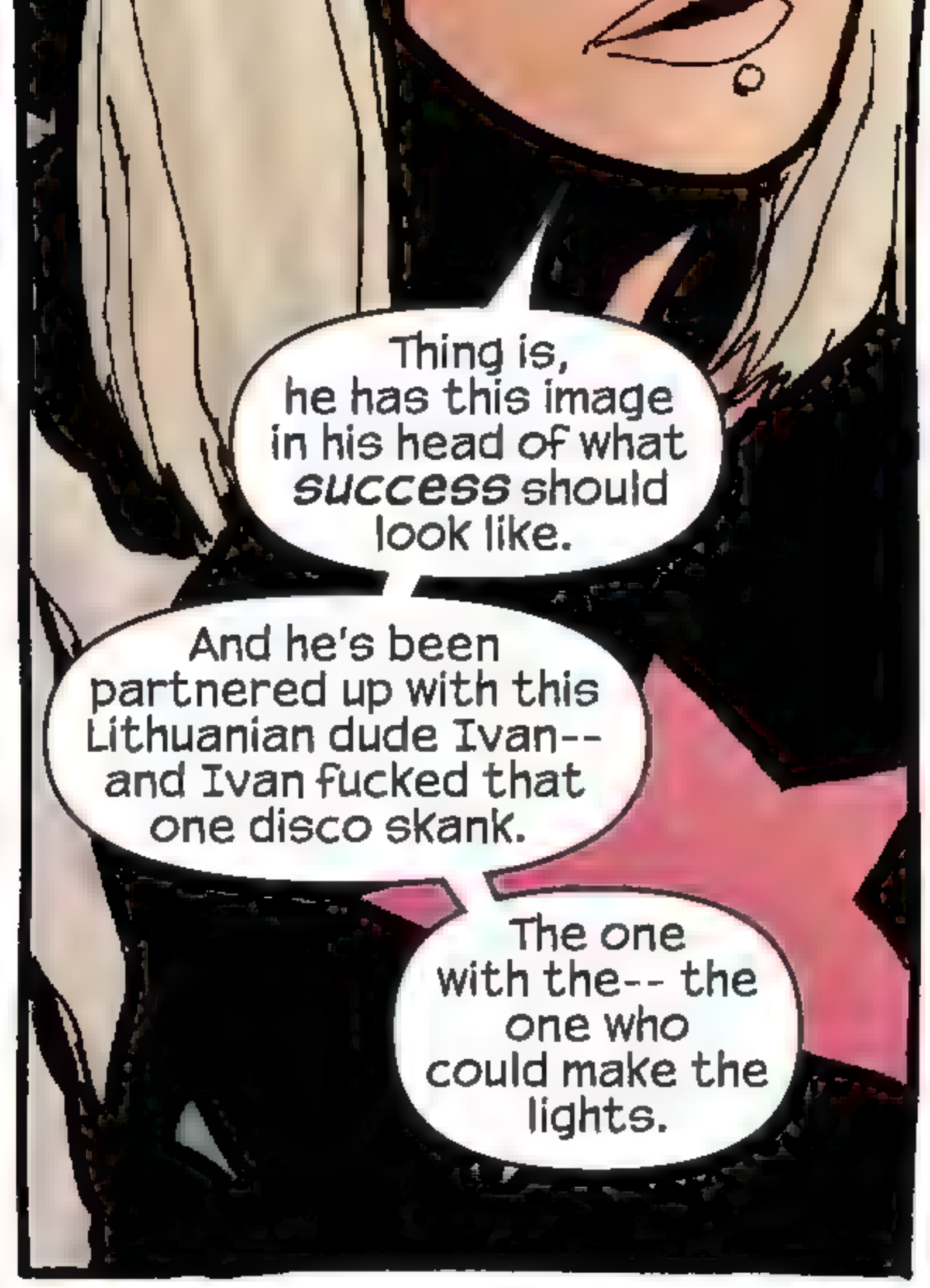
I mean-- Eew.



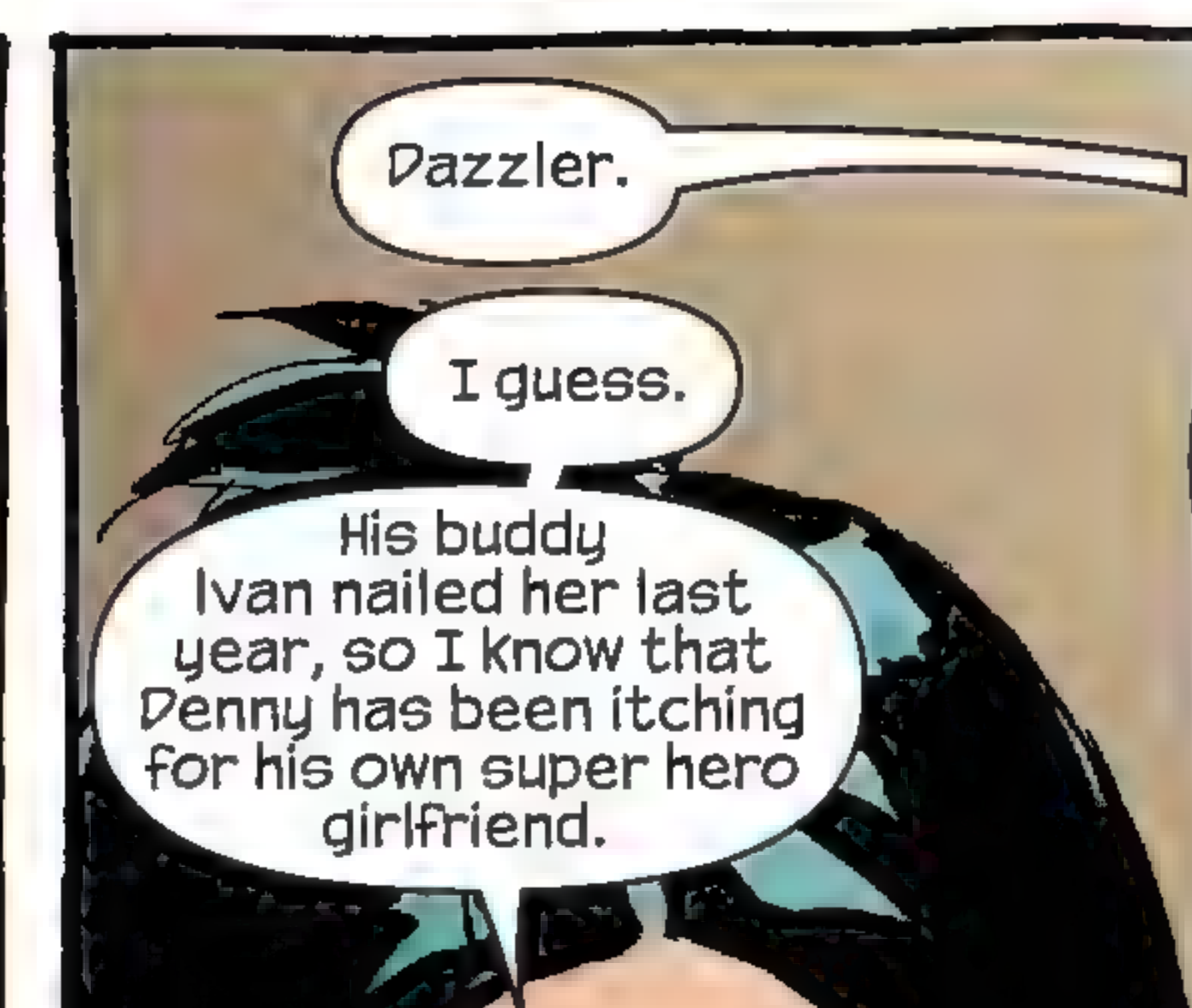
Thing is, he has this image in his head of what *success* should look like.

And he's been partnered up with this Lithuanian dude Ivan-- and Ivan fucked that one disco skank.

The one with the-- the one who could make the lights.



I don't know--



Dazzler.

I guess.

His buddy Ivan nailed her last year, so I know that Penny has been itching for his own super hero girlfriend.



Even a little one.

Sick, ain't it? Any guy ever do that to you?



Sadly, yeah.

So, I don't understand... he lives at home with you, or--?

He did up 'til six months ago. Not no more.

He got a fancy condo and all that. And he's dating his teeny super hero girl and peddling whatever he is peddling.

But, see, Malcolm told my friend that you're looking for her and I imagine her parents are, too.

And if she's shackled up with my asshole brother, all strung out, and you can get her home-- then go to, man.

Do you have your brother's address?



No, he ain't ever let me over.

I told you-- he's been a way huge prick lately.

But--

--he hangs out at this club or something... Club 616 or something.

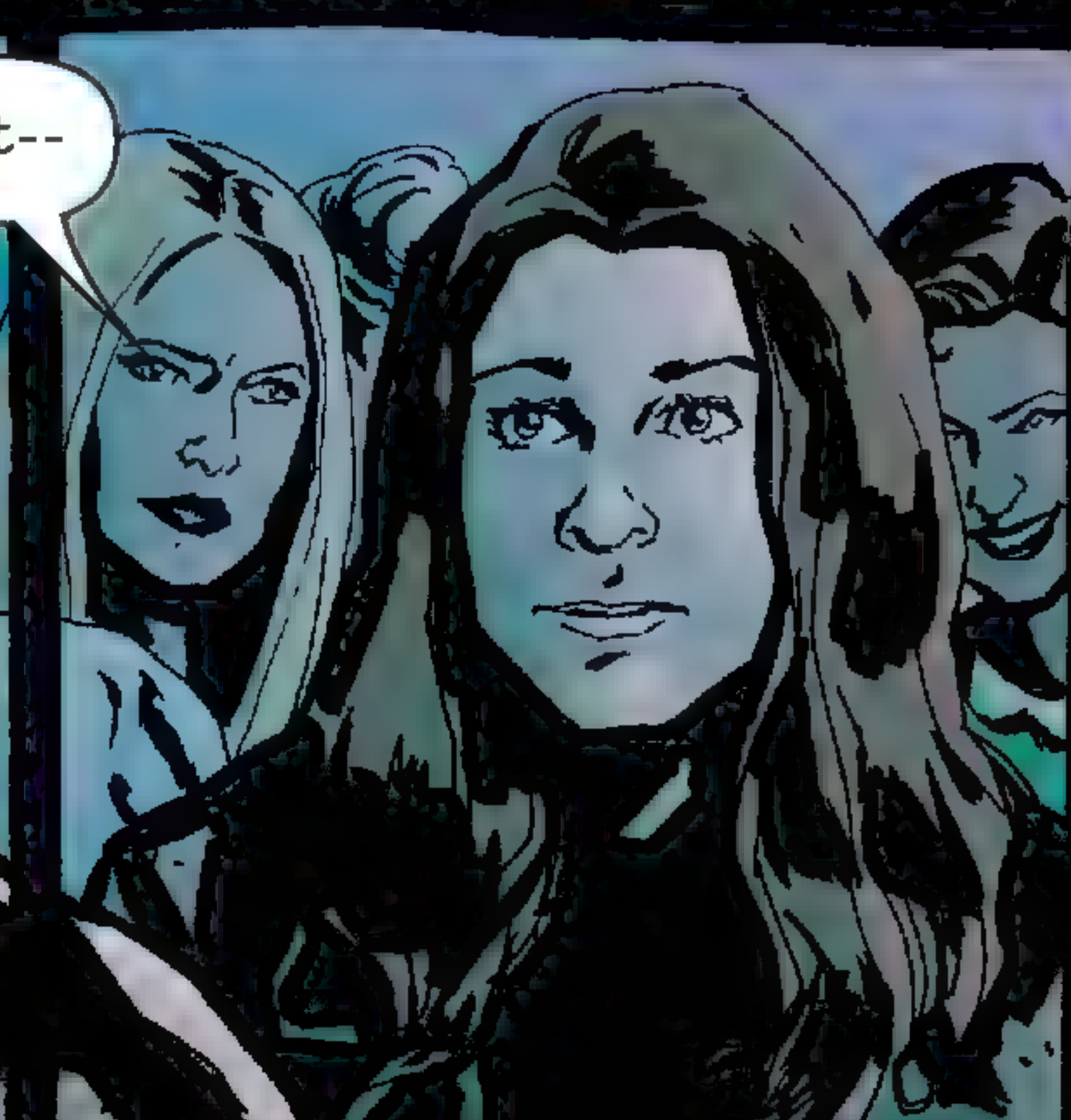
Him and his partner. They always there.



So, I get the job?



Let me look into it.





Lady--

Look at you. Look at them.



Look at *you*. Look at *them*.

We're not casting another "Crow" sequel. This is a club.



Come on...



So unless you're someone I should know...

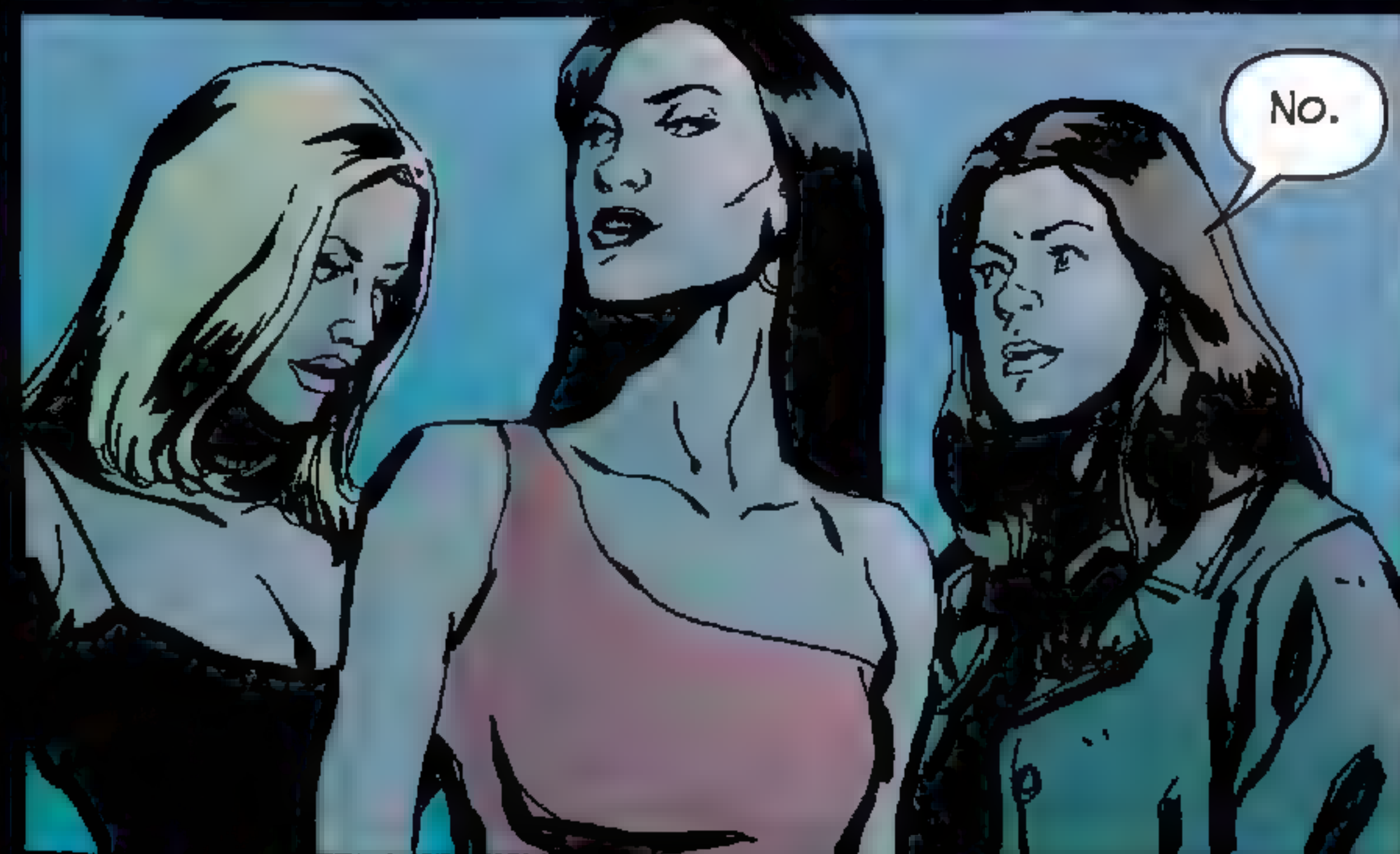


Well...

...I used to be a super hero.



Were you an Avenger?



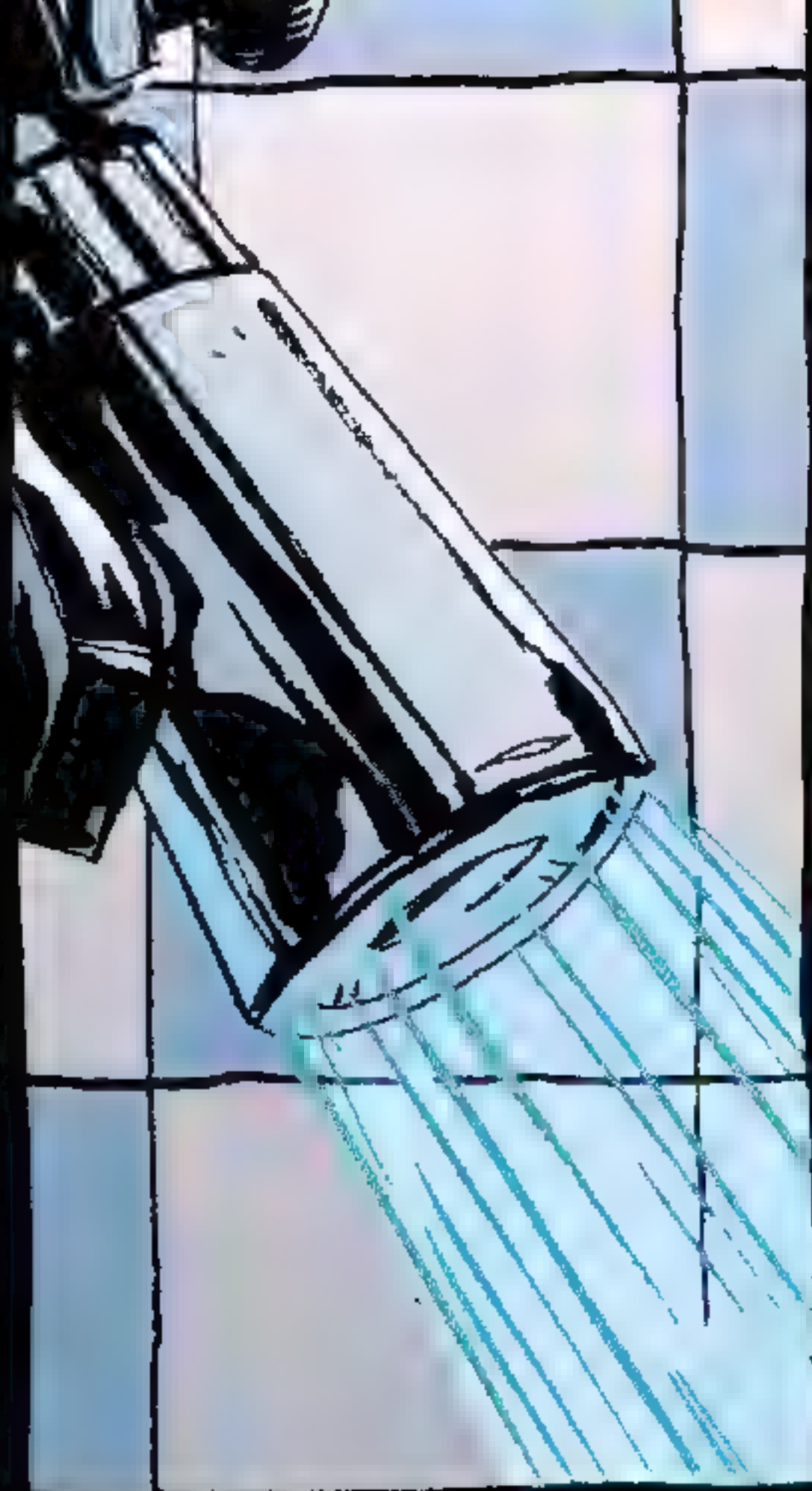
No.



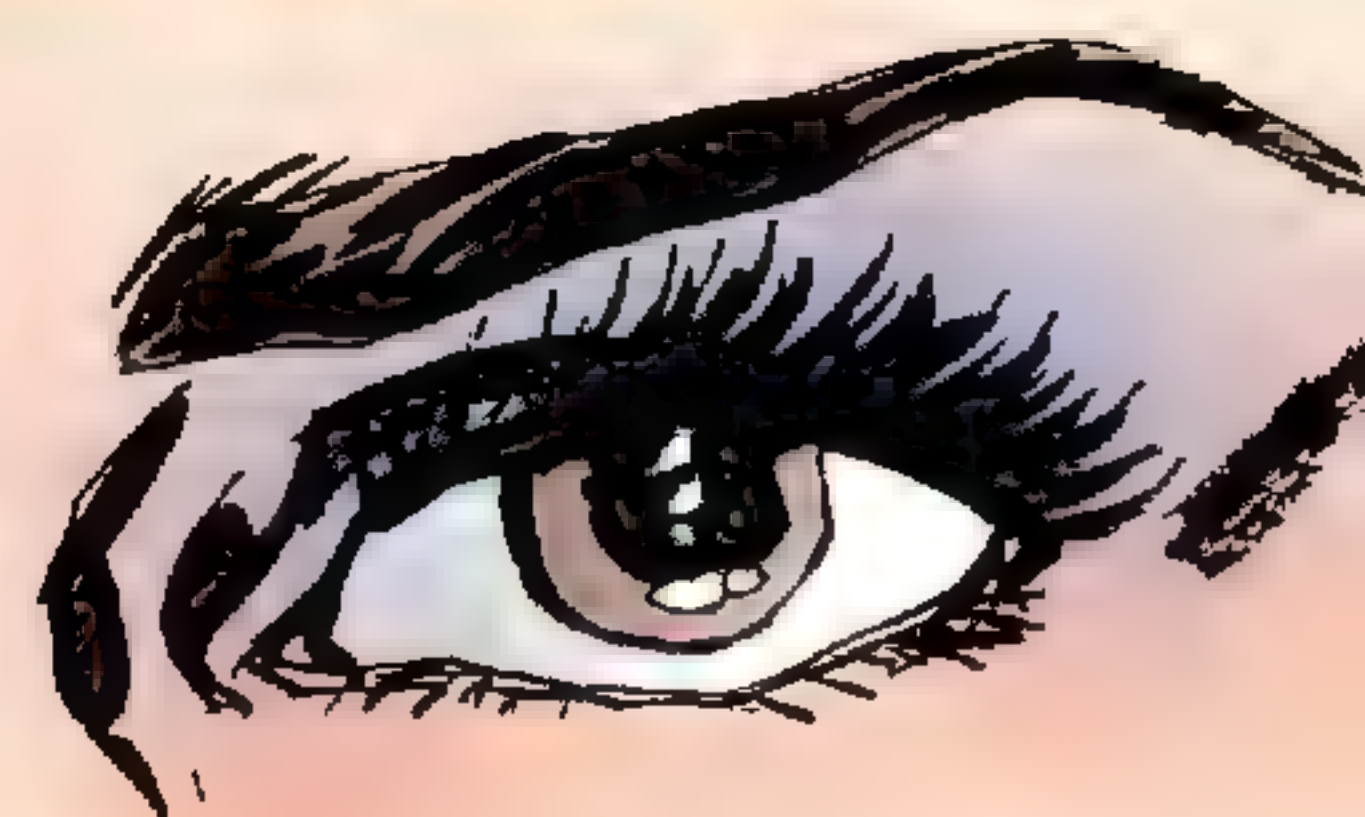
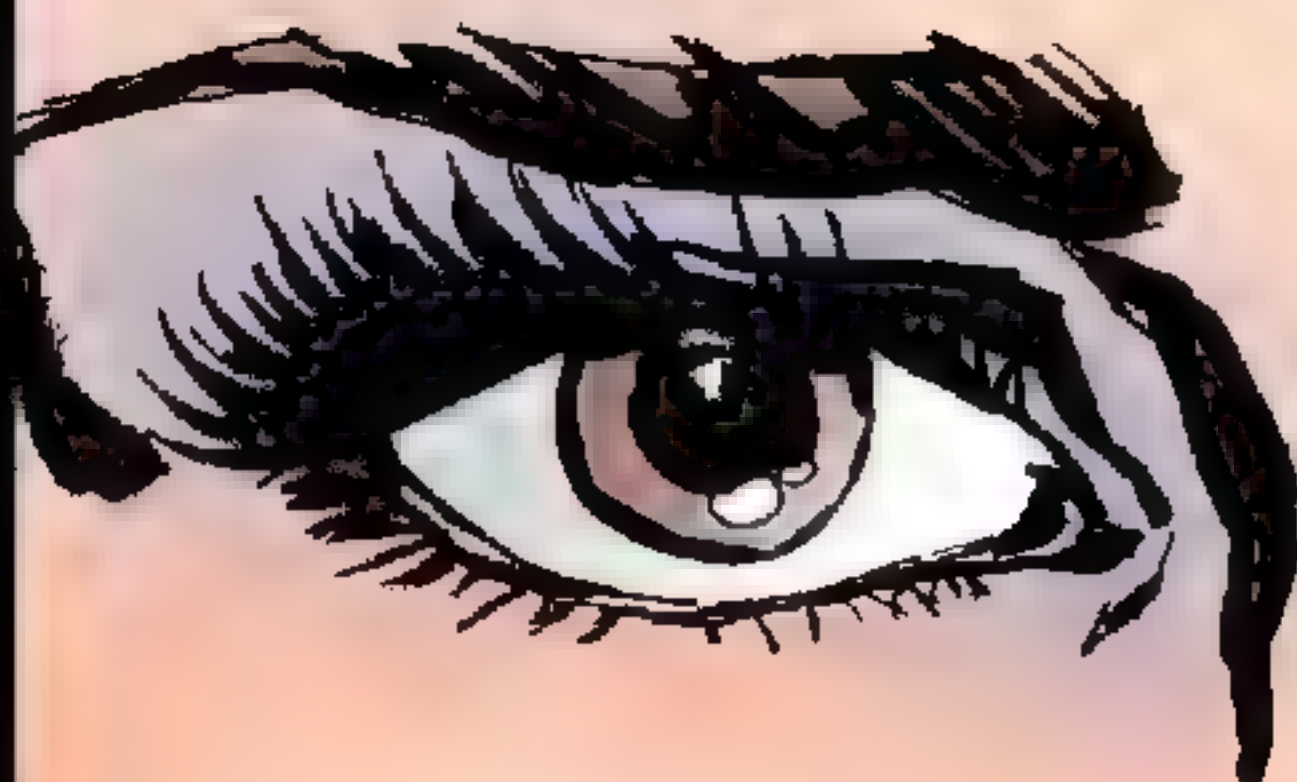
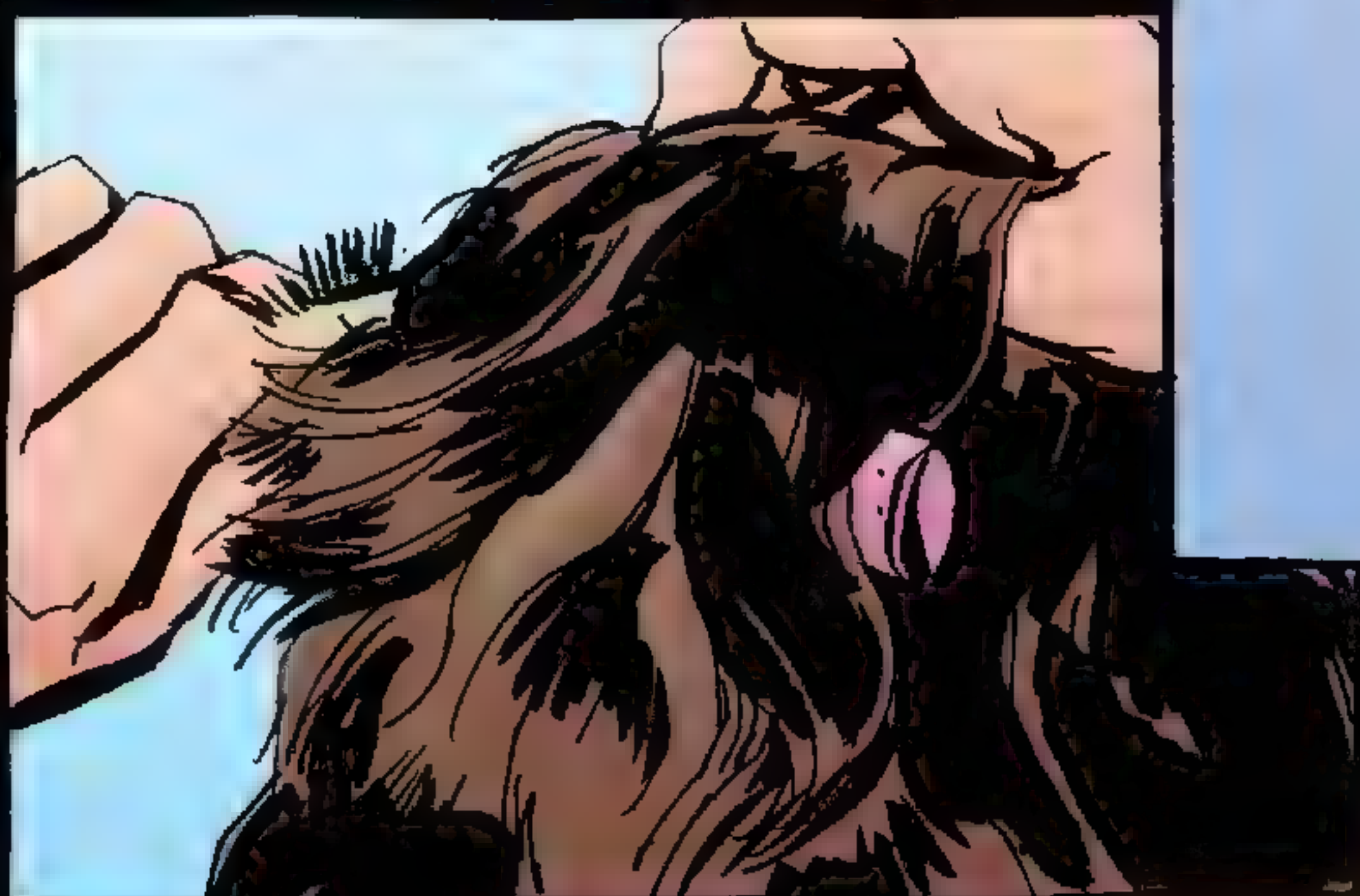
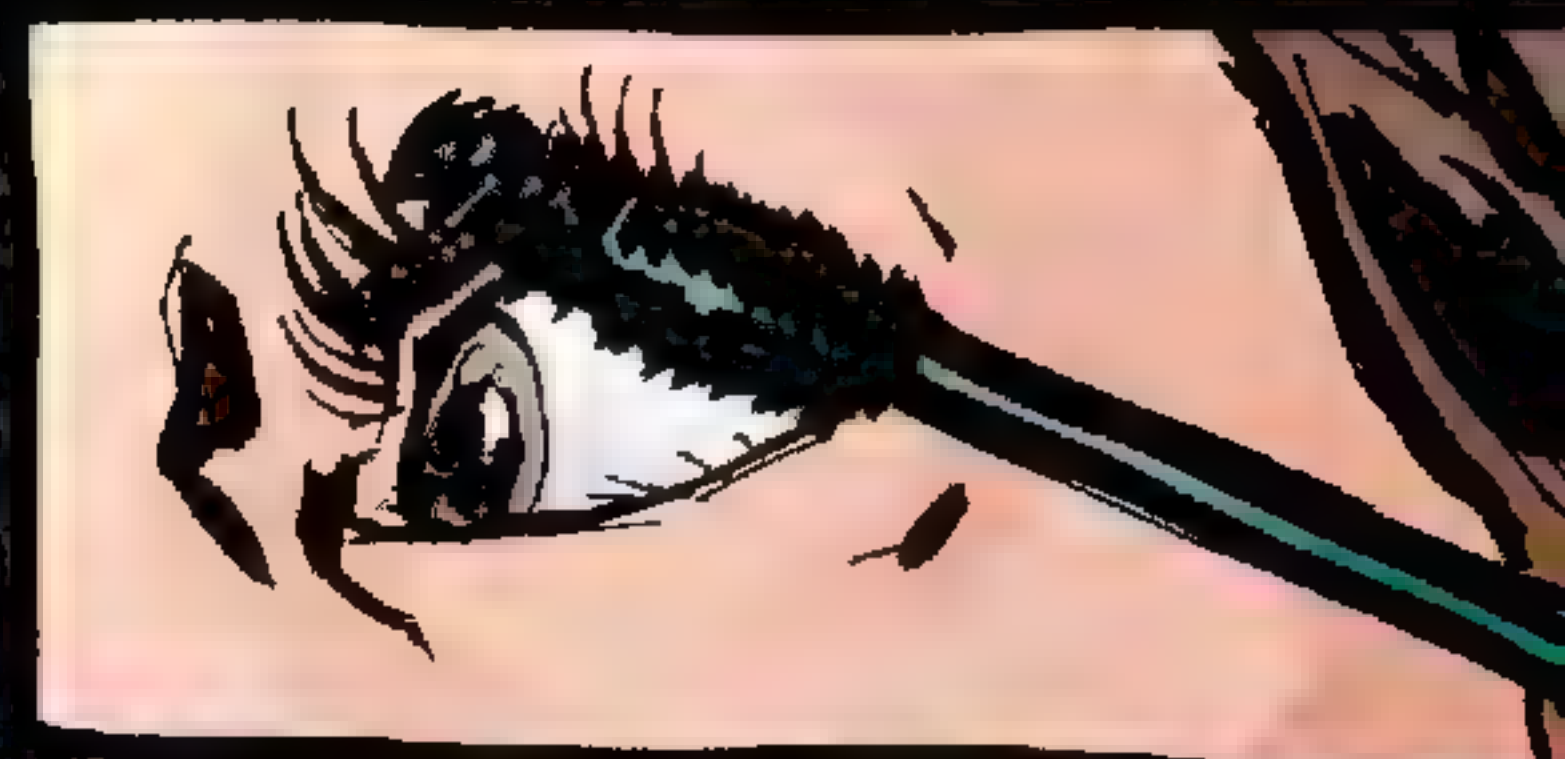
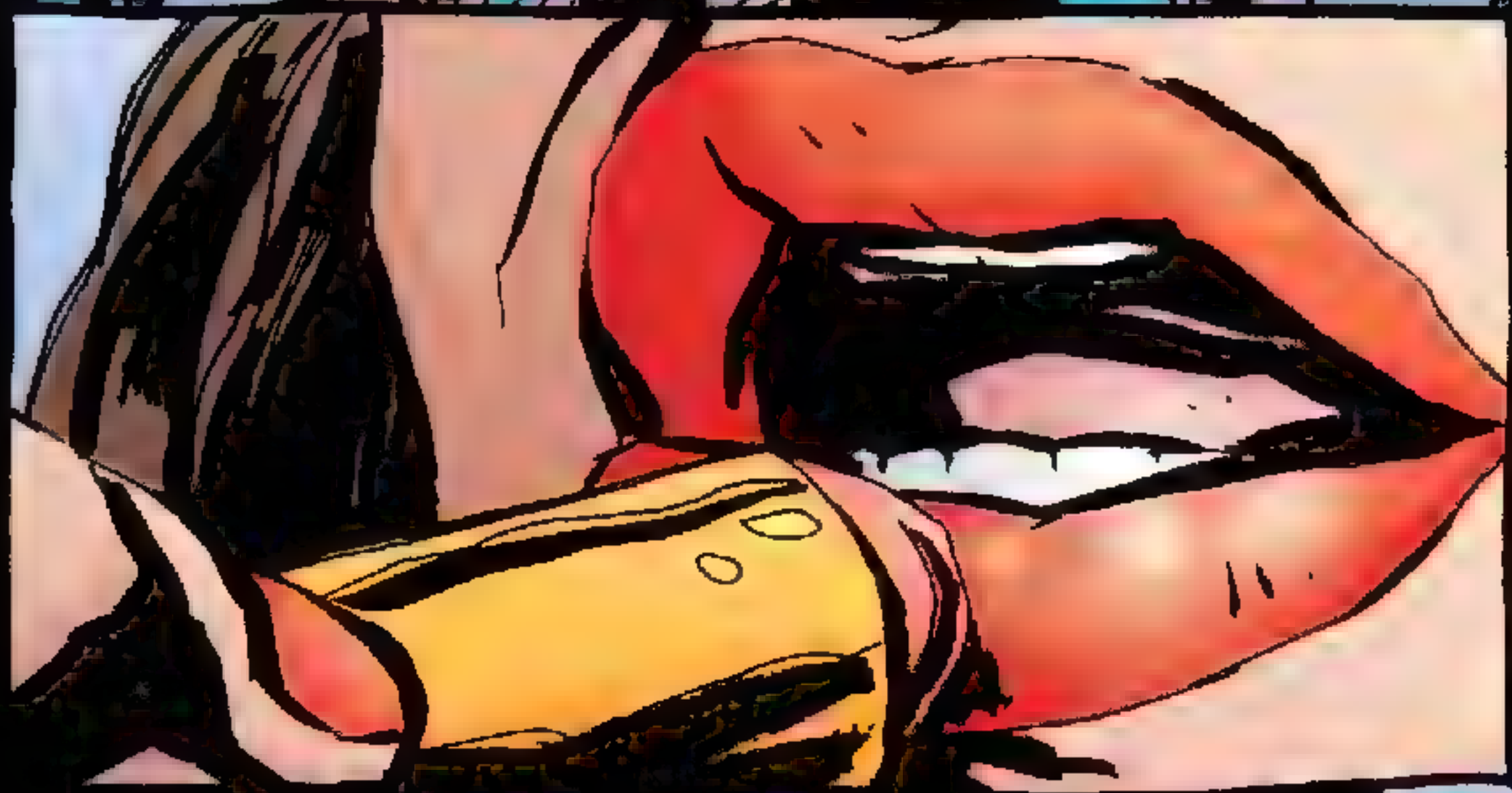
Then back behind the ropes, Speedball.

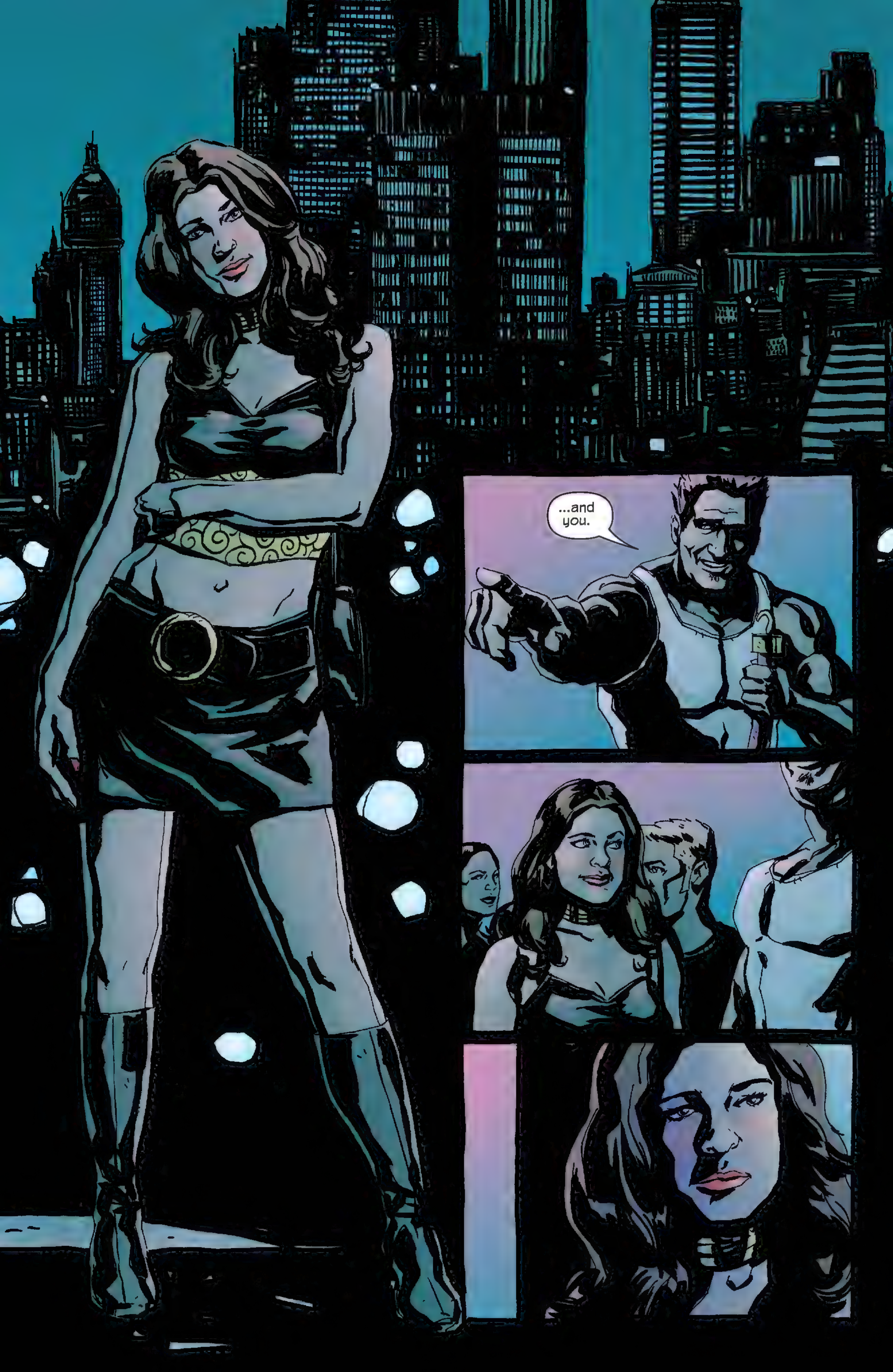


God forgive me for what I am about to do.

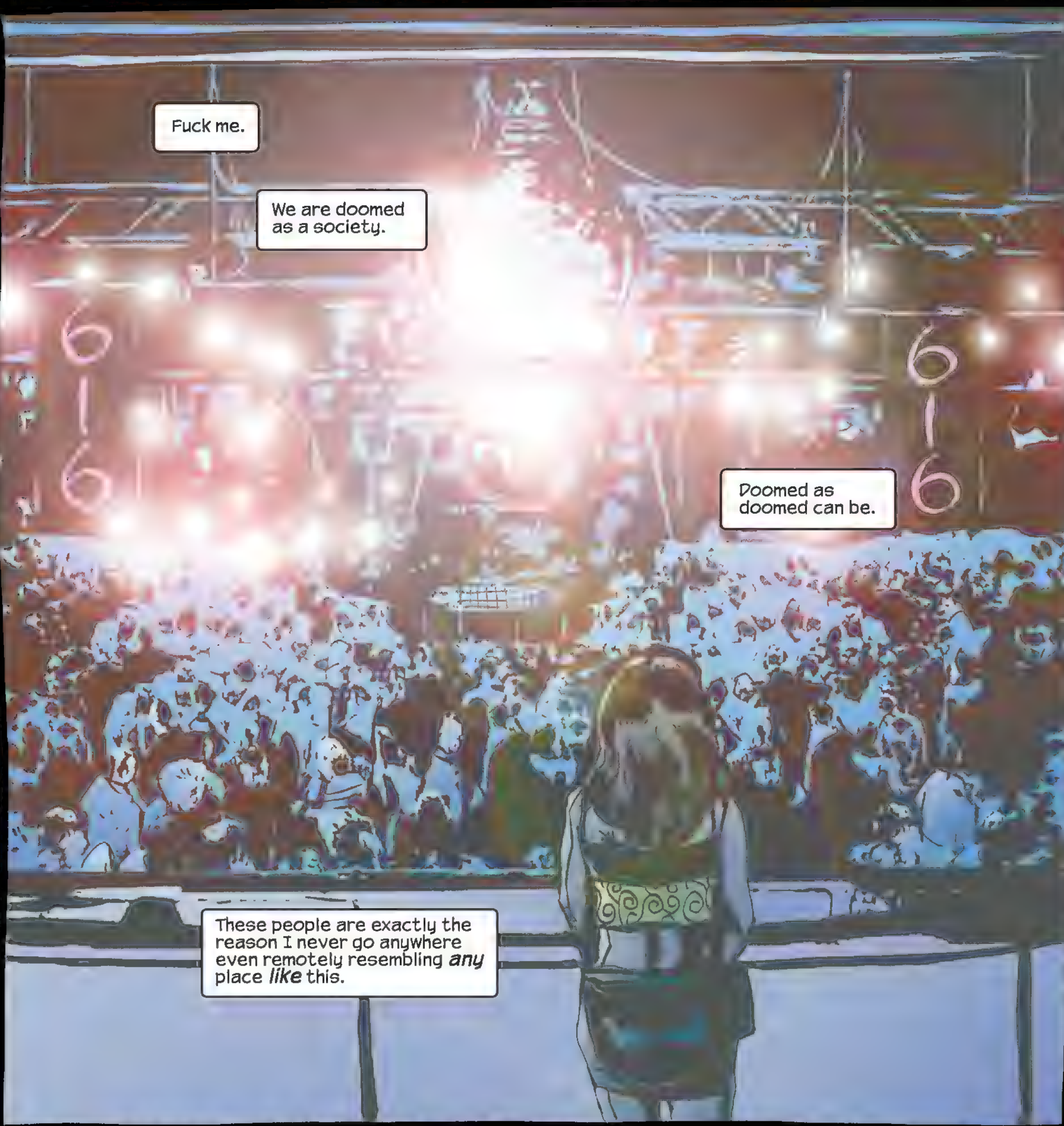


WAVE
CREME
CONDITIONER





...and
you.



Fuck me.

We are doomed
as a society.

Doomed as
doomed can be.

These people are exactly the
reason I never go anywhere
even remotely resembling *any*
place *like* this.

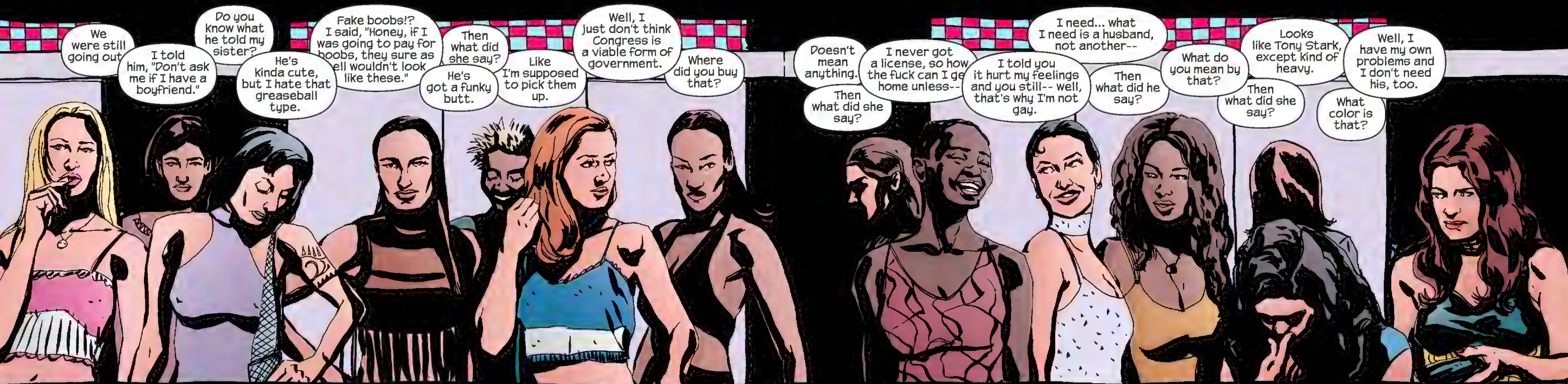


But I didn't come here
to be nauseated. I can
stay *home* for that.

I came here to
find the guy to
find the girl.

I need info.

And in a place like
this, there's only
one place to get it.



We were still going out

I told him, "Don't ask me if I have a boyfriend."

Do you know what he told my sister?

He's kinda cute, but I hate that greaseball type.

Fake boobs!? I said, "Honey, if I was going to pay for boobs, they sure as hell wouldn't look like these."

Then what did she say? He's got a funky butt.

Like I'm supposed to pick them up.

Well, I just don't think Congress is a viable form of government.

Where did you buy that?

Doesn't mean anything. Then what did she say?

I never got a license, so how the fuck can I get home unless--

I told you it hurt my feelings and you still-- well, that's why I'm not gay.

I need... what I need is a husband, not another--

Then what did he say?

What do you mean by that?

Then what did she say?

Looks like Tony Stark, except kind of heavy.

What color is that?

Well, I have my own problems and I don't need his, too.



Any of you know a guy named Penny?

Skinny Russian guy, great car.



He ain't so skinny... if you know what I mean.



What you lookin' for Penny for?

Oh, a girlfriend of mine, she went out with him this one time and told me, you know, and I know he comes here and I kinda wanted to--



"Kinda wanted to?"

Yeah, I know what you "kinda wanted to."



No, really, he sounds like my type of weekend. Oh! Unless you're his girlfriend or--



Nah, I ain't. But I can introduce you. Let me see you--

Yeah, I'll introduce you.

He's here?



He *lives* here. We're in the back. Just be cool.

He'll like you and all, but just hang back and let him discover you-- you know.

Guys like to think *they* find *you*, even though we always find them first, right?

Don't even look at him.



I didn't even know there was a back to this place.

Sure. It's where the real party is.

You bring a smoke?

No...



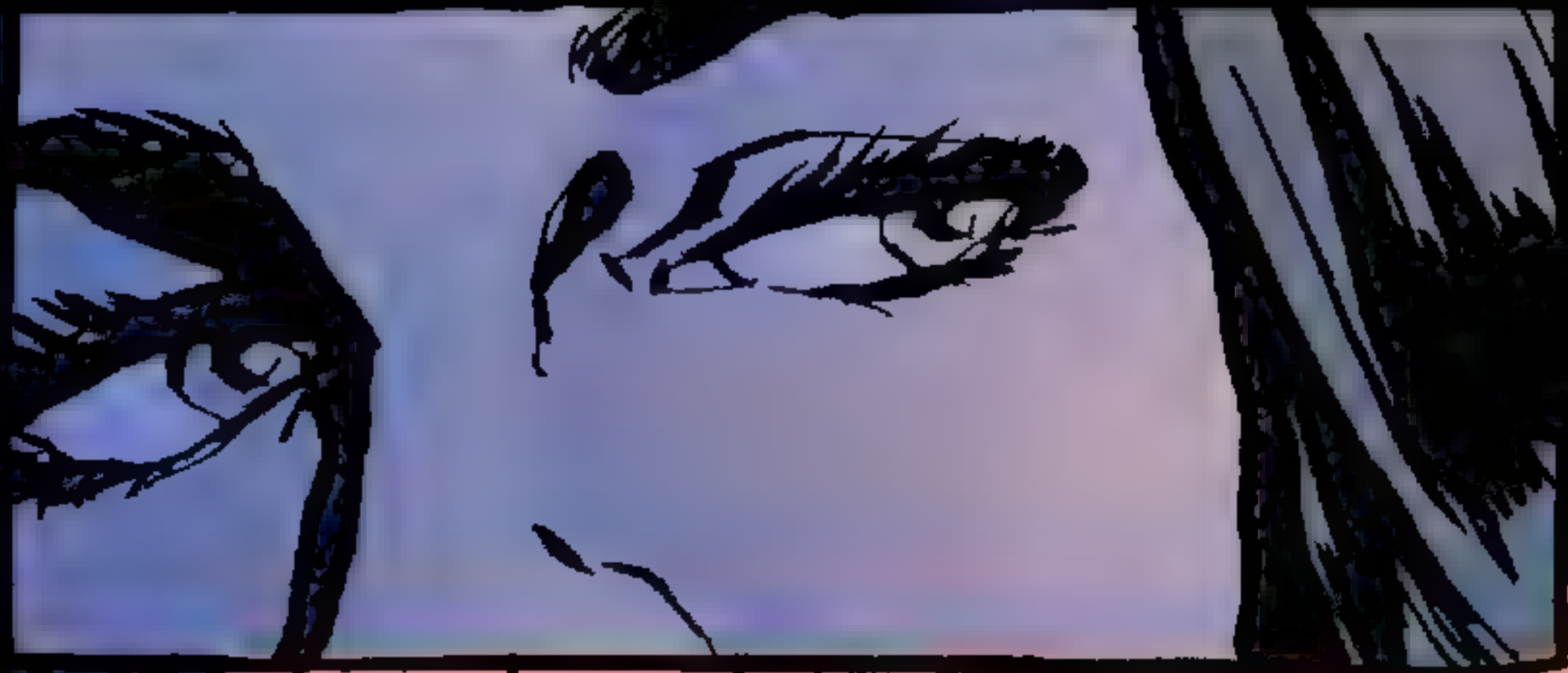
Too bad. I had such a shit day at work.





So I told the fucking asshole that vig means vig and I want my money.

And he looks me right in the eye and pretends he doesn't know who I am.



I says, "Hey, don't pull any shit with me because I am not fucking around. This is a matter of principle."

Guy looks me right in the eye and pretends he don't know me.



I said, "Hey, fucko! Look at me! Look right here!"

"Look me in the eye-- 'cause I swear to God.

"I swear as God is my effin' witness...

"...I'll kill you right here."



ISSUE #19

MUTANT ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ H HO ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~



It's her.

Mattie Franklin.

Spider- Woman.

It's her and she looks right at me.

Crap! I didn't expect her to be here. She's only a kid. This is a nightclub and she's only a kid.

I was looking for her boyfriend here-- get to him to get to her-- but here she is.

In costume? In a nightclub? What the fuck is going on here? What is she on?

She's looking right at me.

The jig is up. I'm going to have to grab her and run.

Fuck, though.

I don't know what the story is here-- I don't know who is who. If I just grab her and run, someone might get hurt.

Or these a-holes might come looking for her at the Jamesons', where she lives-- and I-- ugghh!!

I don't know what to do.

Jesus, she looks even worse than she did in my apartment a couple of days ago.

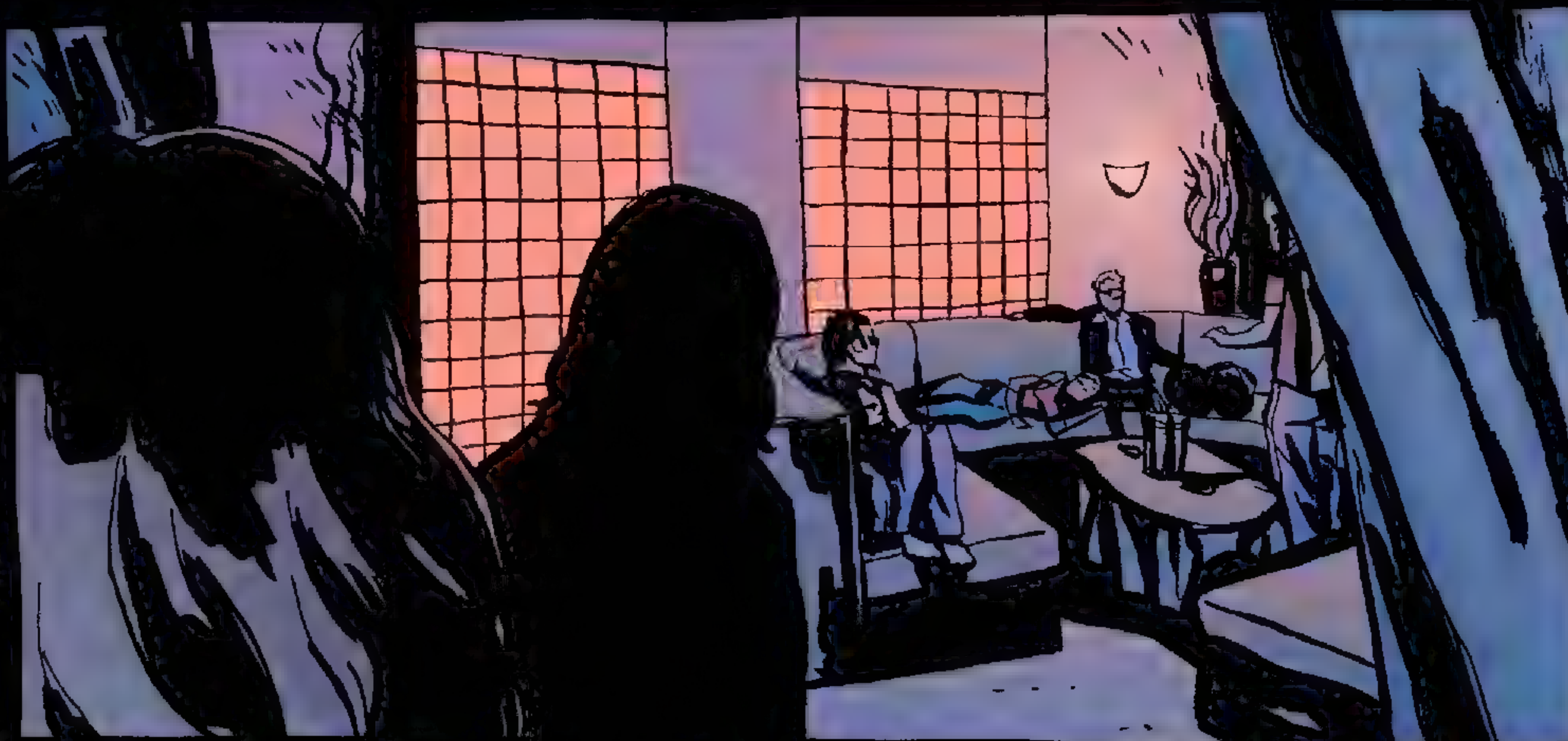
What is she on? Heroin?

I want to cry just from looking at her. She looks right at me, but-- is she so out of it she doesn't recognize me?

Maybe it's the outfit and incredibly whorish makeup I put on to get into this trendy fuckhole.

Mattie Franklin. It's hard to believe she's a super hero.

Kids shouldn't be super heroes-- look at her. God damn, on my worst day I never looked that bad.





The guy looks right at me. Penny Haynes. Fuck!

The guy I was looking for. Goes around telling everyone he's fucking a super hero and here he is. And he's got her-- what has he done to her?



He looks right at me and it hits me like a brick-- *this* is it.

This is what that psychic bitch Madame Web was babbling about.



She described this exact scene, and *fuck!* This is it! Fuck! Fuck!!

What did she say? She said I will *fight* this girl. She said either I will *die* or *she* will die *fighting*.



Someone here is going to *die*??!

I don't want *this!* I don't want to *fight* her, and I sure as shit don't want to *die*.

And I sure as shit don't want to kill a sixteen-year-old junkie super hero girl that doesn't even know where she is. Matt Murdock would kill me for doing this.



This isn't what I want. This isn't what I *want* in my life-- what the fuck am I *doing* here? I didn't have to do this! What the fuck am I thinking?



All the things I've done, and I'll be remembered as the broken-down super hero that killed a teenager in self-defense.



Matt Murdock. Why do I keep thinking about Matt Murdock? Oh, my God! I'm in love with Matt Murdock.

Fucker!!





You know what? Fuck this noise. I'm going to go find my friends.

Where you going?

You're a fucking asshole.



No, no. Come on, babe...

Let her go, man.

No, come here and say hi to everyone.

Wwwhat's going on...?



We're just chillin'.

Why you all in my face?

It's just playin'. Come on...

What are you guys doing back here, that you think cops are gonna--?

We're just partying a little...

Uh-huh.

Can't be too sure.

You came back here looking for something though, right? You looking for what?



I don't know. What are you guys into?



We're just about to get into it.

You get high?



I do.



You ever get *real* high?





You like vodka?

More than members of my own family.

You're funny.

Mattie, baby.

Mattie, wake your ass up. We're at a party.



Mattie, wake up, baby.

Hey, check the door, make sure no one's coming.



Hey, I read in this magazine-- the author thought it was-- listen to this--

He thought it was a terrible *waste* that we always wake up in the same bodies with the same memories.

Isn't that interesting?



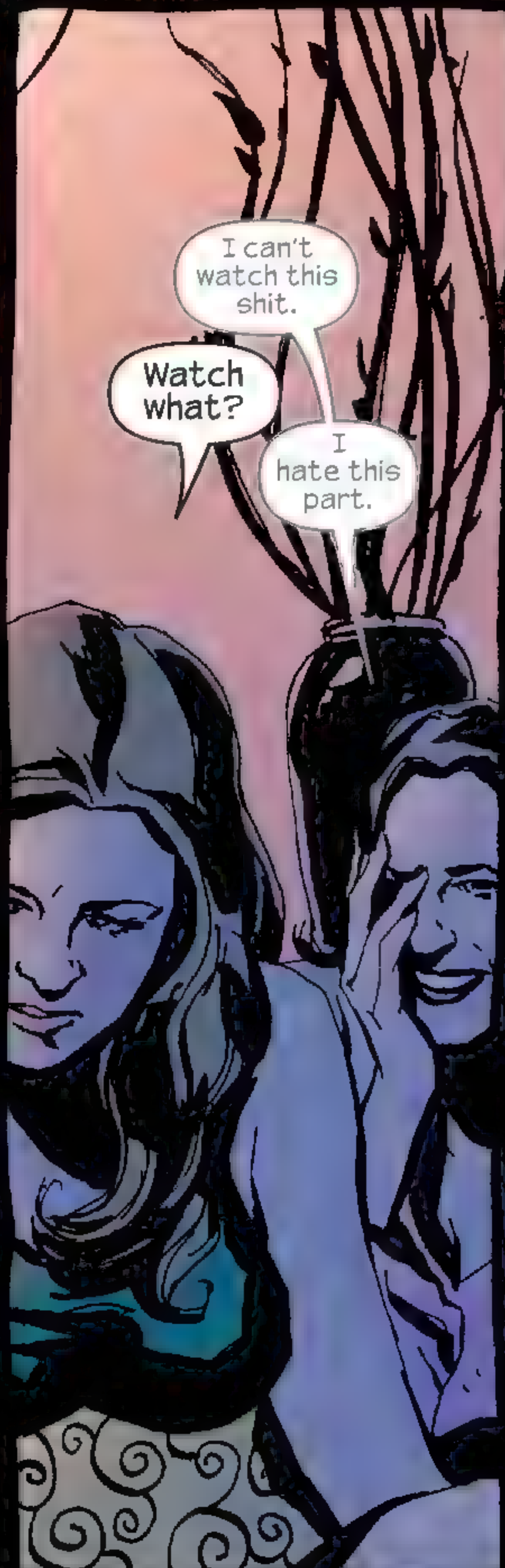
Hey, baaaby. What's goin' on?

We're at a party.

Is it a birthday party?

It's your birthday party.

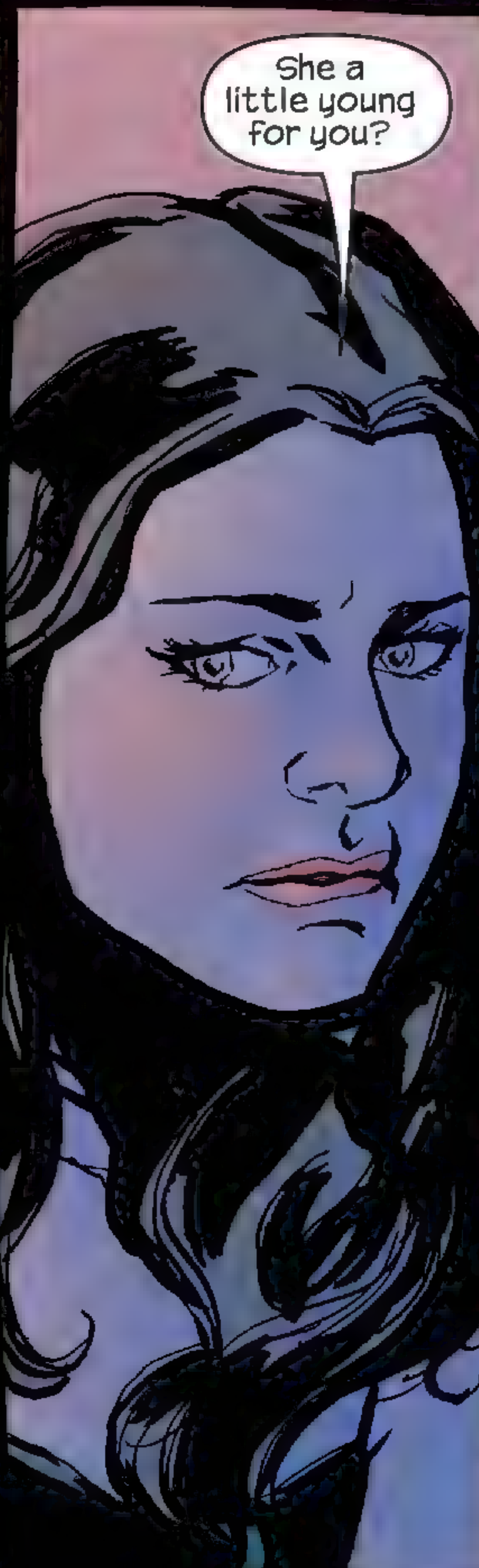
Cool.



I can't watch this shit.

Watch what?

I hate this part.



She a little young for you?



No.



What's-- what's with the costume?



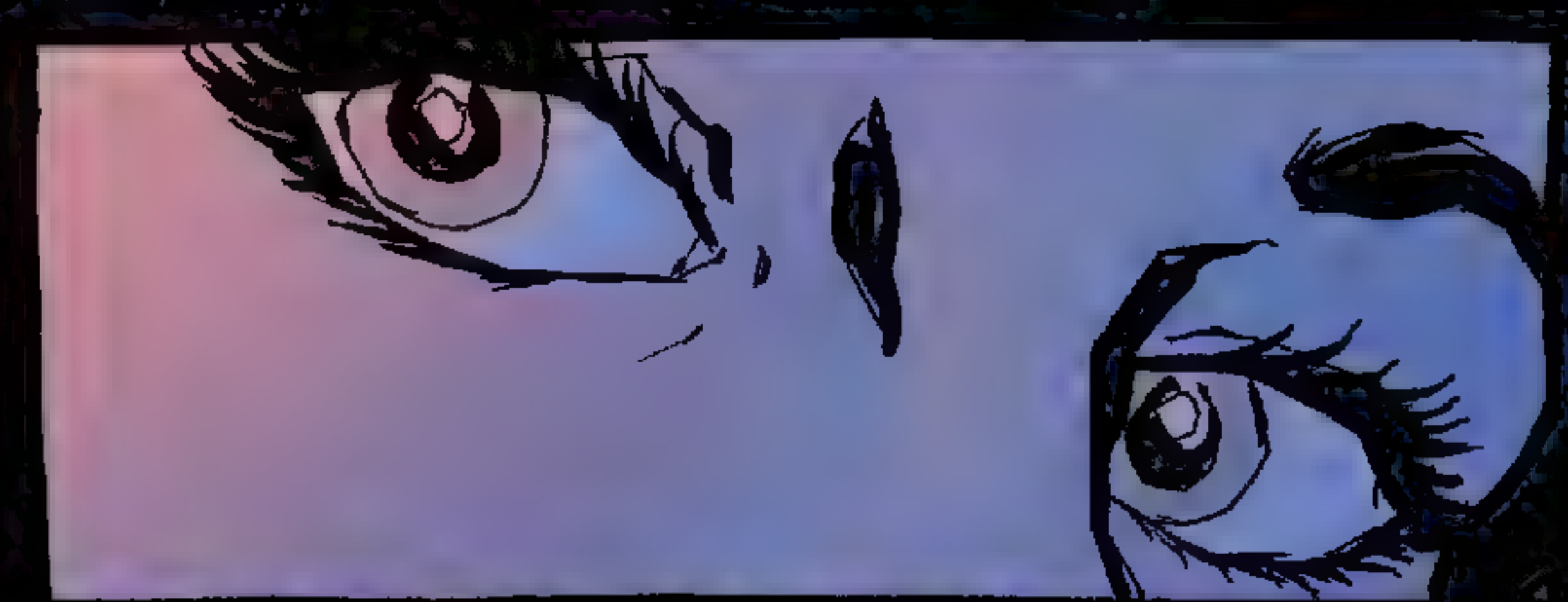
She likes to wear it. It makes her feel special.

Yes, you are.

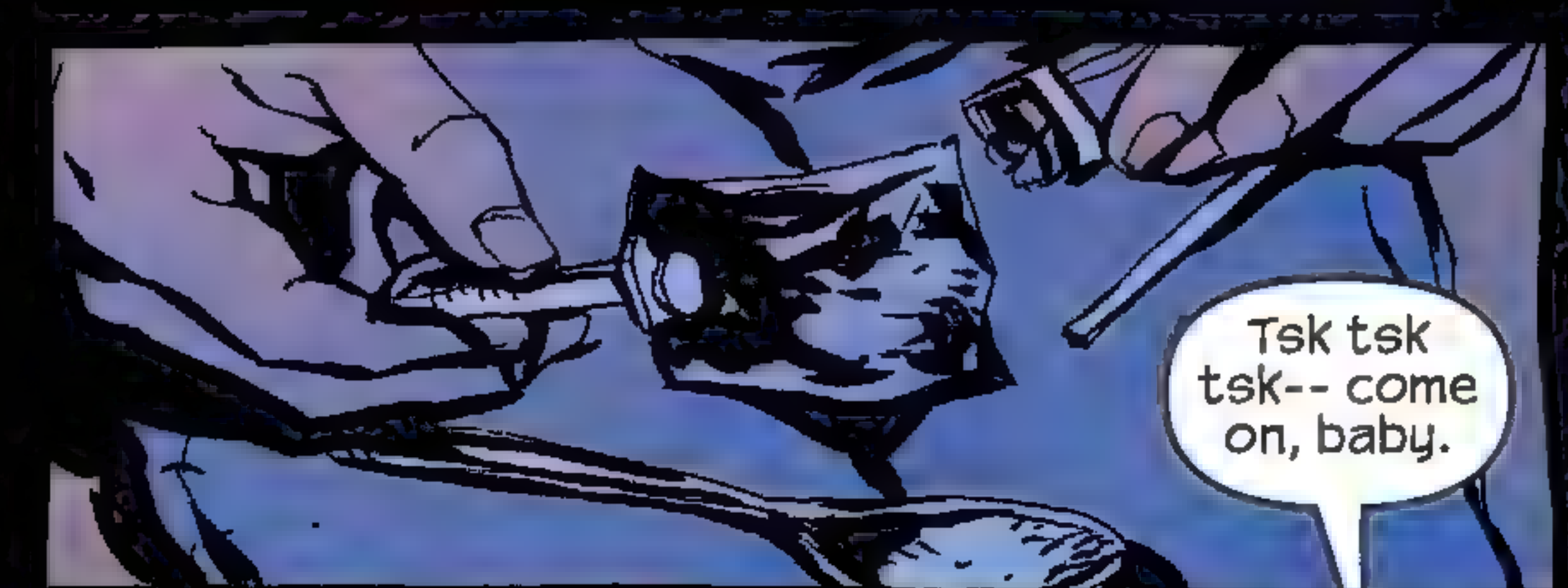
'M special.

Baby, we need some of your special.

One for each. Don't cop nothin'.



Denny, I don't want to...



Tsk tsk tsk-- come on, baby.



It hurts.



But only a little.



You give me a little and I'll give you something.

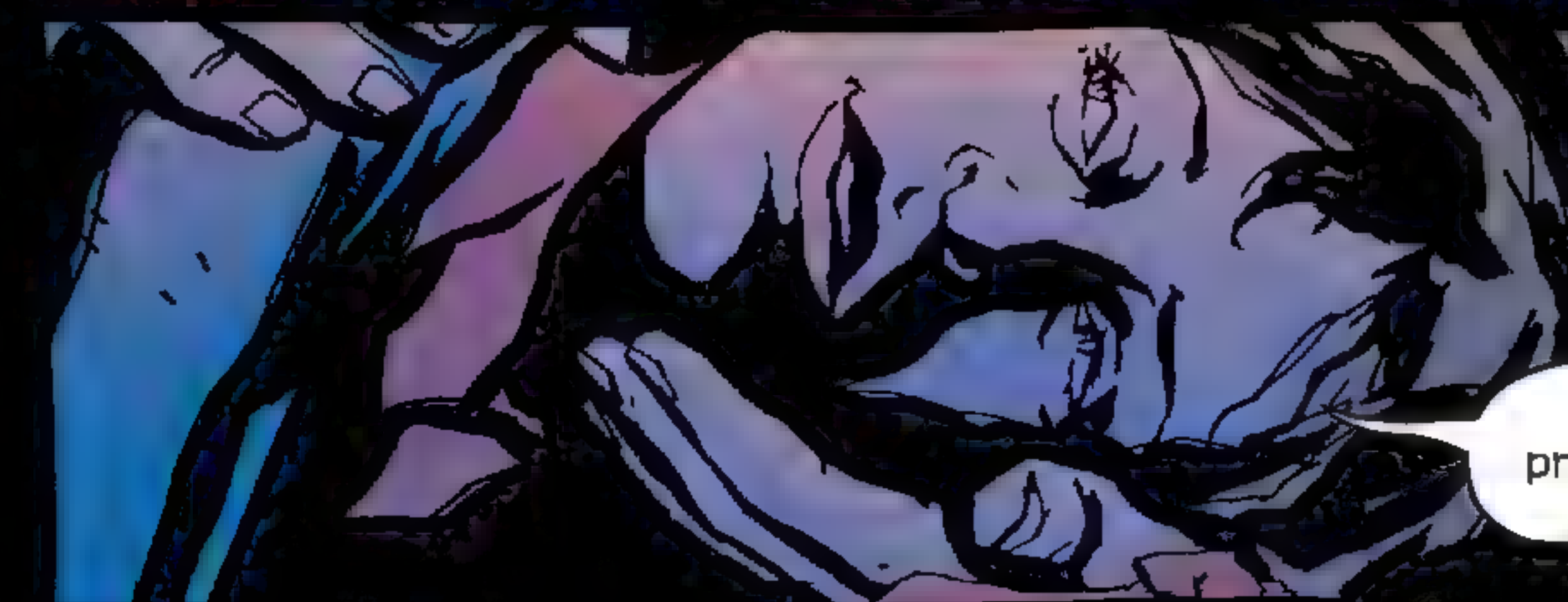
I love you, baby.



Y-you do?



I do.



You promise?



My head's going to explode. I can't stand it.

You ever do a bullet?

The fuck?

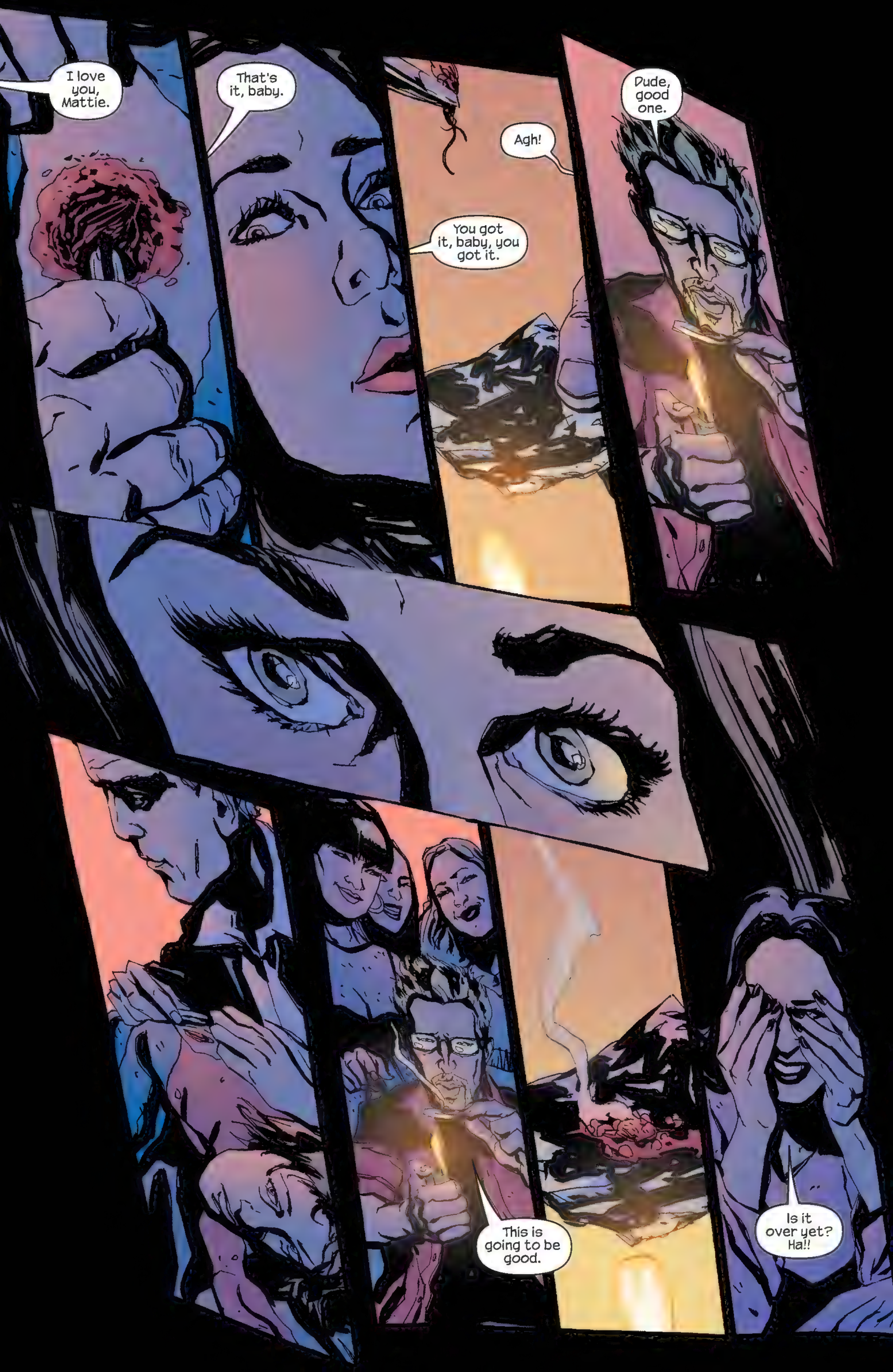
What?

MGN?

What?

Take it now. It'll kick in just as you inhale.

Inhale what?



I love you, Mattie.

That's it, baby.

Agh!

You got it, baby, you got it.

Dude, good one.

This is going to be good.

Is it over yet? Ha!!





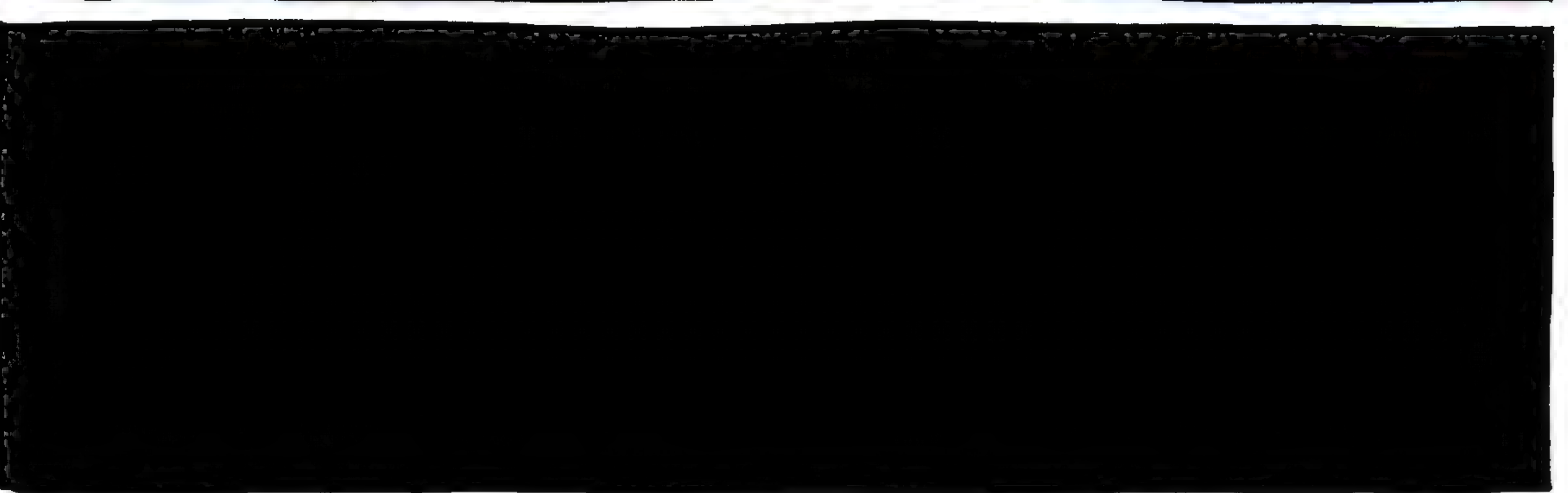
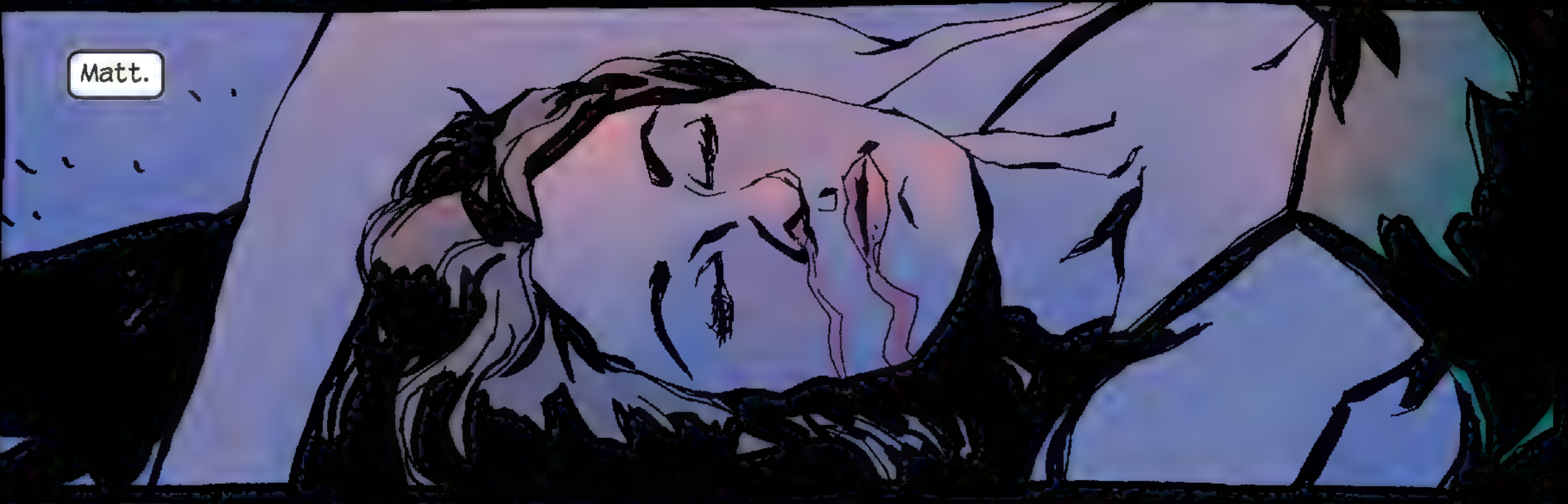


My back
is broken.

My neck
is broken.



Matt.



This
one
here?

Get this
crack whore out
of here!!

Last
thing we need is
another OD on the
premises.

Where
should I
dump her?

Ffsshh...

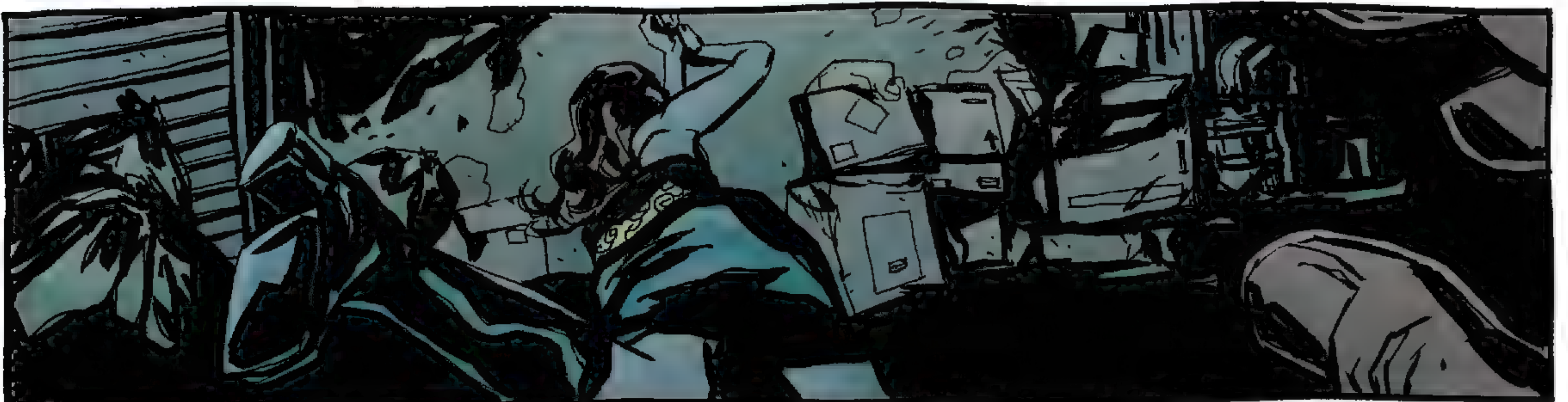
Don't care.
Throw her in the river
for all I care.
Just get her the hell
out of here.

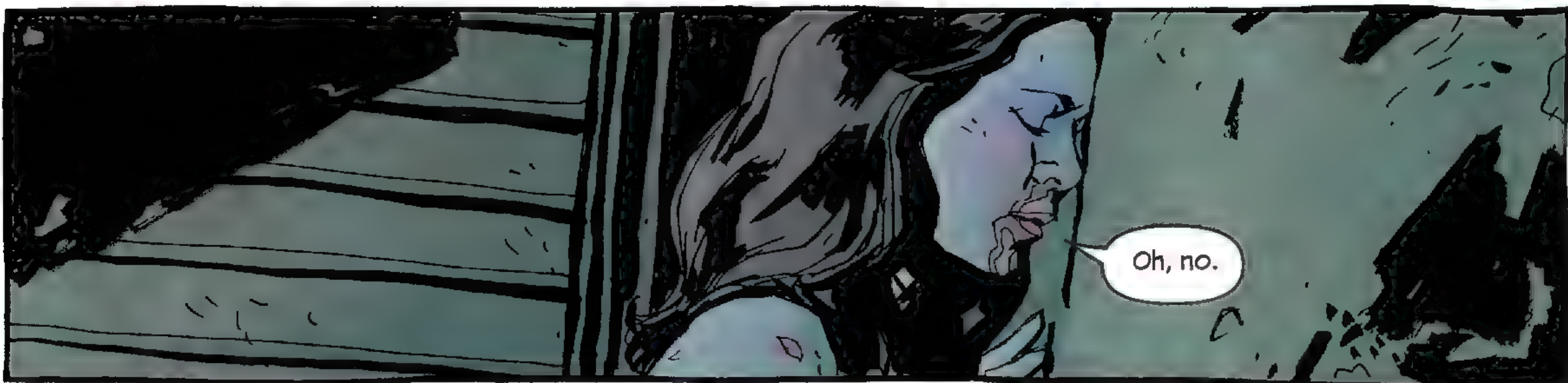
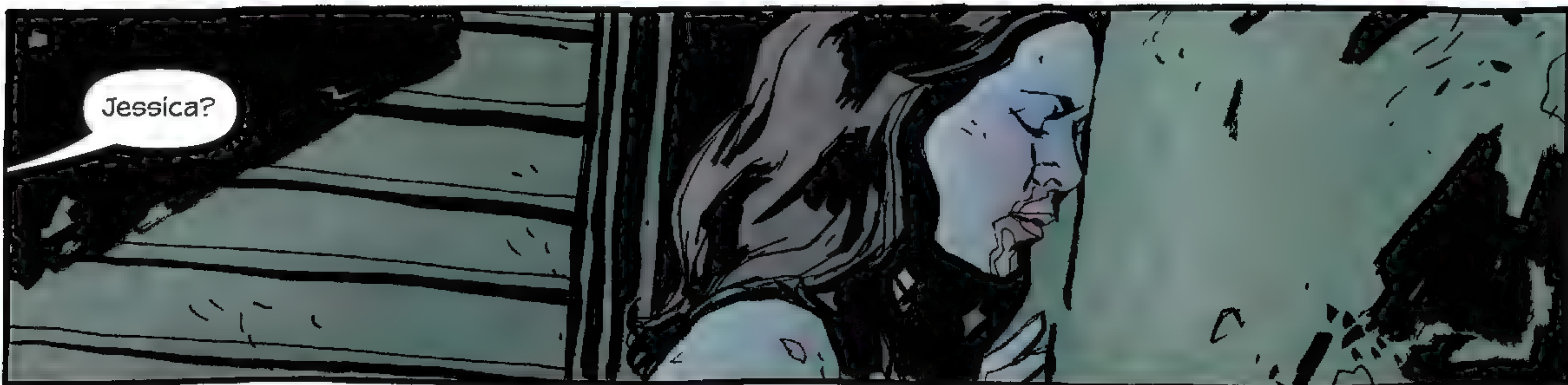
Oh, my God!
What happened
to her?

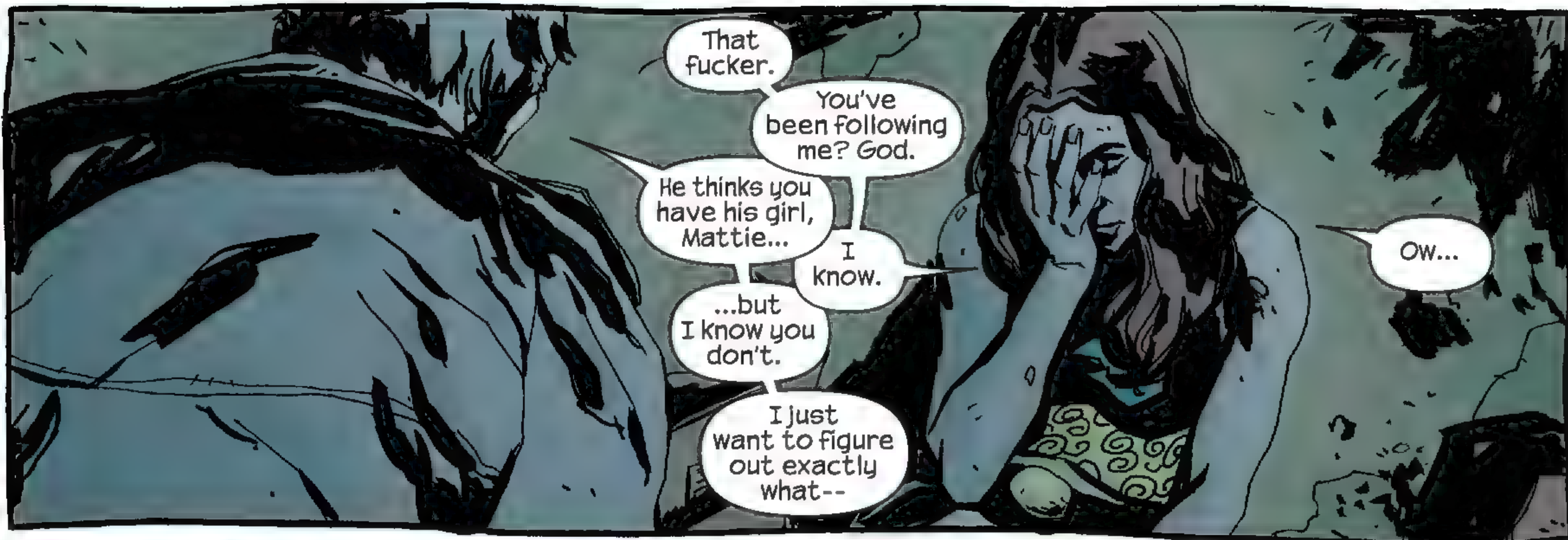
Too much
tequila. Don't
worry.

Oh, man,
what an
idiot.

Excuse
me.







That
fucker.

You've
been following
me? God.

He thinks you
have his girl,
Mattie...

I
know.

...but
I know you
don't.

I just
want to figure
out exactly
what--

Ow...



What
happened?



I fucking
had her. I
had her.

Who?

Mattie
Franklin. I
found her.

She was
here?



She
was right
in there.

I-- I
was-- was--
was frozen in
shock over
what I saw
and I--

She was
with these guys
and when I went
to grab her they
punched my
fucking-- ow!

I
thought
you have
powers.

I
do.

They
did too.

I
guess.
Ow.

I've never
been punched
that hard--
and I've been
punched.

What
was Mattie
doing?



Oh, man,
she's totally
strung out.

She's--
they got her on
something.

These
guys-- they got
her on something
and they're popping
pills and they--
oh, God.



Have
they harmed
her?



Yes.

>Sniff<
God...



Did they
have protruded
foreheads? The
guys?



Yes.



MGN.

They're
fucking
animals.

MGN? I
don't know
what that
is.

(Ow.)

Mutant
Growth Hormone.
It's expensive shit.
It's a street
drug.

But supposedly,
it temporarily-- for
the length of the high--
it gives normal people
not so normal
abilities.

There's
all kinds of
different mixtures
and ways to
freebase
it.

Oh, fuck
me. Are you
serious?

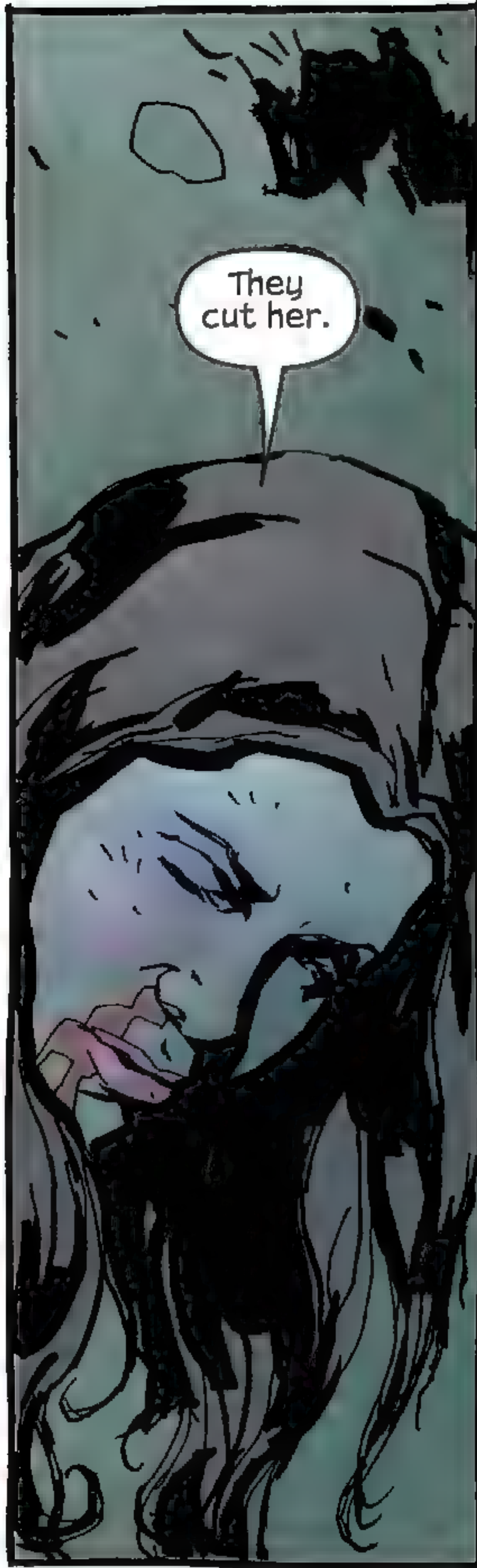
The pure
stuff-- pure
from the
course-- is
like gold.



Crazy
fuckers.

The
foreheads
are the
giveaway.

They're
fucking up their
genetic makeup
with that shit.
Their cell
structure is
damaged.



They
cut her.



I know.
It's sickening. It's
cannibalistic.

This
is going
on?

There's
been rumblings
about a couple of
B-level super heroes--
no offense-- selling
parts of themselves,
or trading it for
who-knows-
what.

I heard
Darkhawk
might be.



They are
killing that
girl. I lost
her.

We have
to-- we have
to--



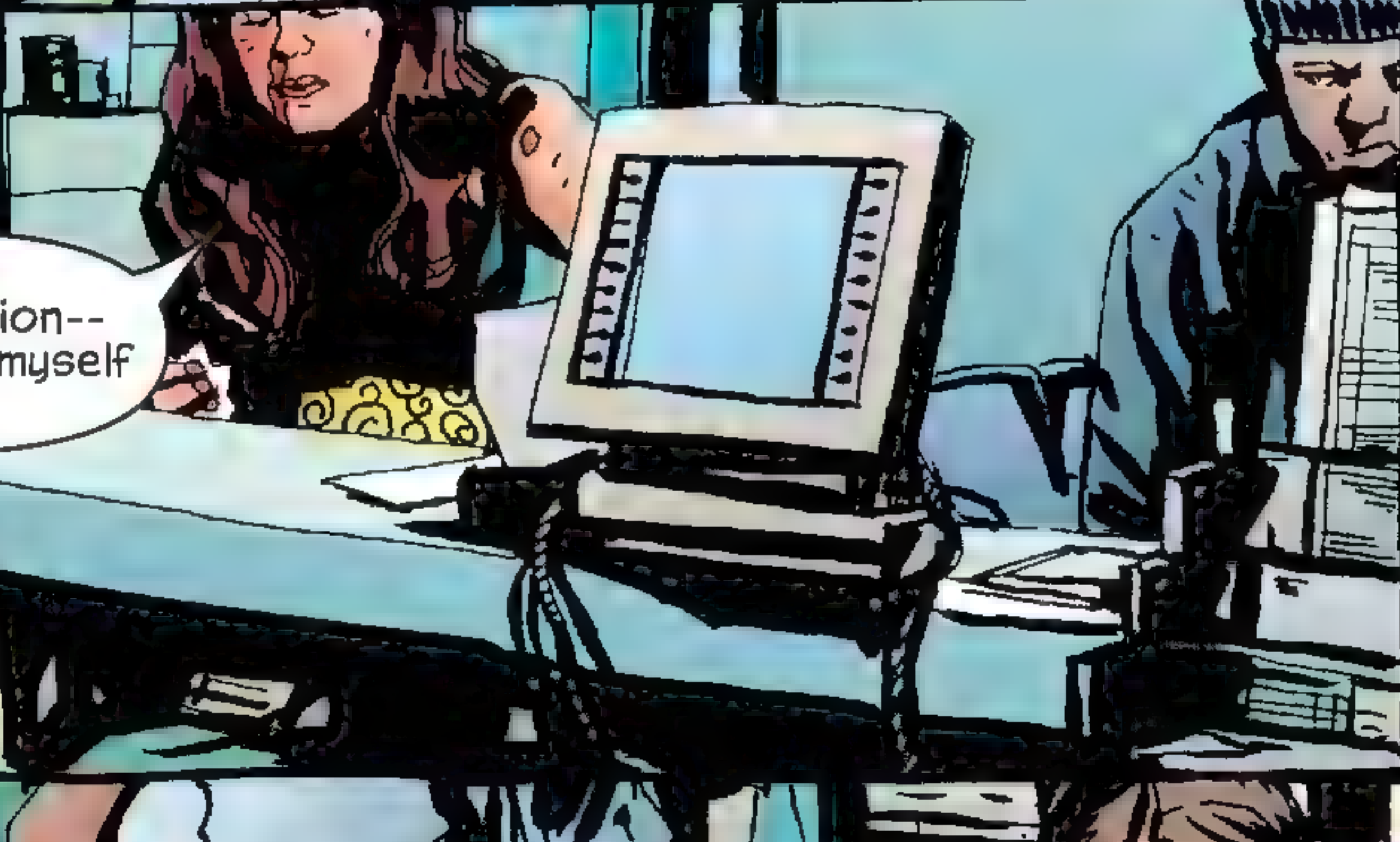
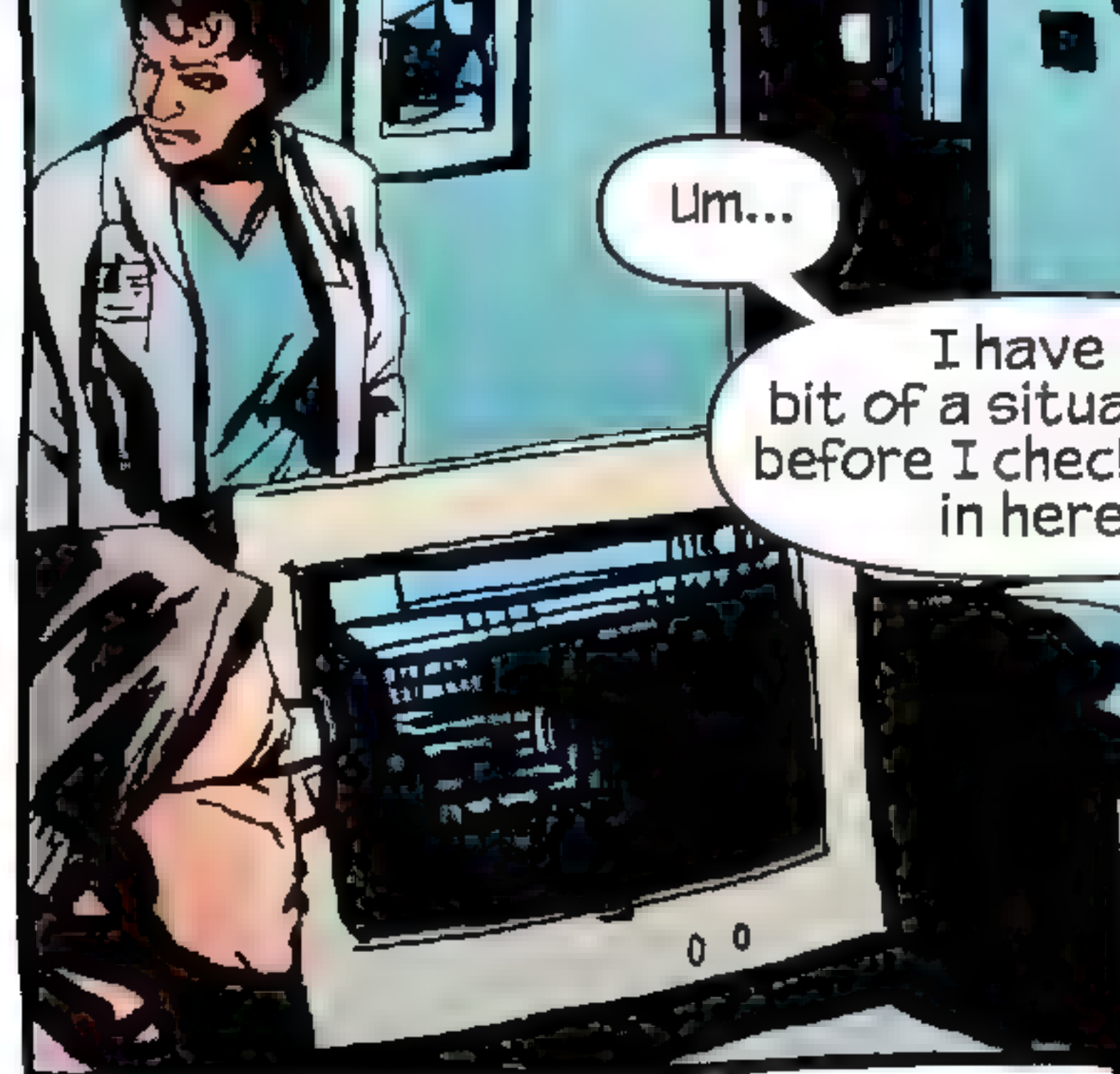
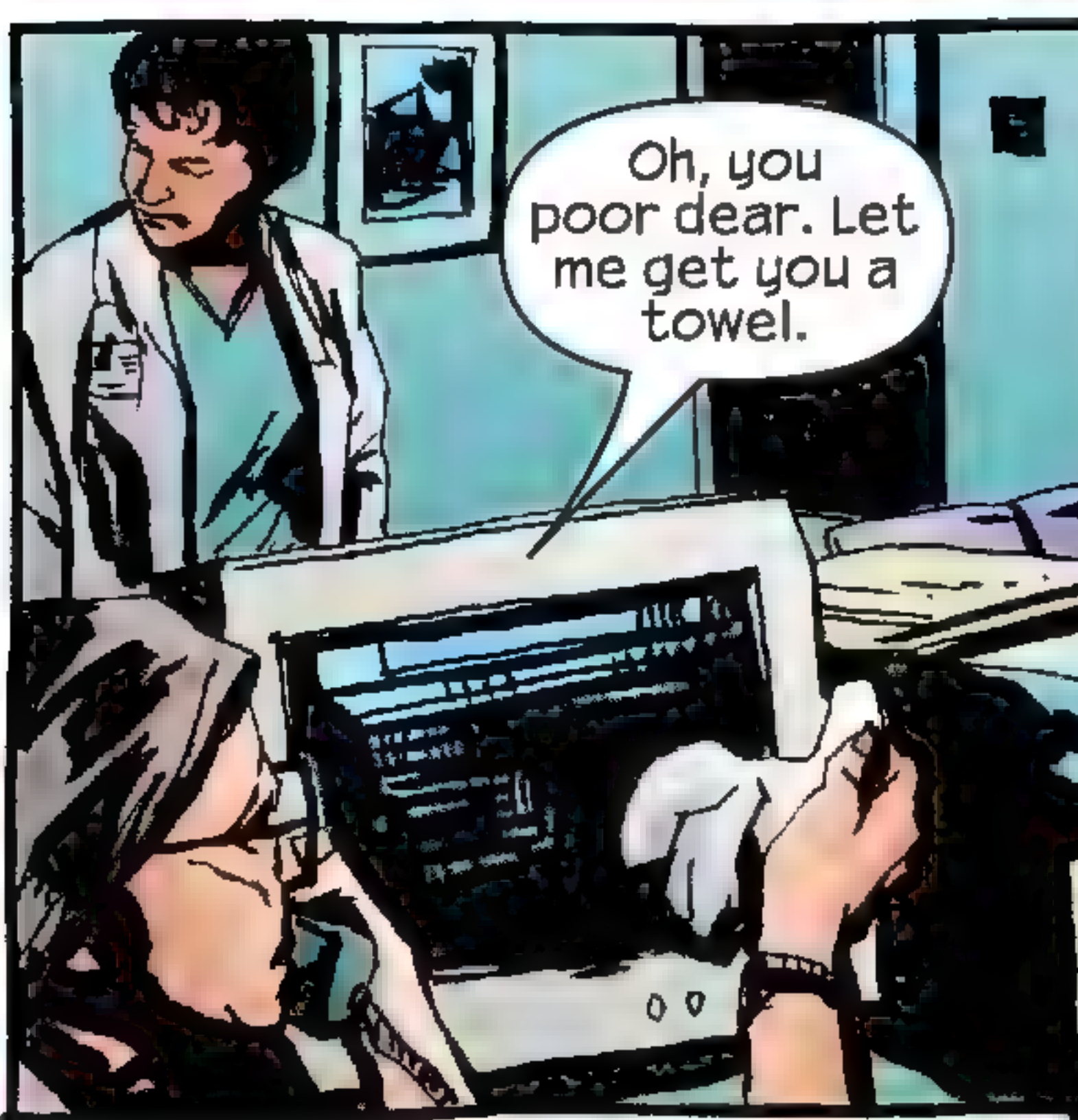
I thought
you weren't
a super hero
anymore.



'M not.



Anybody
paying you to
find her?







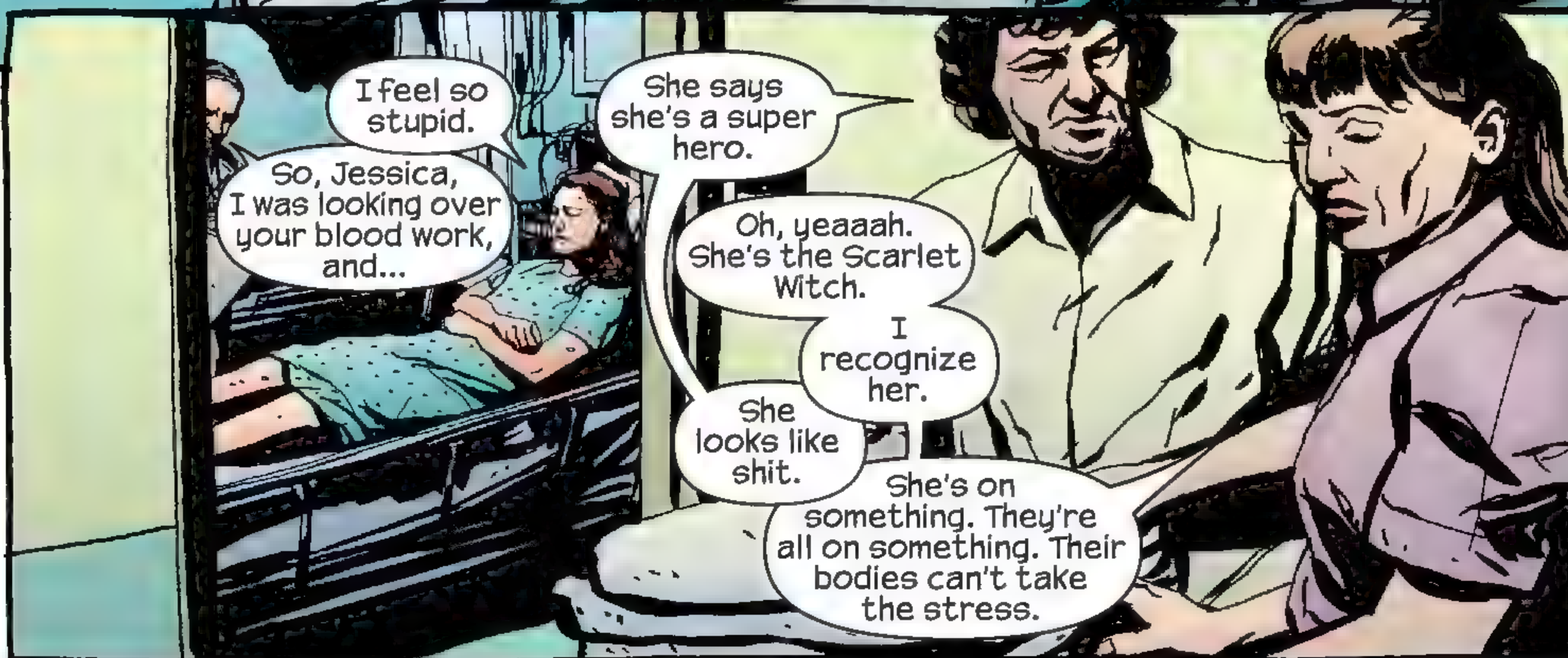
That's quiet a bonk to the beezers you took, Jessica.

I feel so stupid.

It's OK. Your bleeding's stopped, and that's good.

I just want to make sure I didn't do any real damage.

No, no. You did the right thing, coming in here.



I feel so stupid.

So, Jessica, I was looking over your blood work, and...

She says she's a super hero.

Oh, yeaah. She's the Scarlet Witch.

I recognize her.

She looks like shit.

She's on something. They're all on something. Their bodies can't take the stress.



I wonder if she knows Captain America.

Honey, look at her. She doesn't even know Quasar.

Stand by for confirmation, over. Cchhcckk



Jessica Jones?

Yes.

Can you tell us what happened to your face?

Short of being chopped in half and waking up to find out that I have been turned into a half woman/ half robot cyborg...

...I can't imagine how that little adventure could have gone any worse.

The cops were so goddamn condescending. Bunch o' fucking power-tripping motherfuckers.

I enjoyed every bullshit lie I told them about how I was mugged.

Fuckers.

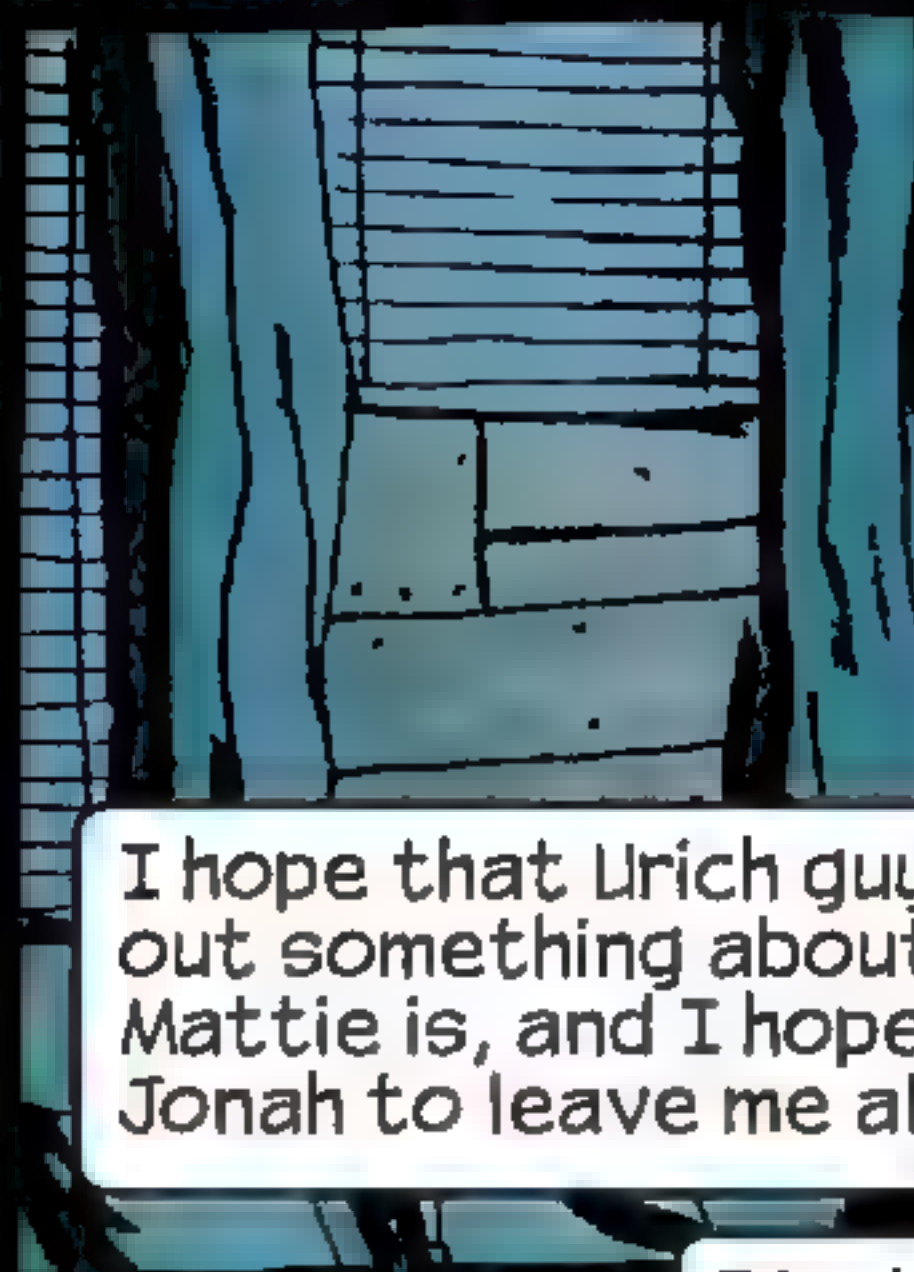
Fuck them!

Treat a woman like she's a child that shouldn't be out after dark.



Eff you, little-dick, badge-wearing assholes.

Do your job!!



I hope that Urich guy finds out something about where Mattie is, and I hope he tells Jonah to leave me alone.



That whole thing was fucking awful.



I just want to get that girl home safe. Then I want to be left alone.

My body can't take this kind of abuse. I'm not that kind of person. I don't have the--

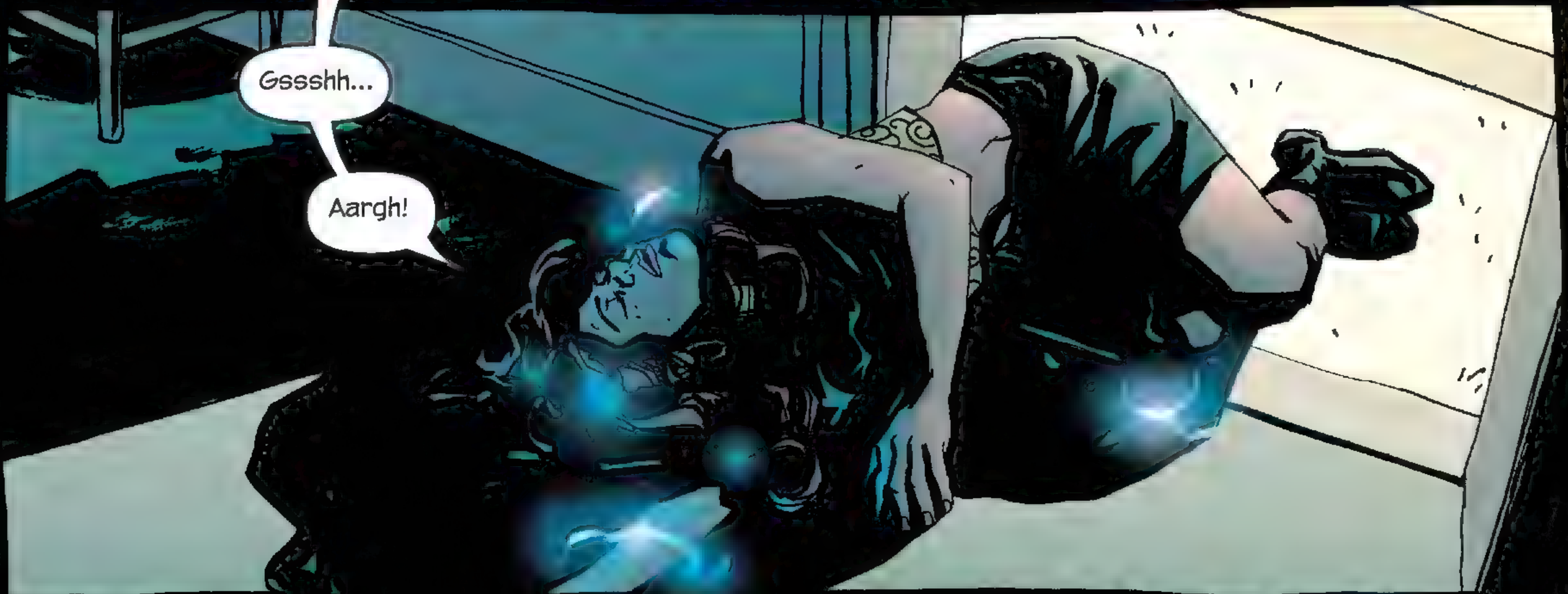




Aaieeee!!



Yeeeaarrggh!!



Gesshh...

Aargh!

Listen up,
bitchcakes. My
name is Jessica
Drew.

I'm the
original Spider-Woman,
and what you just got
was a face-full of my
spider-bite.

Where the
fuck is Mattie
Franklin?



212-55[REDACTED] Mrs [REDACTED]

ISSUE #20





I come back to this country to find Mattie Franklin is *missing*.

Word is you're the last person to have seen her.

Where the fuck is Mattie Franklin?



Aaieee!!



Ylllaarrggh!!

Ggsshh...
Aagh!



One more time. Then I turn into a *real* bitch...

Where *is* she??

What did you do with her??



I didn't *do* anything...

I am looking for her, too.

I fucking *called* you.



What?



Check your answering machine, you bitch!!



BEEP BOOP BOOP



BEEP BOOP BEEP



BEEP





Tsk-- I shouldn't have done that.

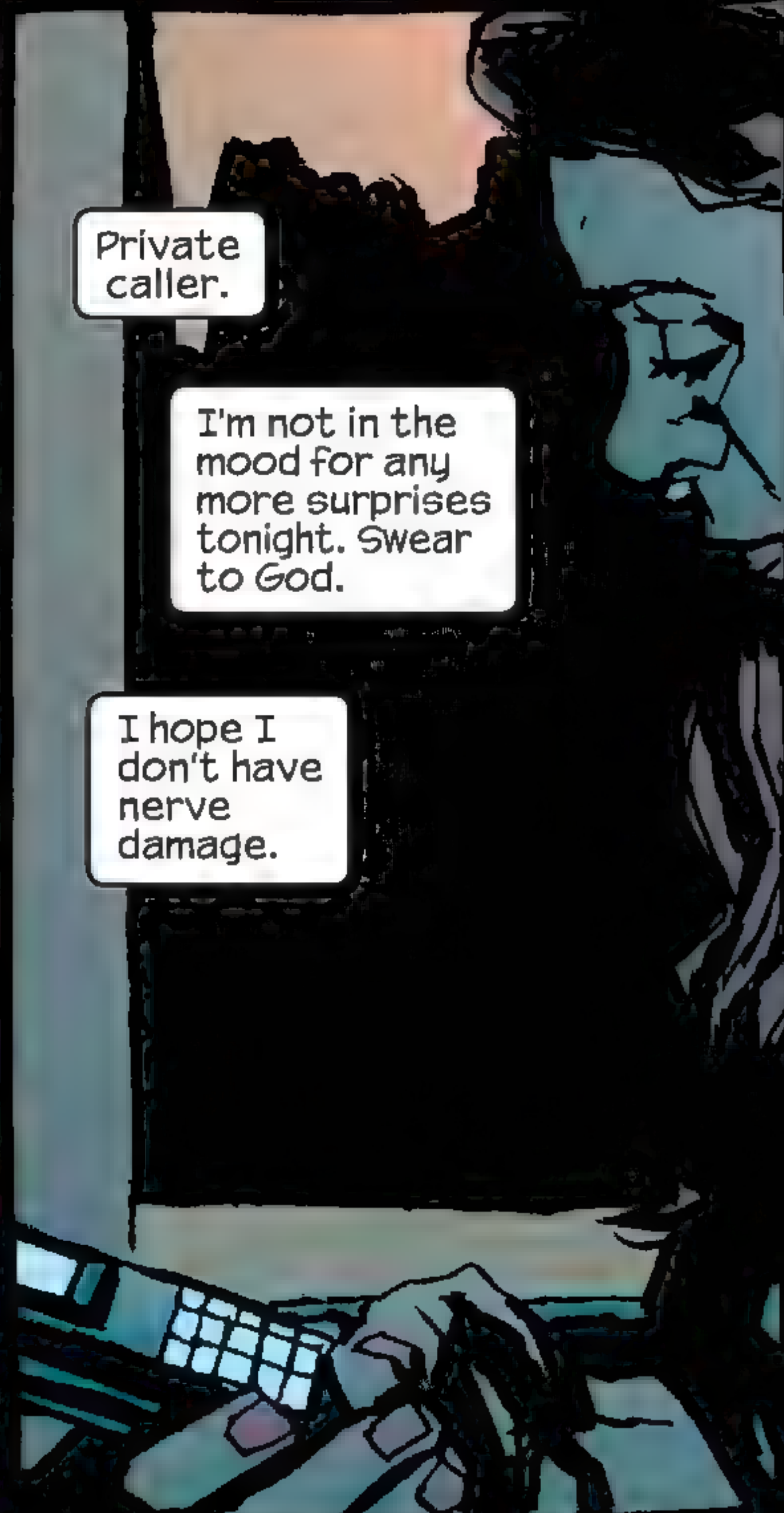
Broke my kitchen table.

GLEE GLEE GLEE



Fuck-- my nose is bleeding.

GLEE GLEE GLEE



Private caller.

I'm not in the mood for any more surprises tonight. Swear to God.

I hope I don't have nerve damage.



Hello?

Jessica, it's Ben Urich, investigative reporter from the Daily Bugle.



Yeah?

Mr. Jameson would like to speak with you.



He would?

Yes.

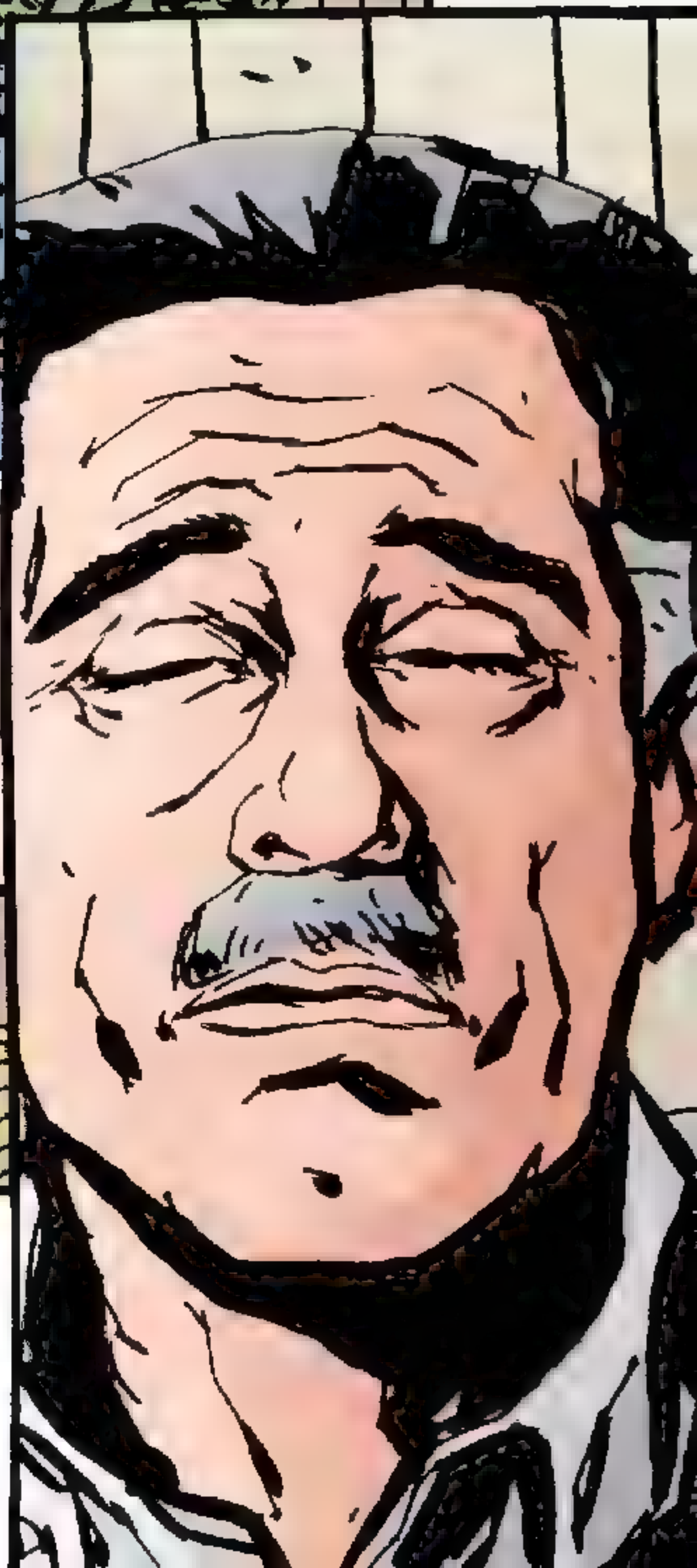
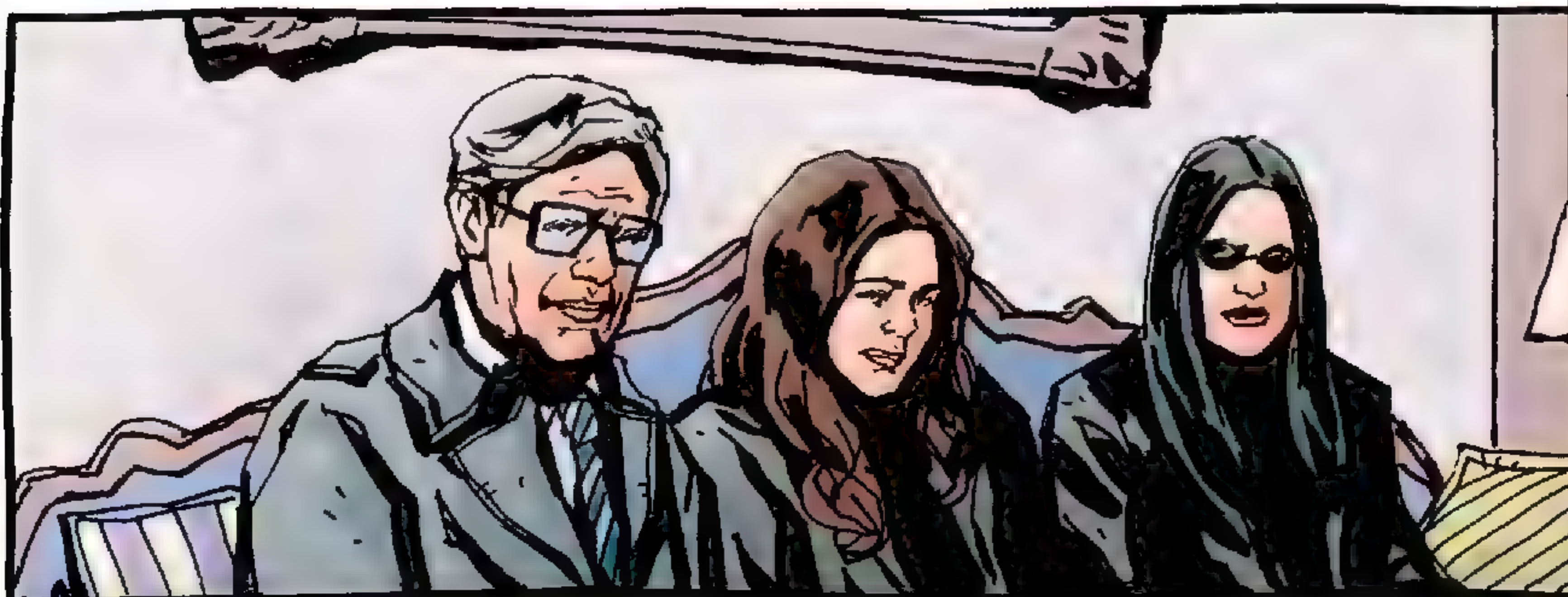
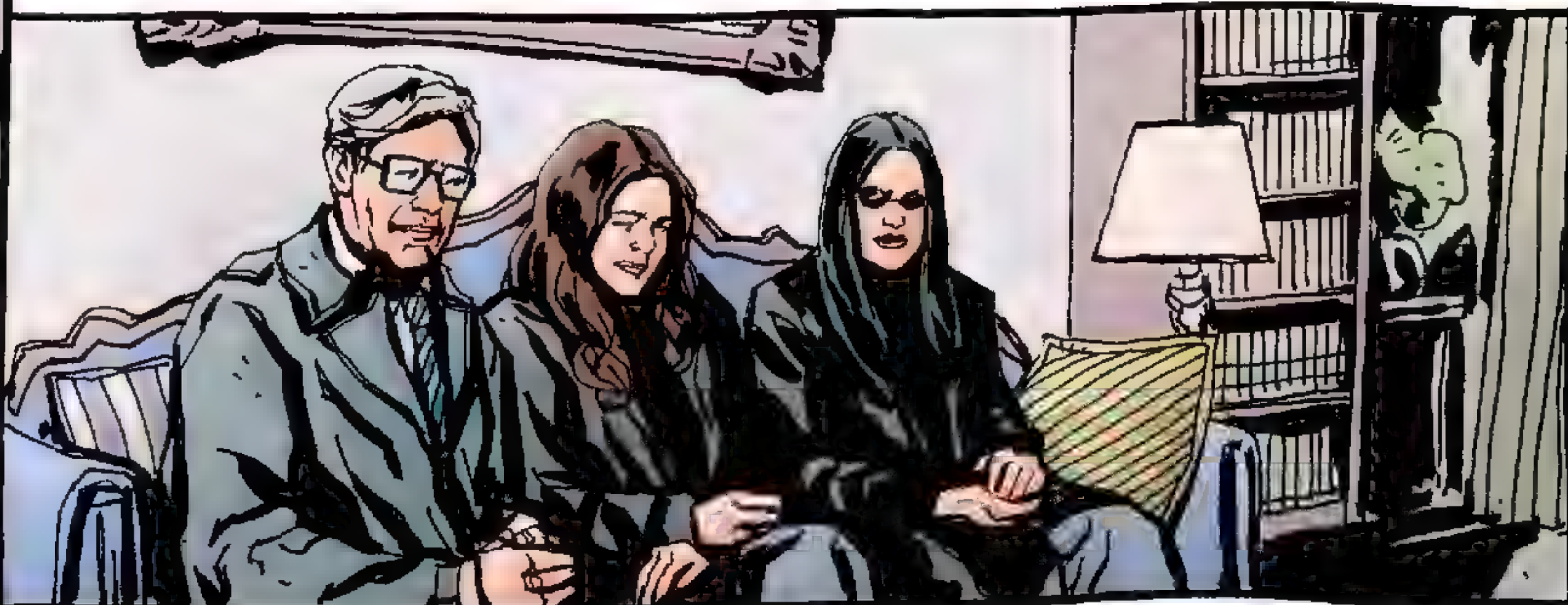
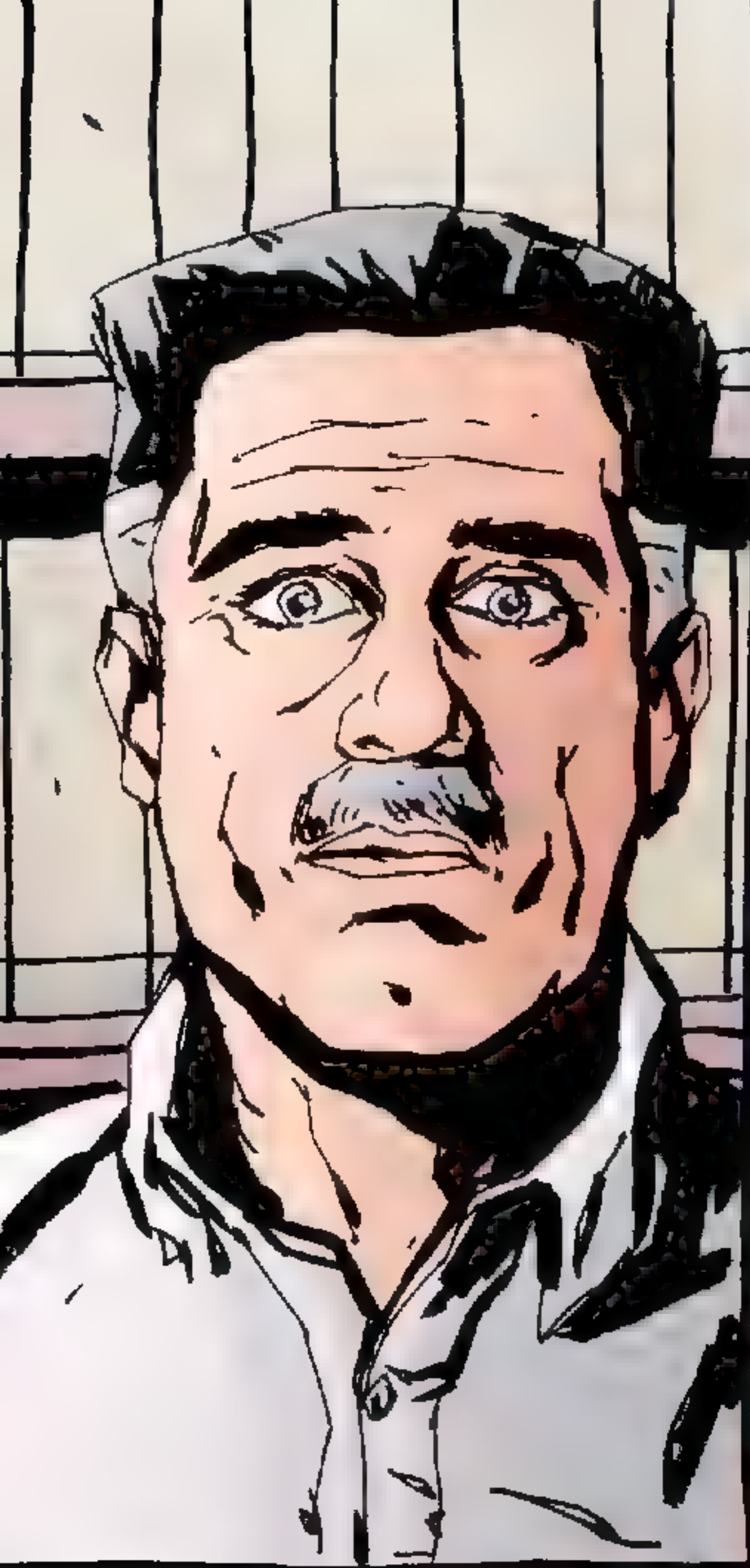
Now?

Now.

Oy...



Okay... but tell him I'm not coming alone.





Jonah...

Please
forgive my
husband...

They
warned us.
Everybody warned
us that taking in an
orphan was going
to be trouble.



She could
run away, lash out
at us... the anger,
the hostility...

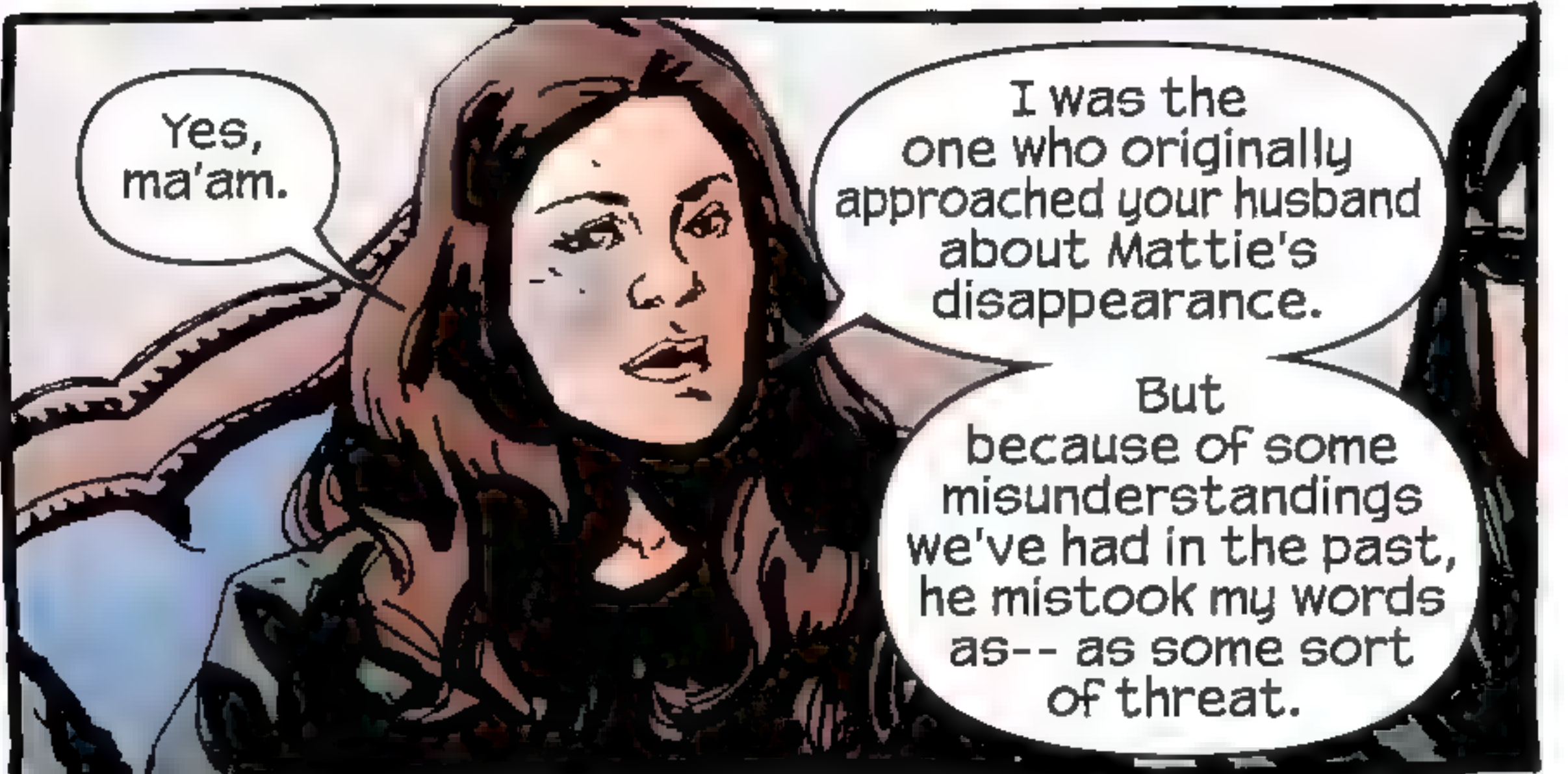
...not
understanding
who you are or
why life has
dealt you a shit
hand.



I'm an
orphan.



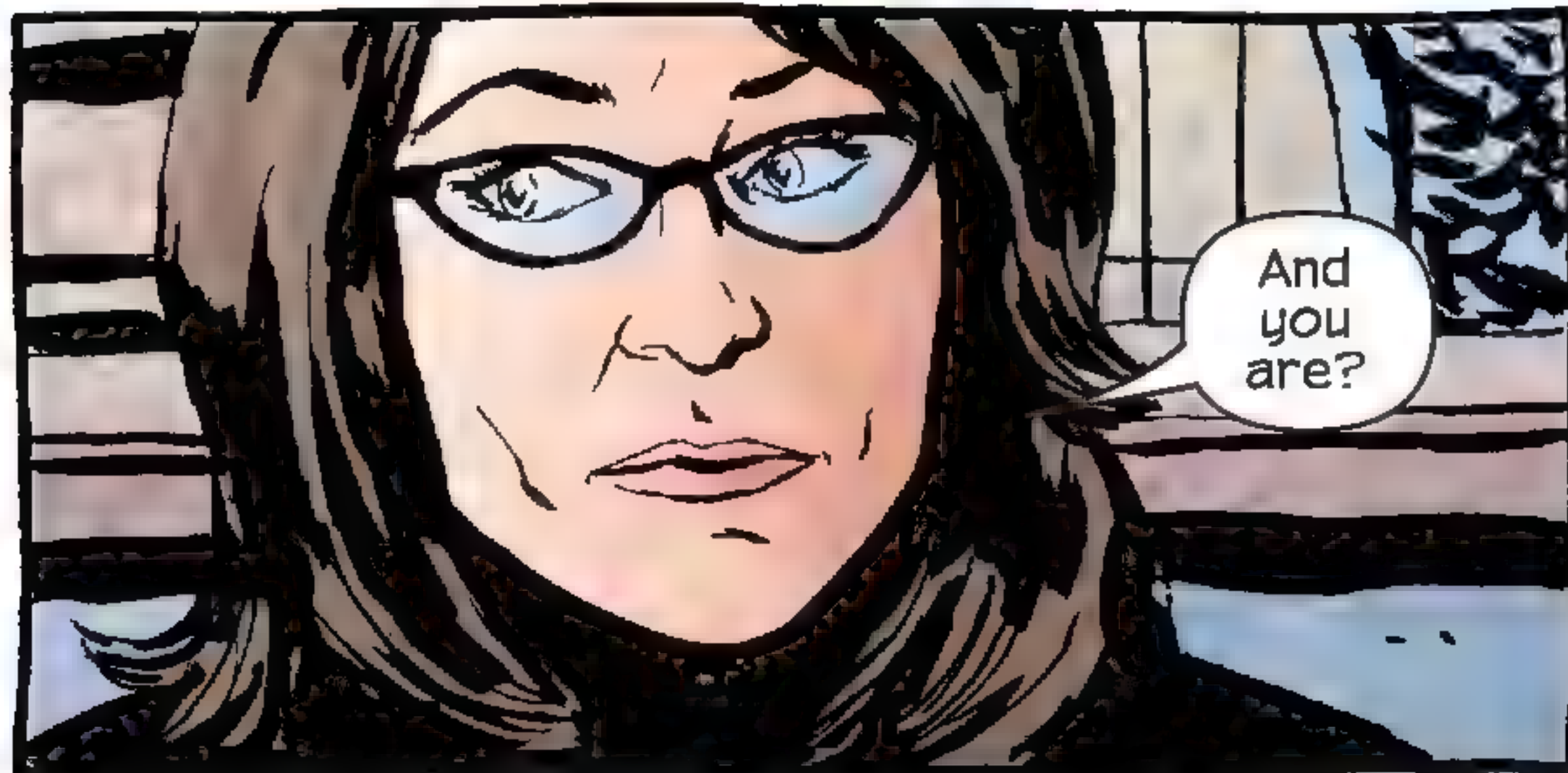
You're
Ms. Jones,
the woman who
last saw
Mattie.



Yes,
ma'am.

I was the
one who originally
approached your husband
about Mattie's
disappearance.

But
because of some
misunderstandings
we've had in the past,
he mistook my words
as-- as some sort
of threat.



And
you
are?



Jessica Drew.
I am friends with
Mattie... in her
other life.

I was
looking
for her as
well.



You're the
original Spider-
Woman.



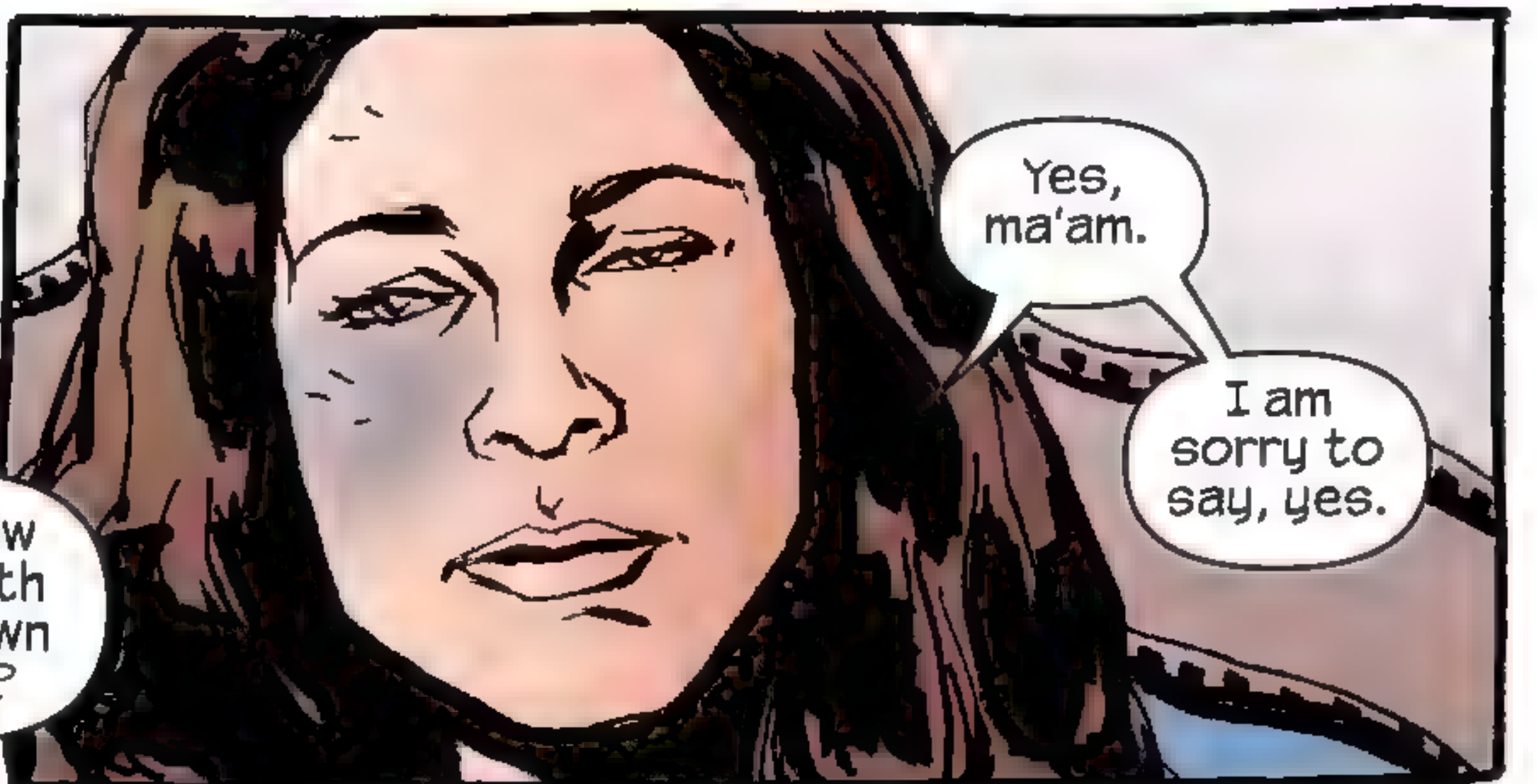
Yes,
ma'am.



And what
Mr. Urich told us
about what they
are doing to
her...

This is true,
Ms. Jones?

You saw
this with
your own
eyes?



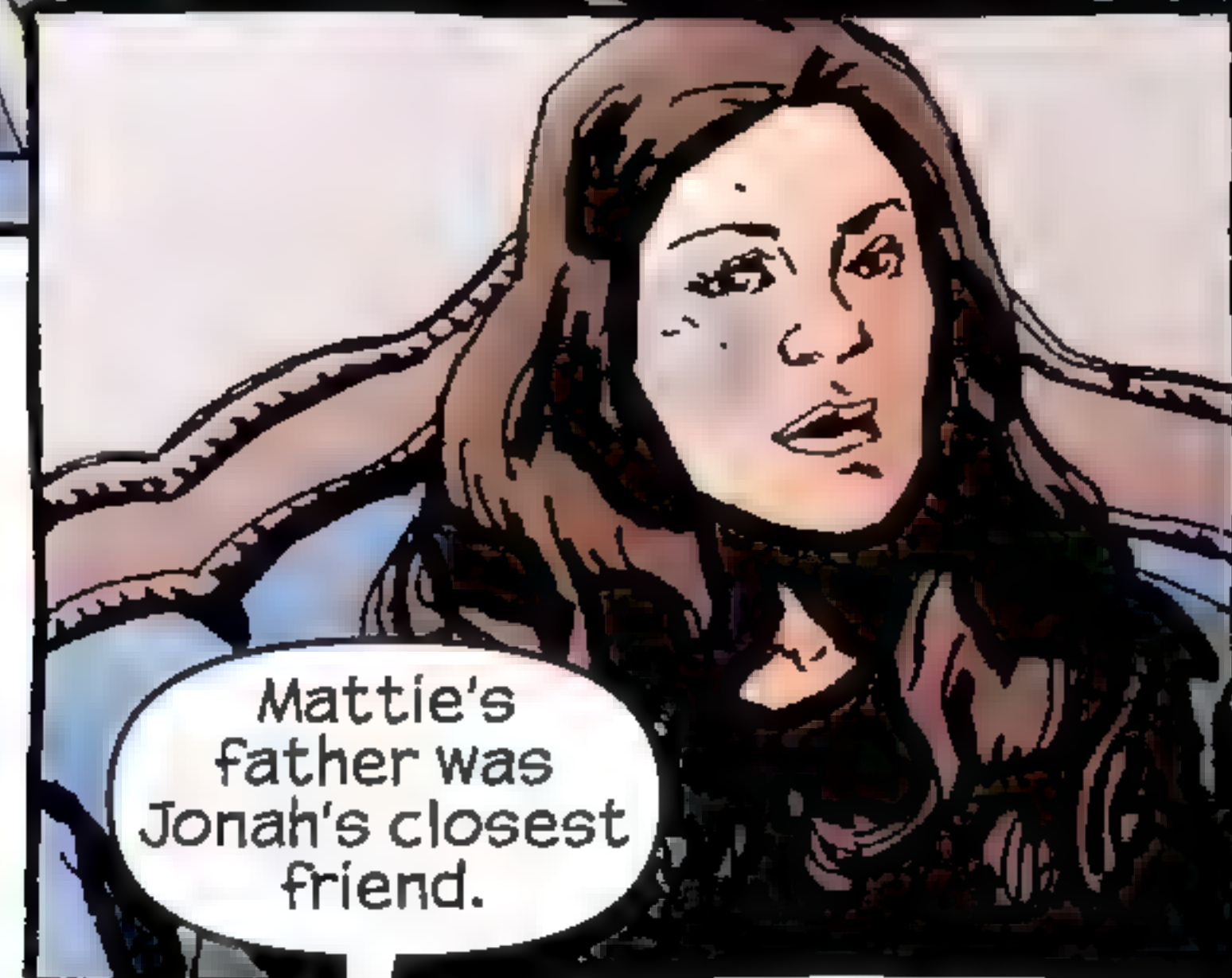
Yes,
ma'am.

I am
sorry to
say, yes.

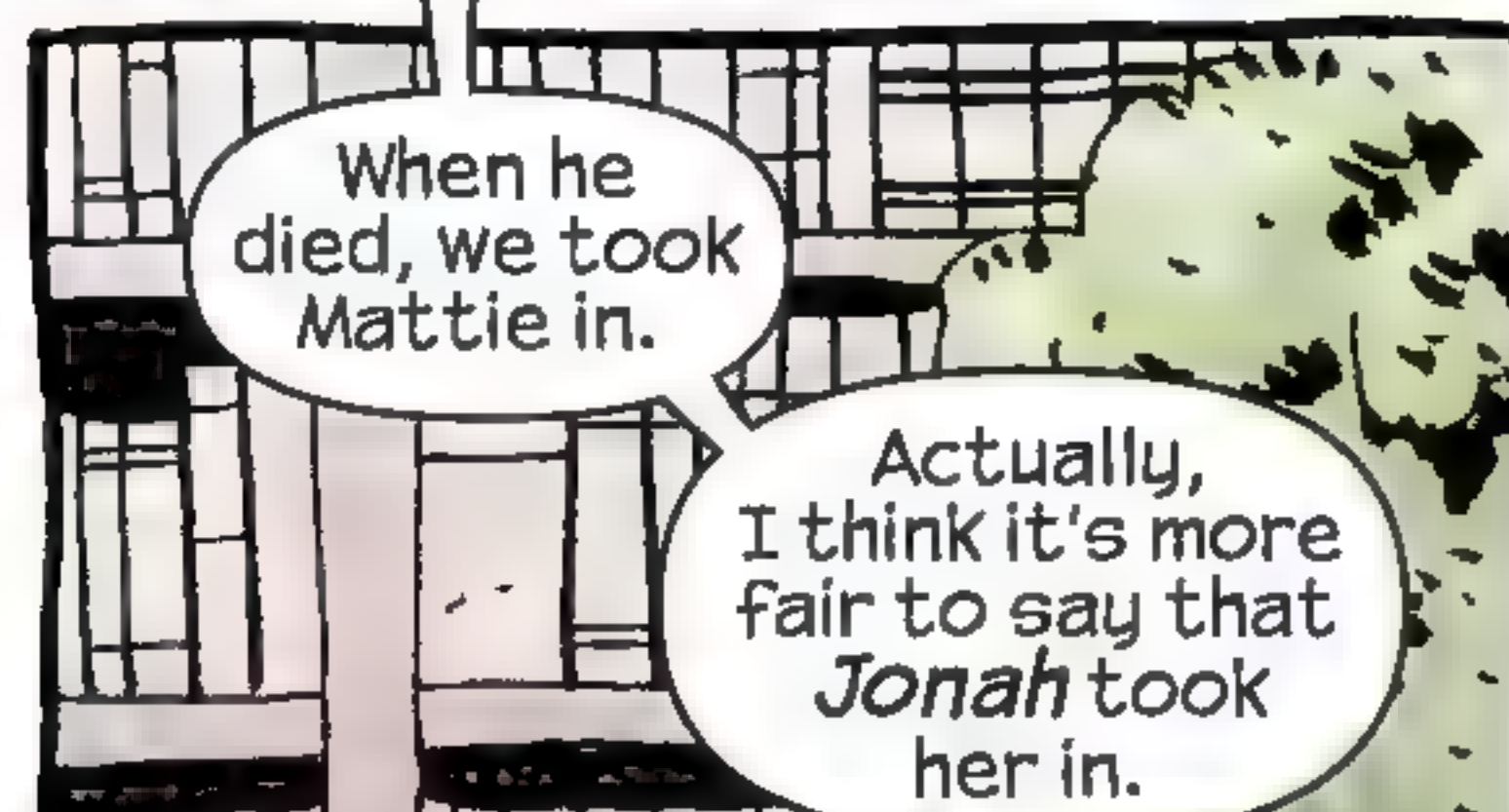


I tried--
I tried to grab
her away from
them.

I tried,
but they were
too strong.

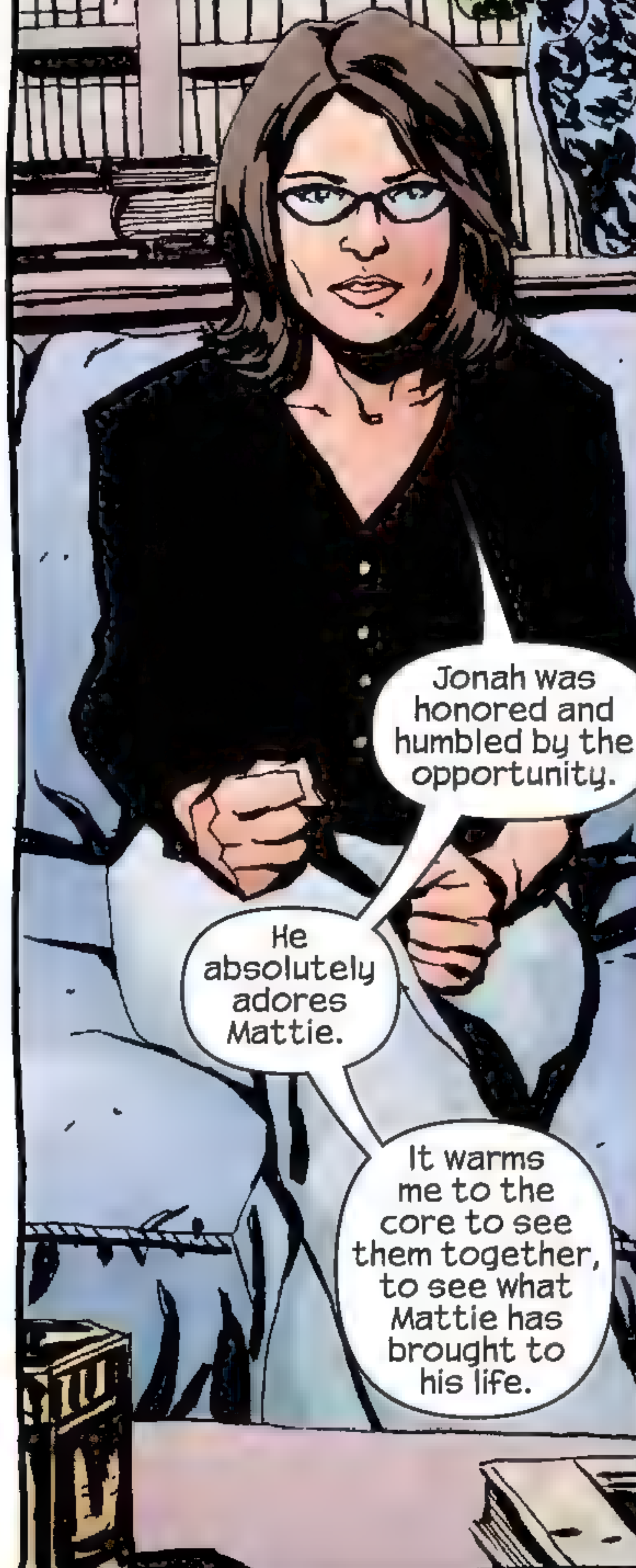


Mattie's
father was
Jonah's closest
friend.



When he
died, we took
Mattie in.

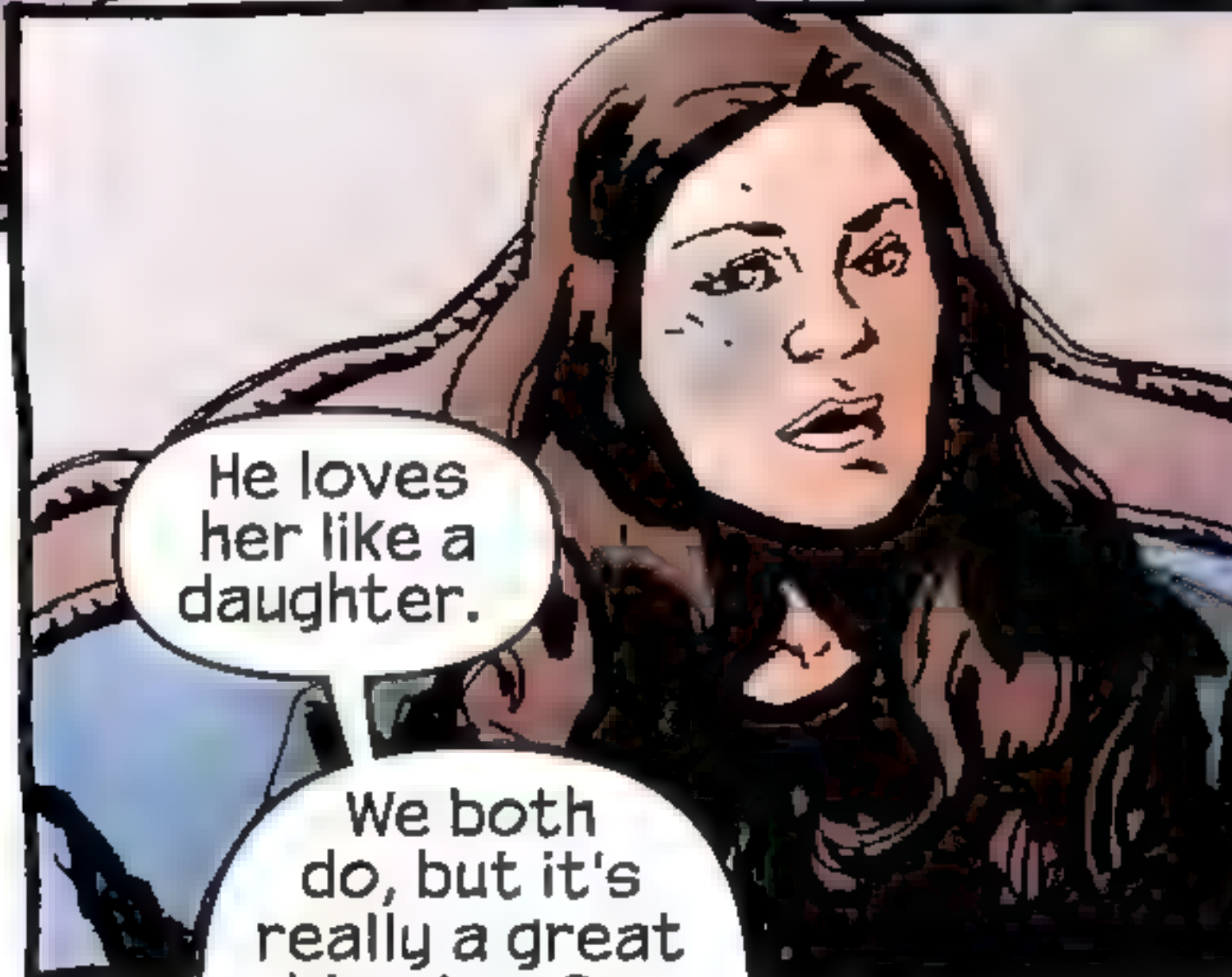
Actually,
I think it's more
fair to say that
Jonah took
her in.



Jonah was
honored and
humbled by the
opportunity.

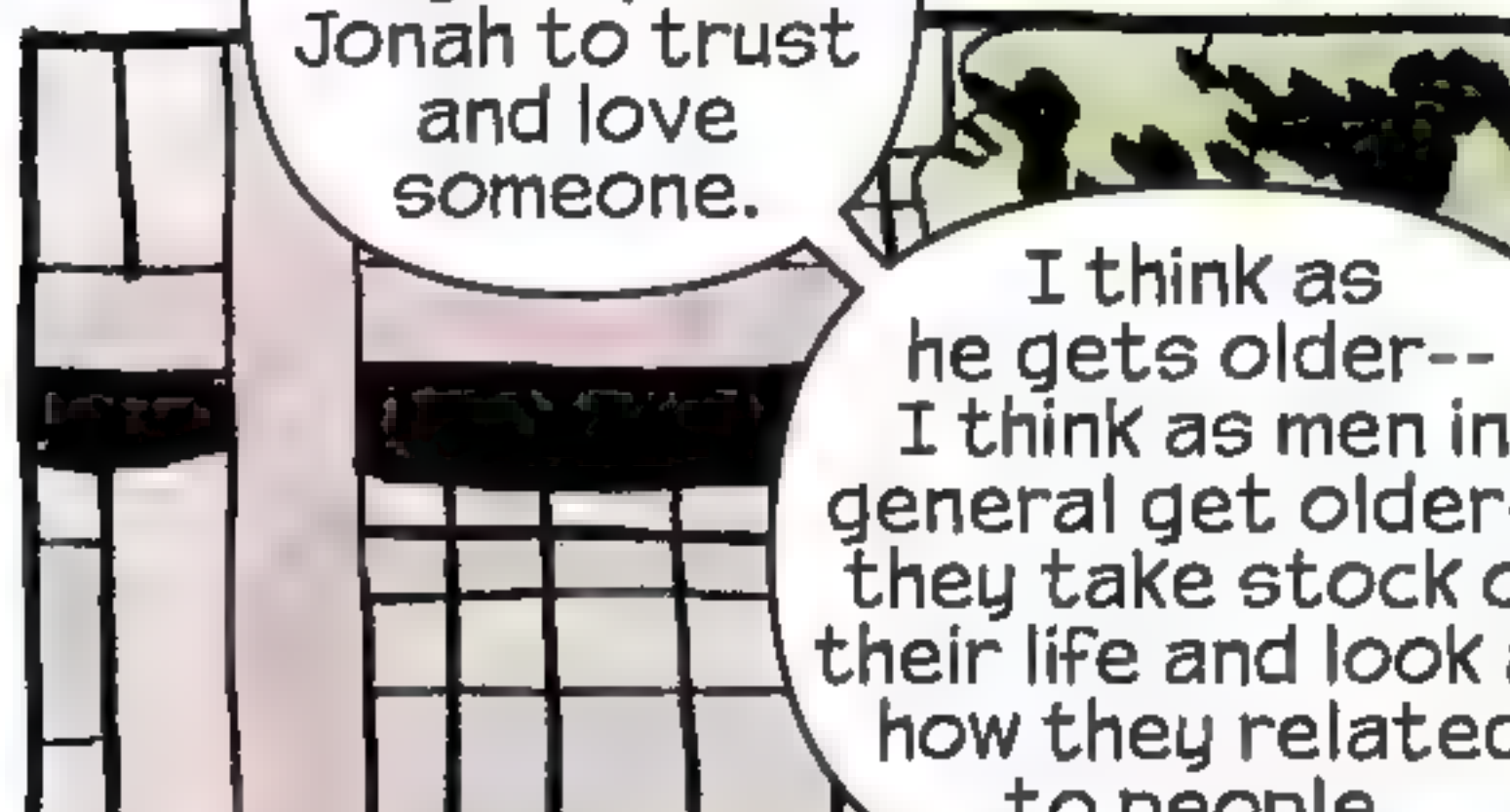
He
absolutely
adores
Mattie.

It warms
me to the
core to see
them together,
to see what
Mattie has
brought to
his life.

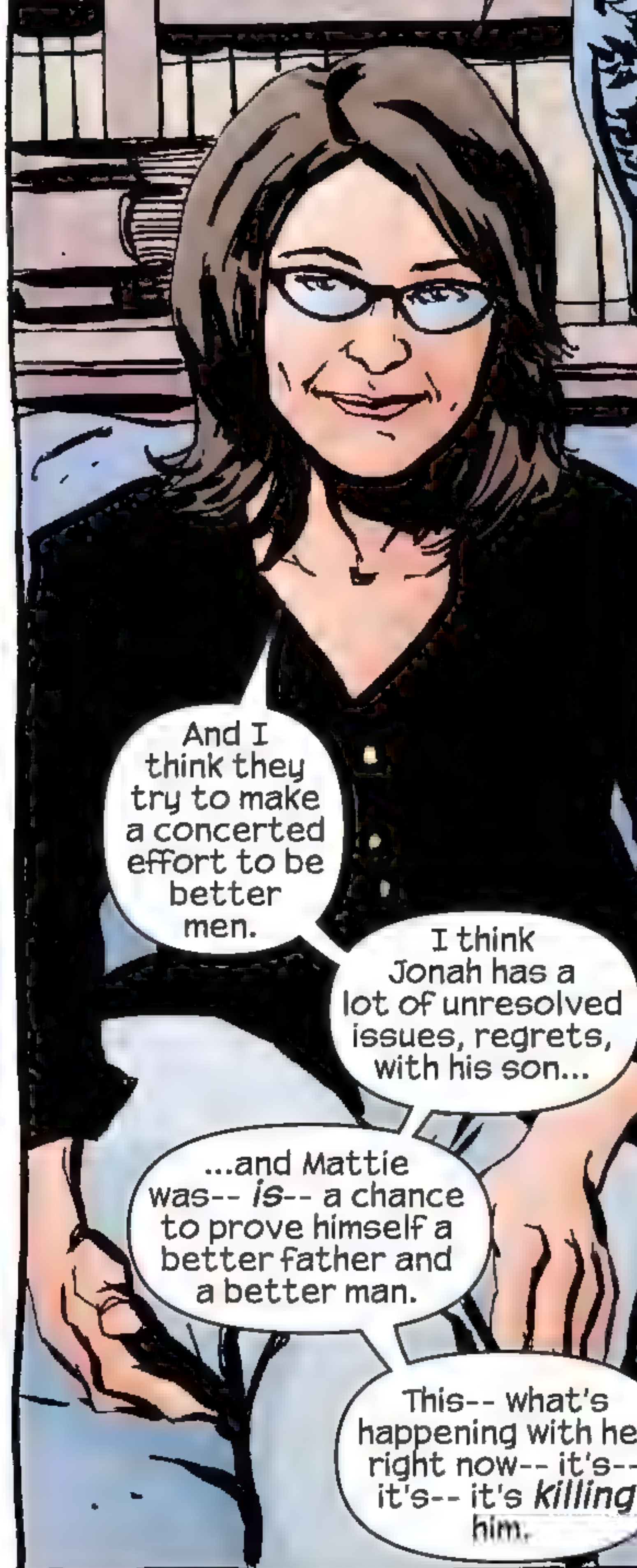


He loves
her like a
daughter.

We both
do, but it's
really a great
big step for
Jonah to trust
and love
someone.



I think as
he gets older--
I think as men in
general get older--
they take stock of
their life and look at
how they related
to people.

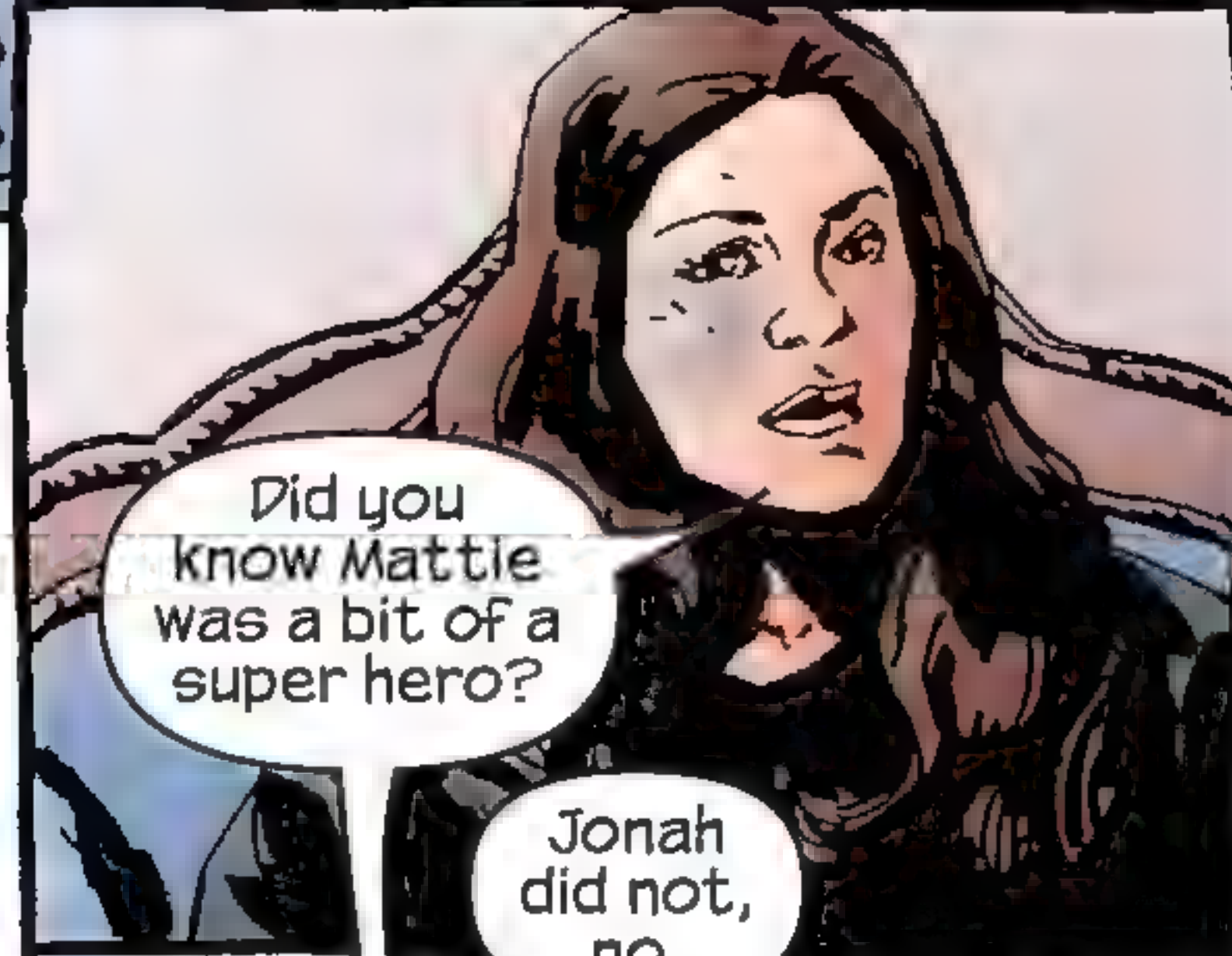


And I
think they
try to make
a concerted
effort to be
better men.

I think
Jonah has a
lot of unresolved
issues, regrets,
with his son...

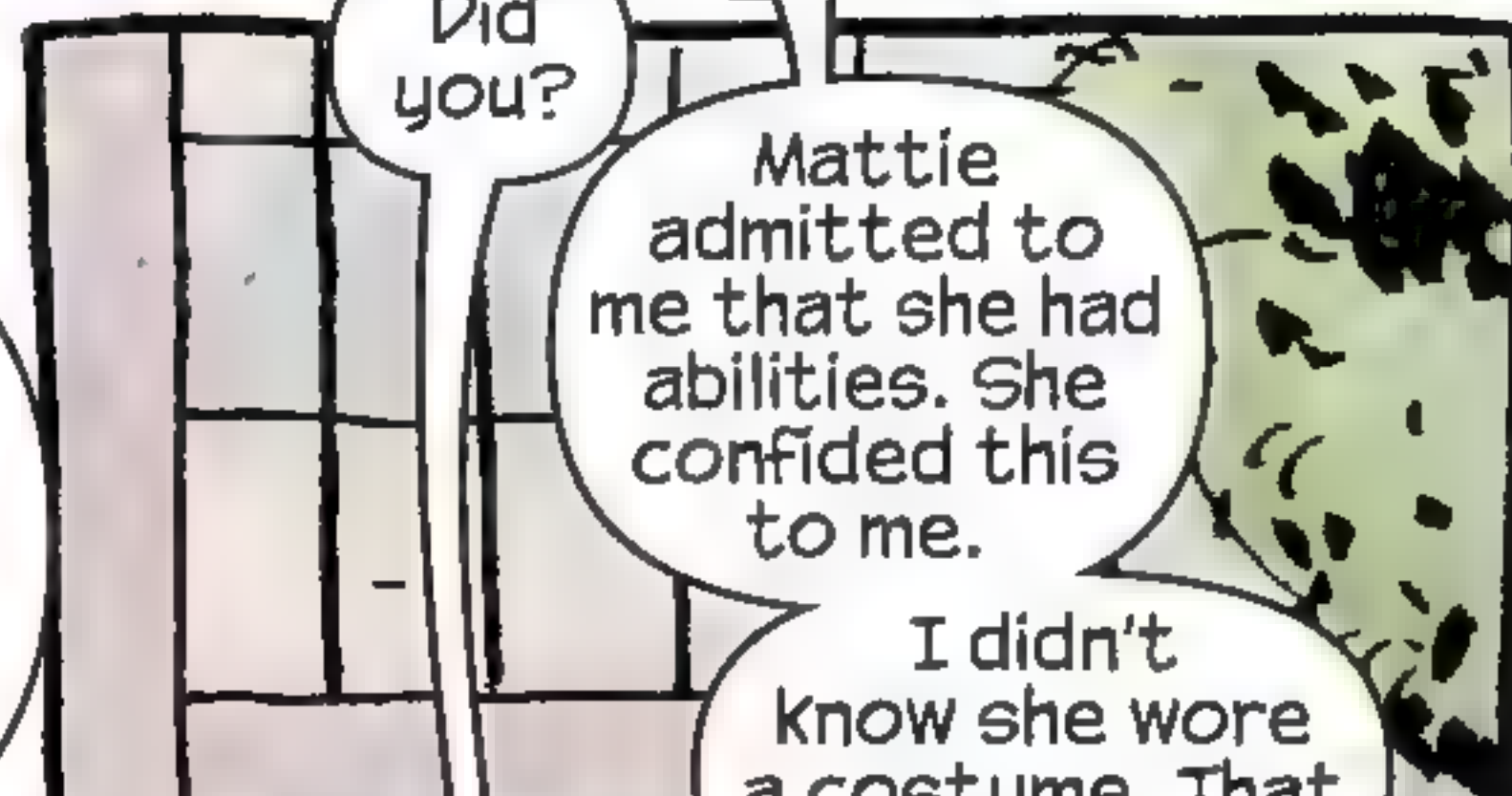
...and Mattie
was-- *is*-- a chance
to prove himself a
better father and
a better man.

This-- what's
happening with her
right now-- it's--
it's-- it's **killing**
him.



Did you
know Mattie
was a bit of a
super hero?

Jonah
did not,
no.

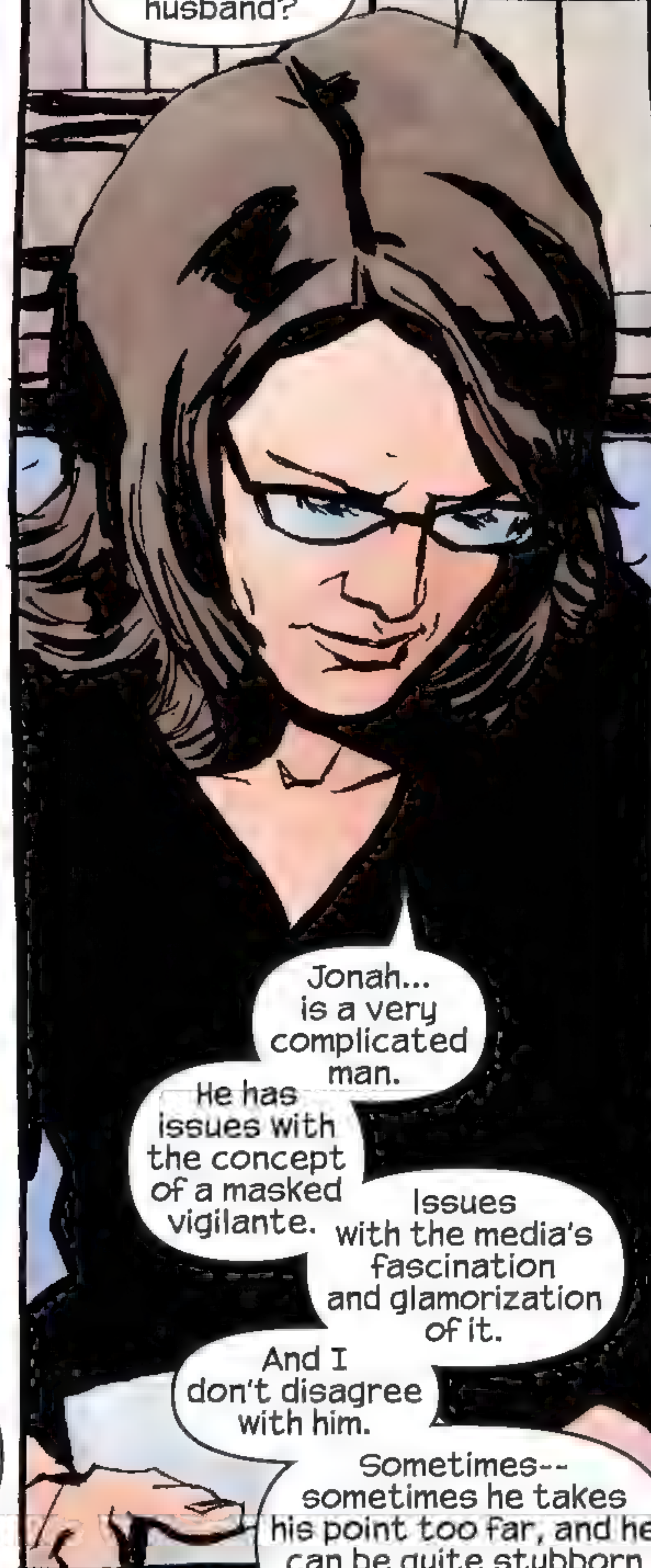


Did
you?

Mattie
admitted to
me that she had
abilities. She
confided this
to me.

I didn't
know she wore
a costume. That
I didn't know.

And you
didn't tell your
husband?



Jonah...
is a very
complicated
man.

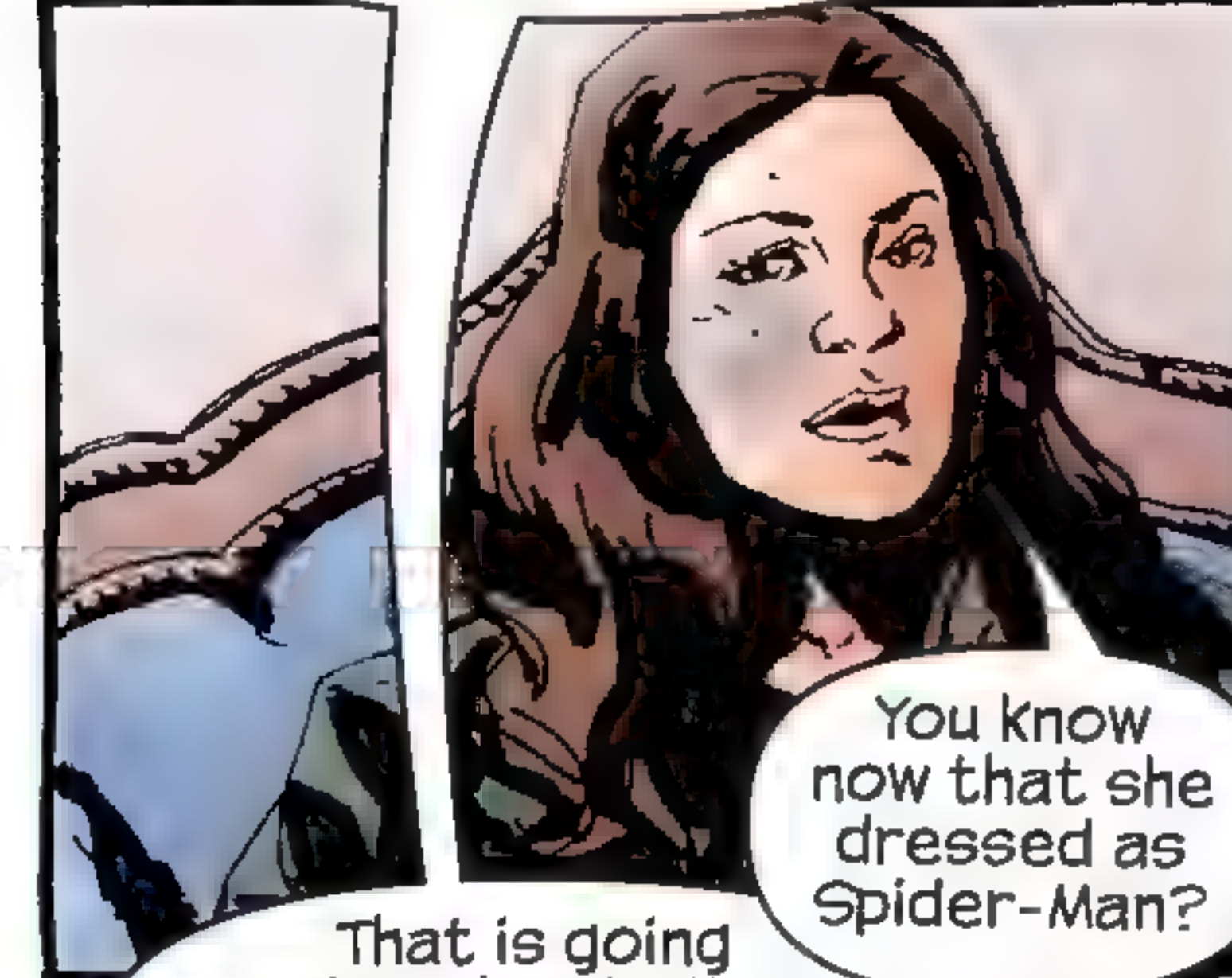
He has
issues with
the concept
of a masked
vigilante.

Issues
with the media's
fascination
and glamorization
of it.

And I
don't disagree
with him.

Sometimes--
sometimes he takes
his point too far, and he
can be quite stubborn
about it, in that
regard.

I thought
that if anyone should tell
Jonah about what
Mattie could do, it should
be Mattie.



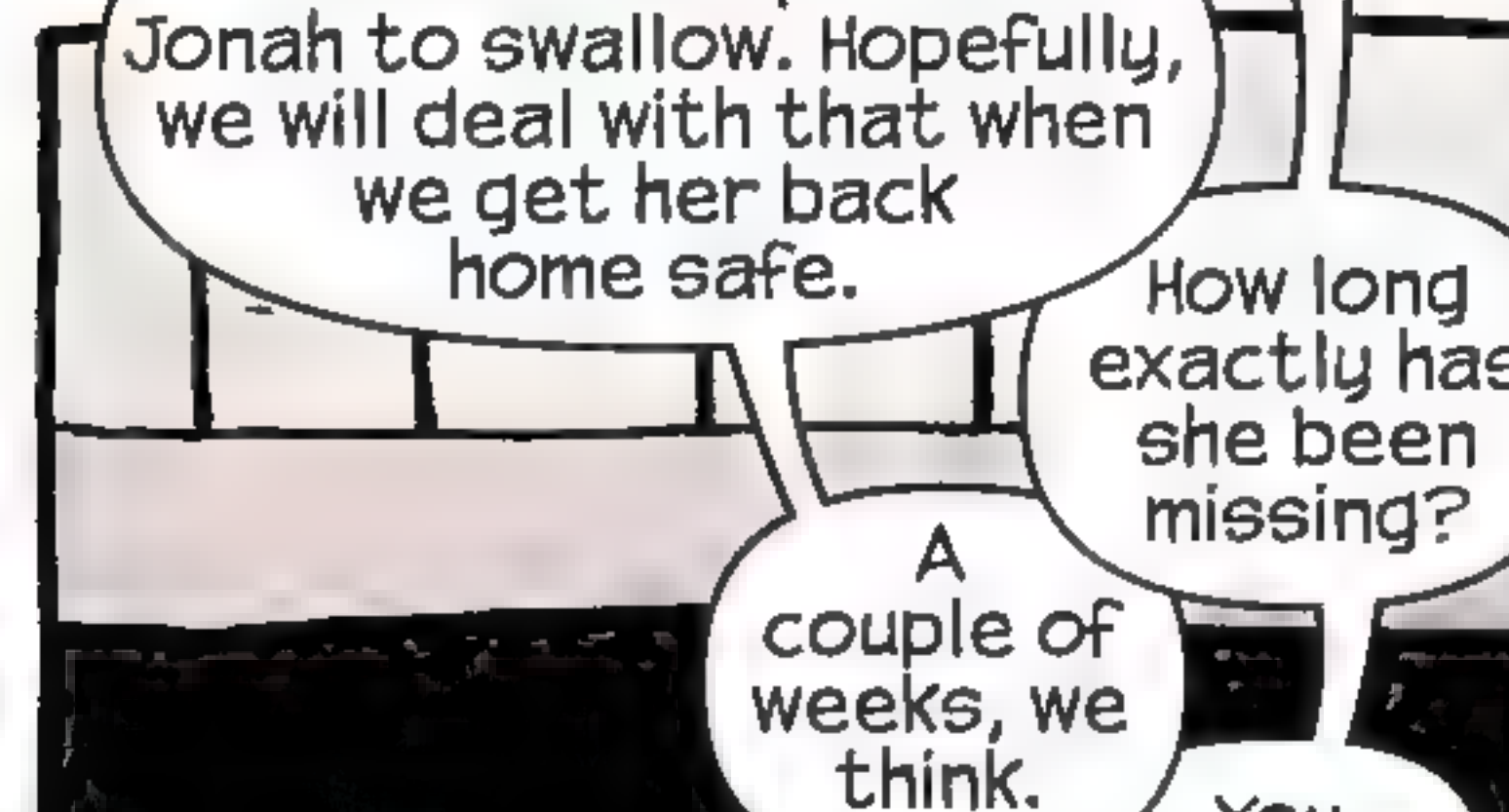
You know
now that she
dressed as
Spider-Man?

That is going
to be a hard pill for
Jonah to swallow. Hopefully,
we will deal with that when
we get her back
home safe.

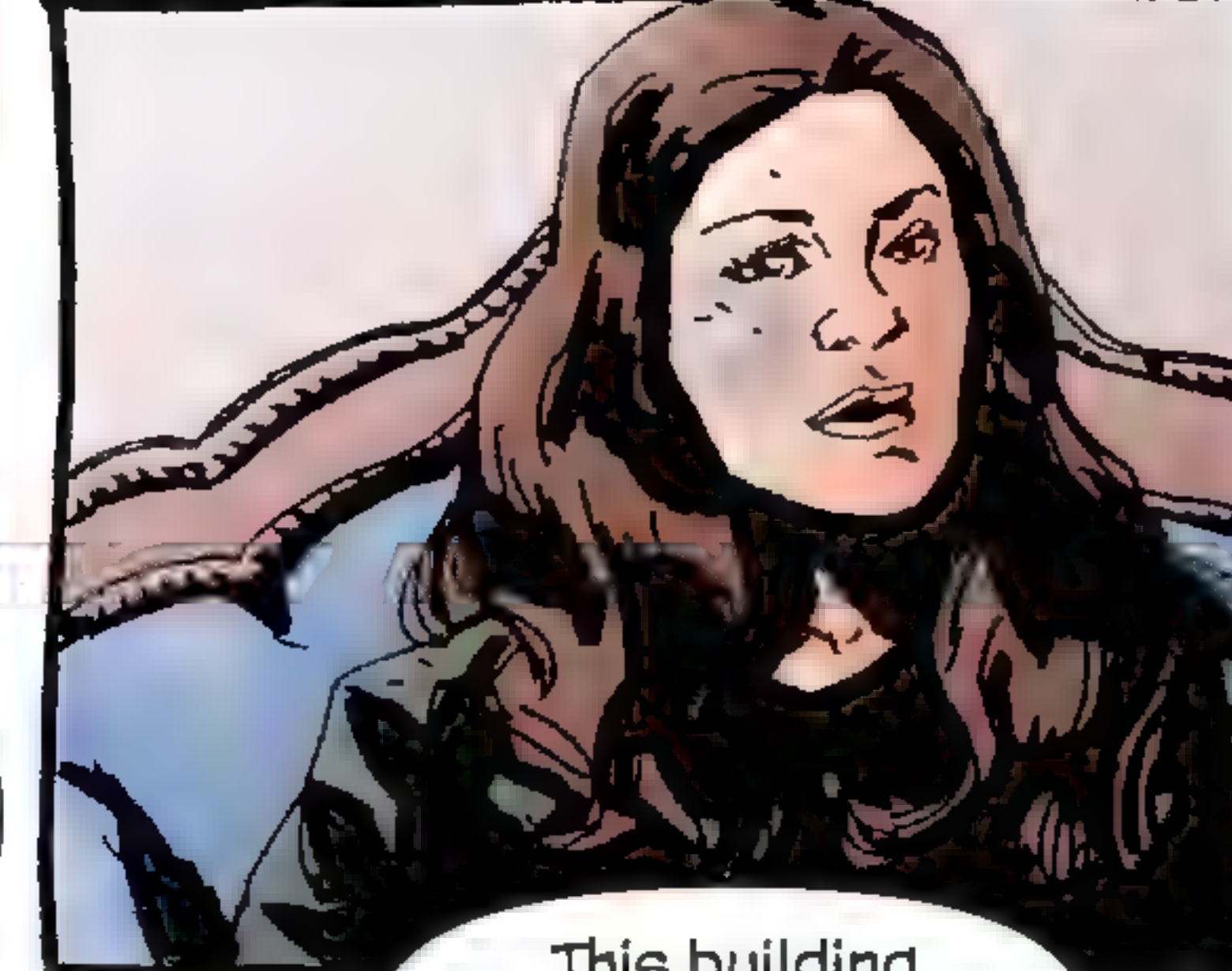
How long
exactly has
she been
missing?

A
couple of
weeks, we
think.

You
think?



We are both
professional people.
Working. We aren't always
home at dinnertime and Mattie
had proven herself **very**
independent and very
resourceful.



This building
is a secure fortress.
We just-- oh, God...



We're bad
parents.

We didn't
know. We **didn't**
know!!!

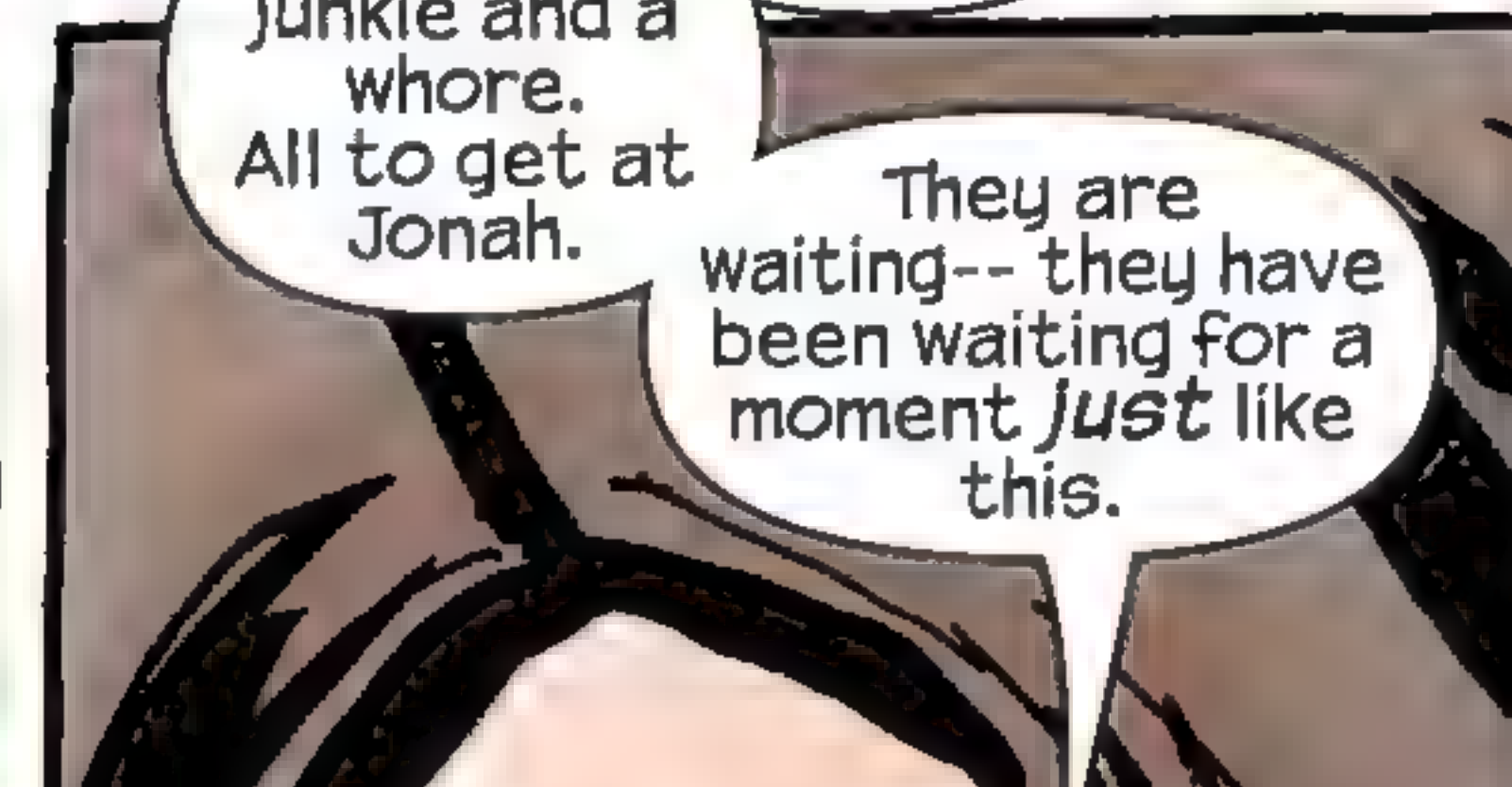


If we call
the police, Jonah's
enemies-- they will
tear this girl
apart.

They
will **mock**
and ridicule
her.

Call her a
junkie and a
whore.
All to get at
Jonah.

They are
waiting-- they have
been waiting for a
moment **just** like
this.



But we
will call the police.
We will do whatever
we can to save
her.

But if
first you--
if you could
help...

If you could
get Mattie back
for us before they
kill her.

Before
they--

If you
could do
this...

Please...
could you do
this?

ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS

You
use the
database?

All the
time. You
don't?

Cheating?

Eh--
kinda feels like
cheating.

People
hired you to
find someone, they
want you to go out
and find someone. Not
look it up online
and cash the
check.

Yeah, well,
we don't have
time to be fancy
this time.

And trust me,
if Philip Marlowe
had access to the
internet, he would
have used it.

I
guess.

Hey--

Is this
you?

Yes.

You
know Carol
Danvers?

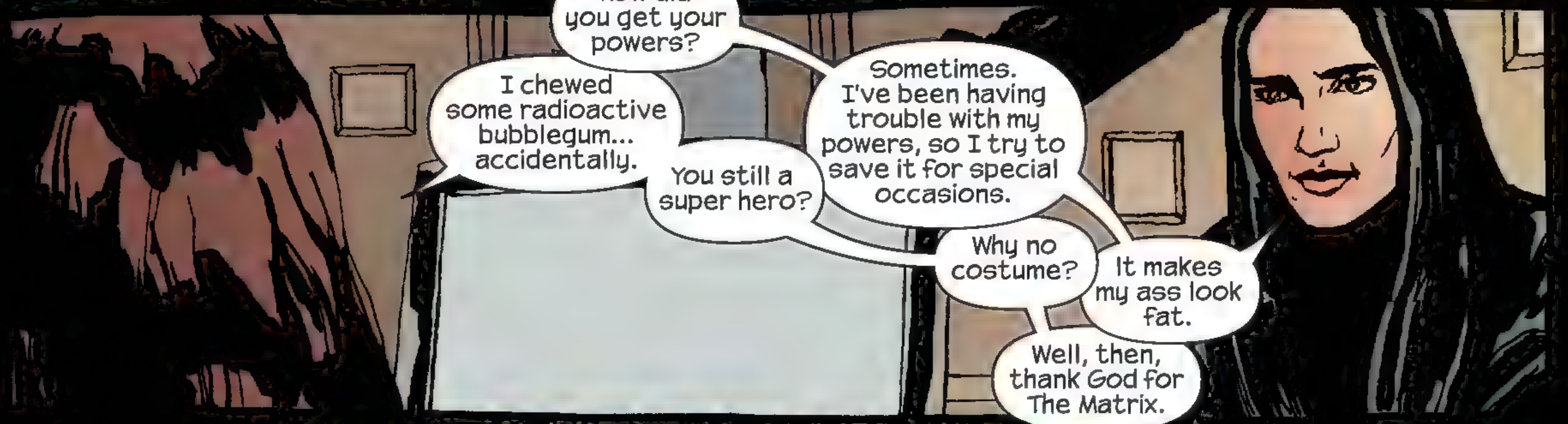
Yeah.

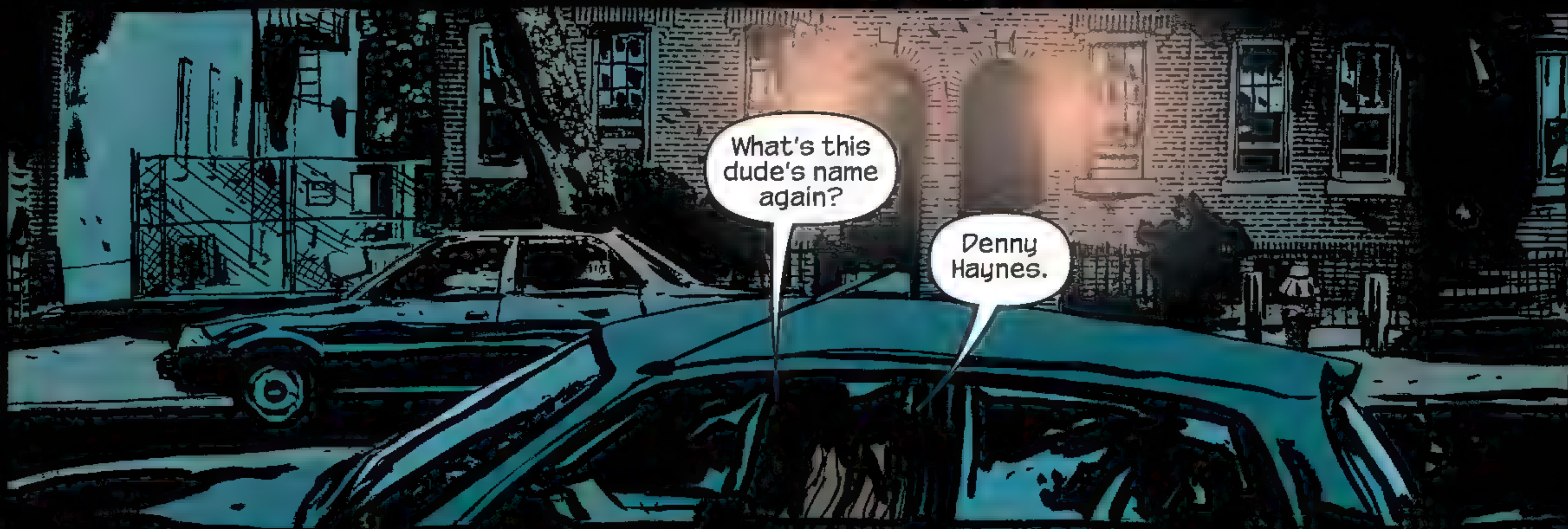
You
know Carol
Danvers.

Yeah.

I
know
Carol.

I know.





What's this dude's name again?

Denny Haynes.



This is where he lives? Big time drug dealer? Big party boy?

What it says. His only address.

Says he used to work at a car dealership a couple of miles away.



How do you want to handle this?

I say grab her and run, and fuck the rest of it.

Yeah, me too.

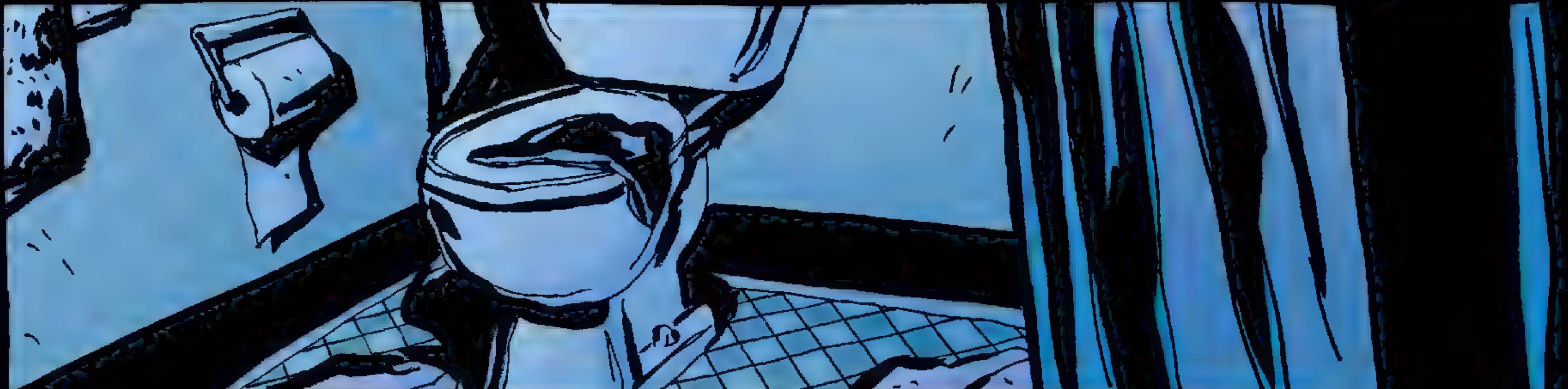
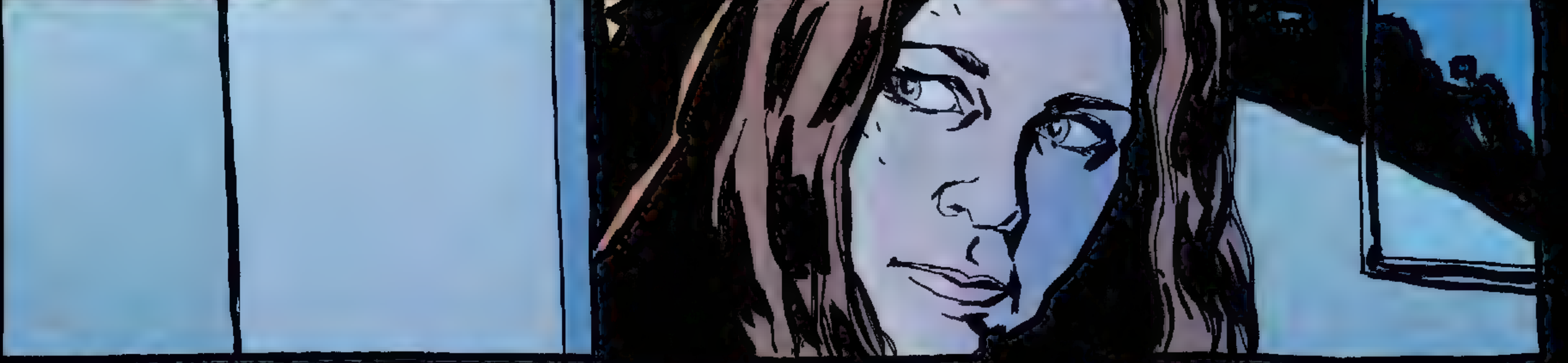
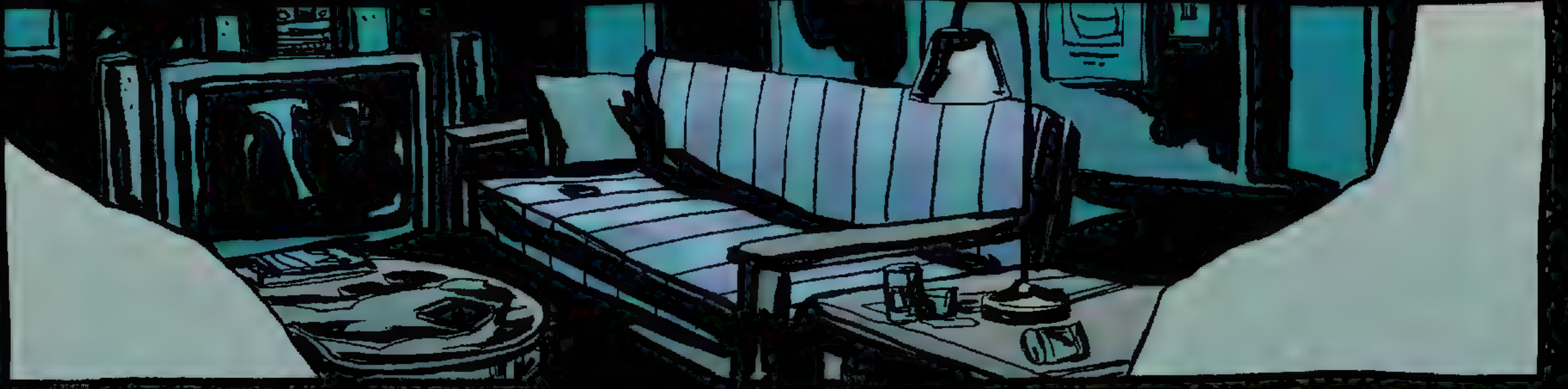
The police can--

Yeah.



JIGGLE JIGGLE







There's no one here.



Looks like.

Check under the bed?

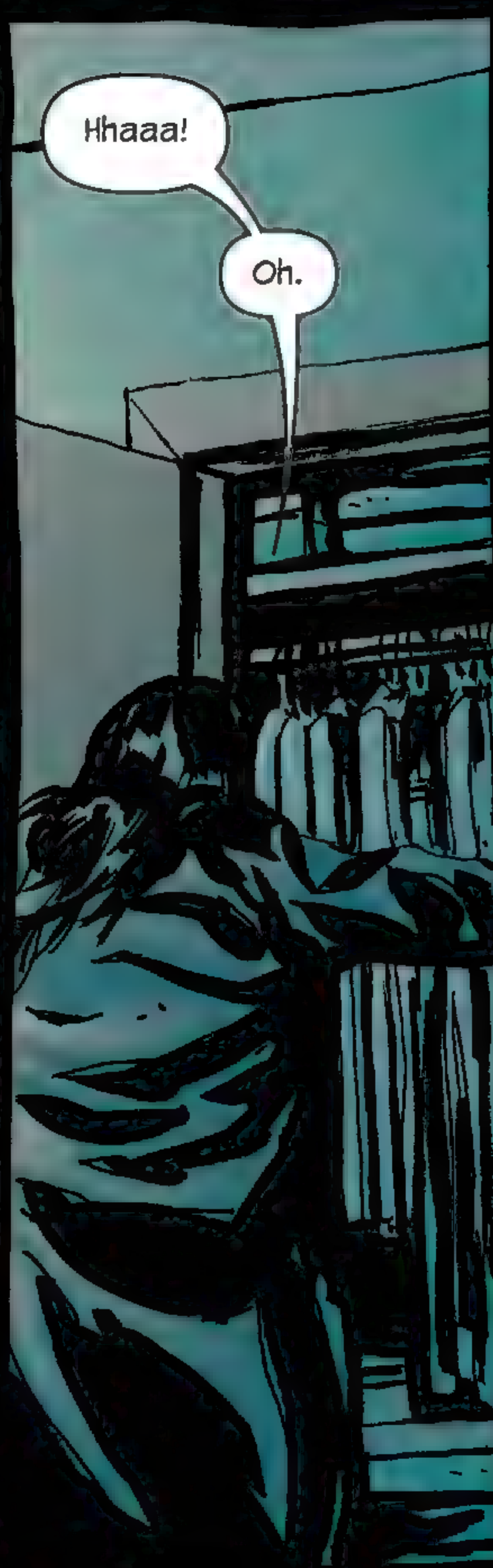
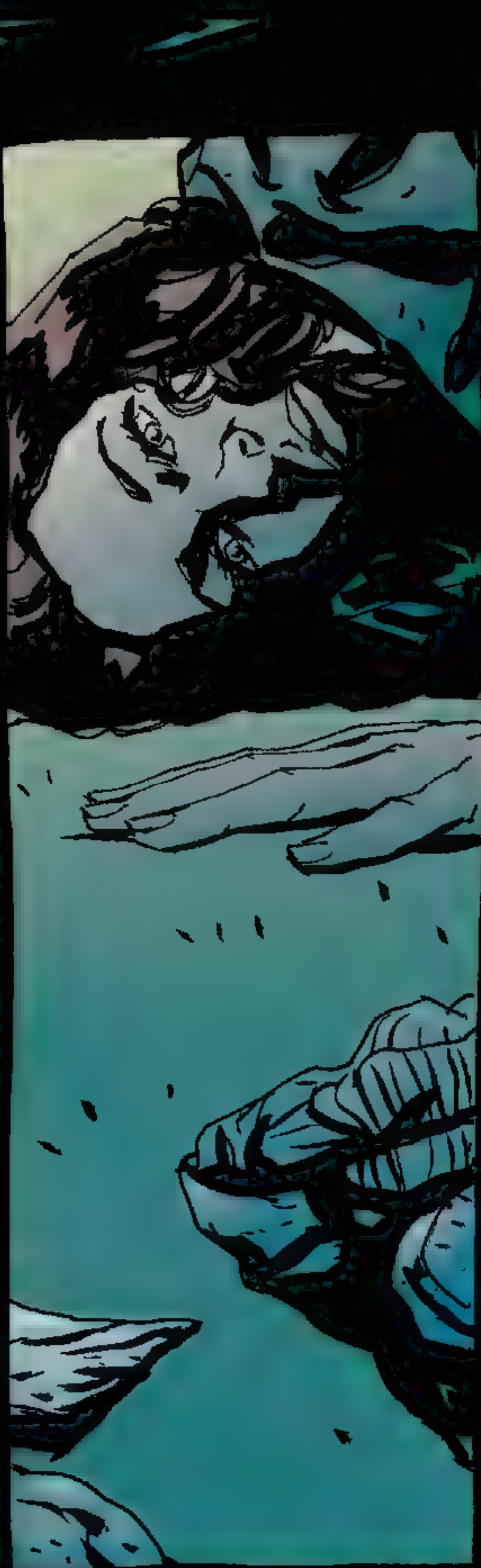
You.

Check.

You check.

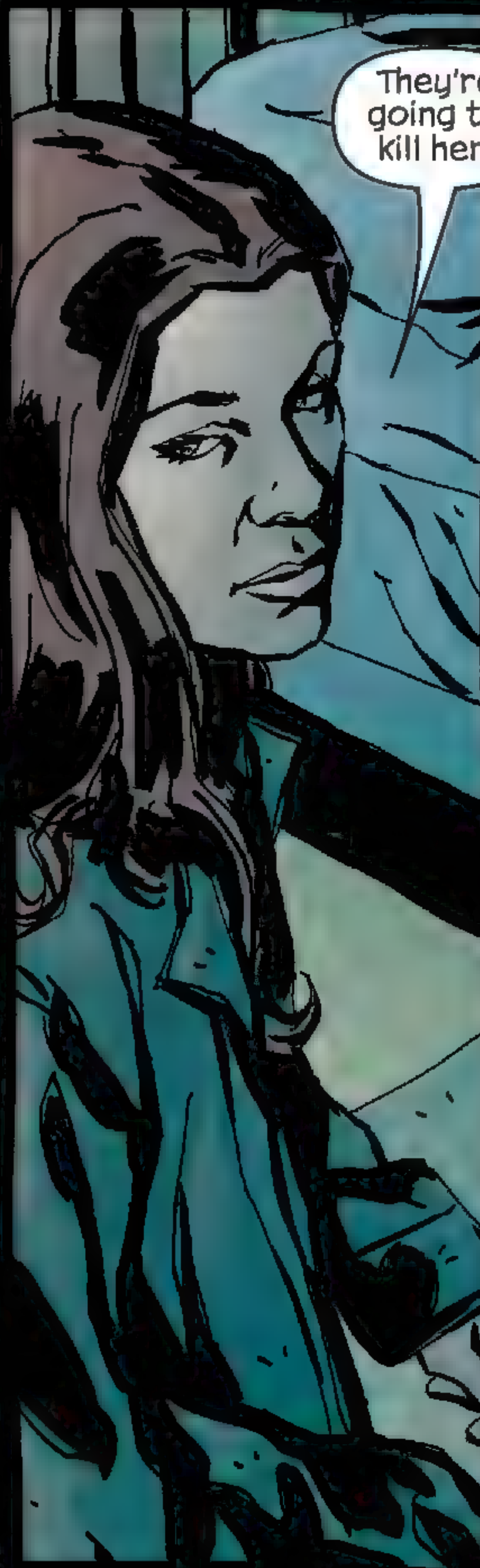
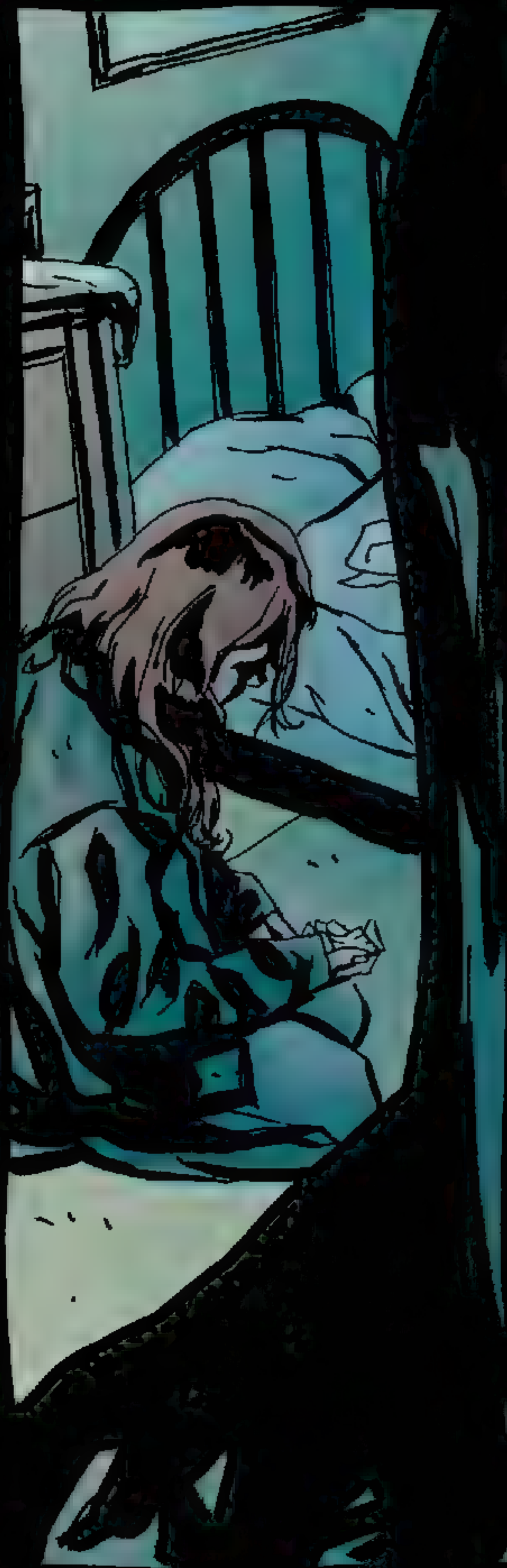
I'll check the closet.

I am going to have a *stroke*. I hate this.



Hhaaa!

Oh.



They're going to kill her.



Special Agent Hunt, please.

Jessica Drew.

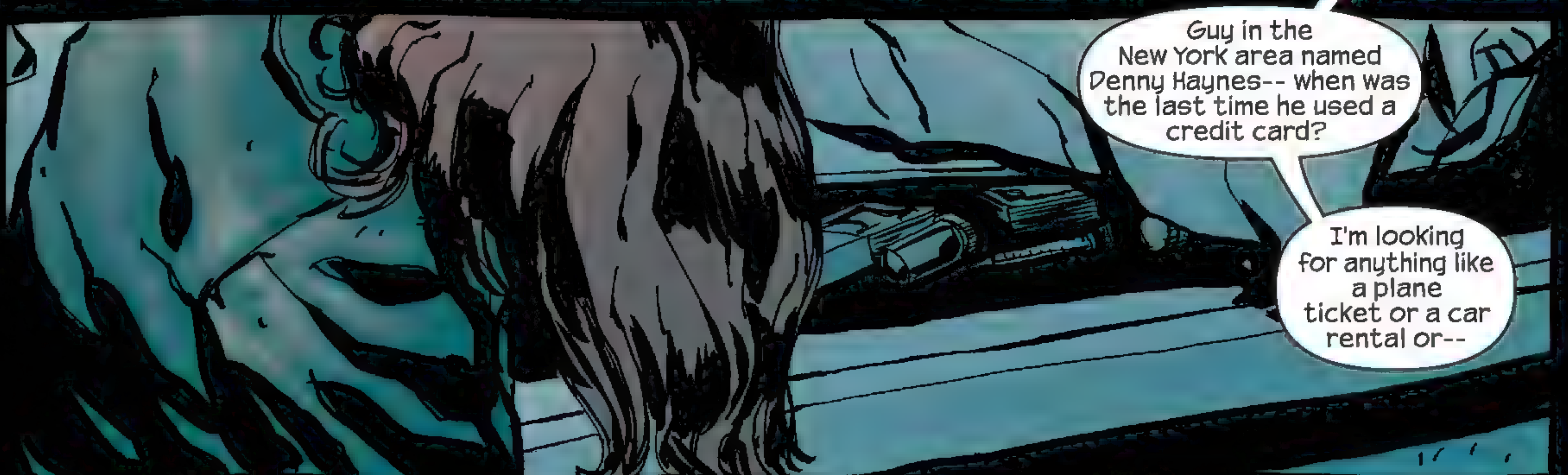


Hi, Jeff.

Yeah, I know. I know.

Listen, I'm in a real situation here with a couple of scumbags.

I need to know the last time a guy named... uh... Denny Haynes-- Denny Haynes--



Guy in the New York area named Denny Haynes-- when was the last time he used a credit card?

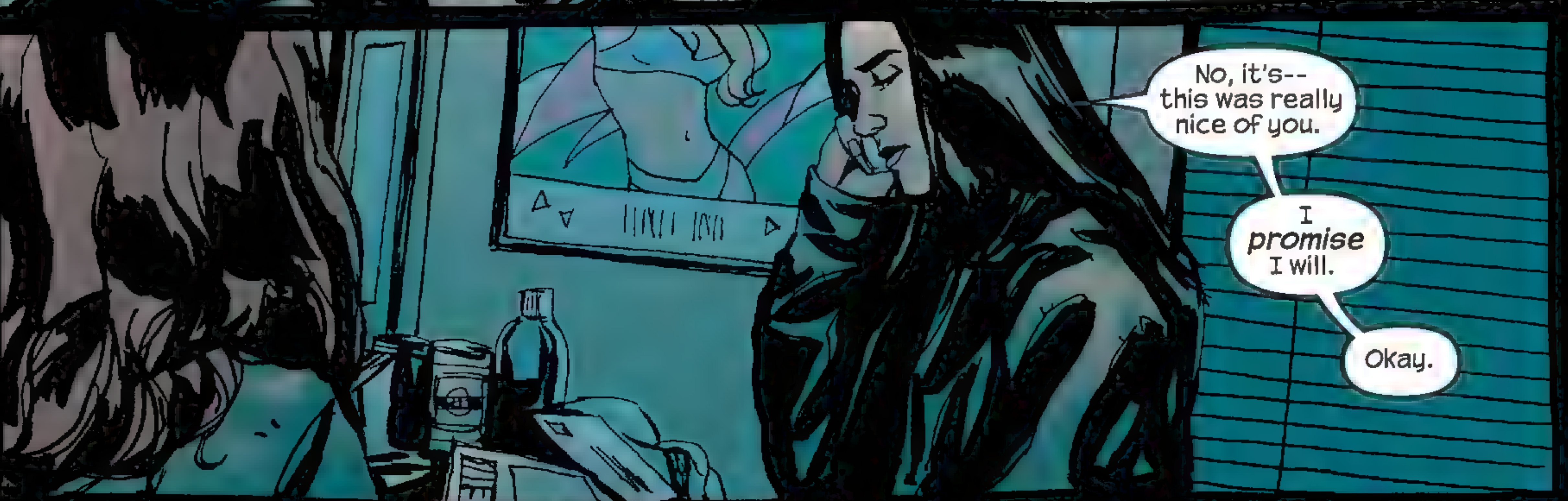
I'm looking for anything like a plane ticket or a car rental or--



Yeah, hotel is great! Hotel?

Is that here in Manhattan?

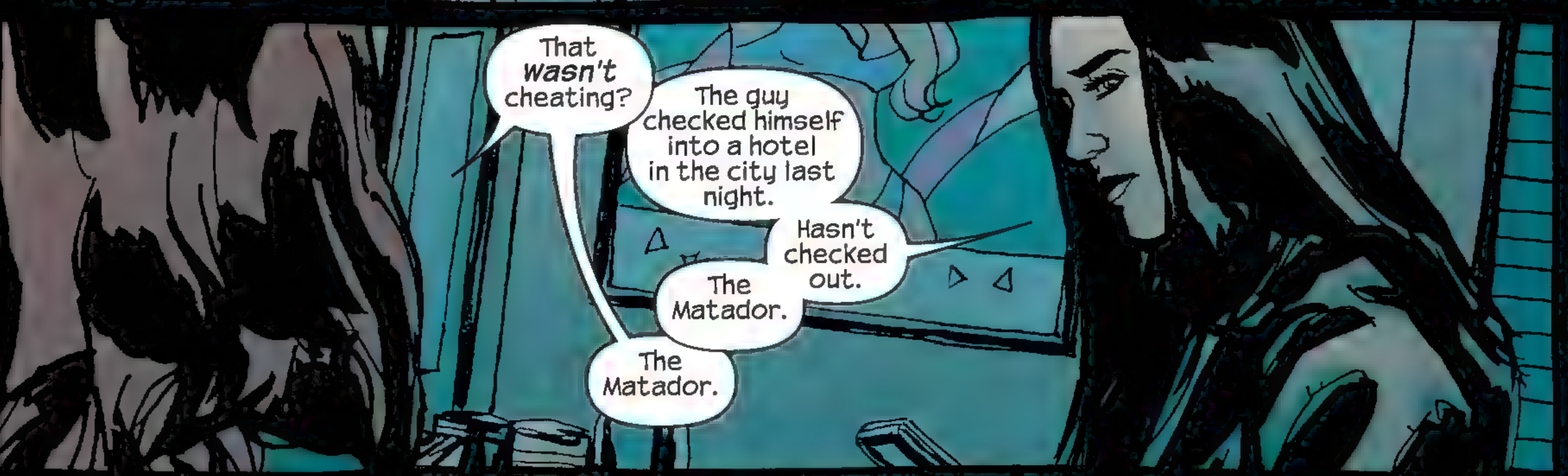
The Matador? In Manhattan? Is that a strip club or-- a hotel? You sure? Okay. Okay.



No, it's-- this was really nice of you.

I promise I will.

Okay.



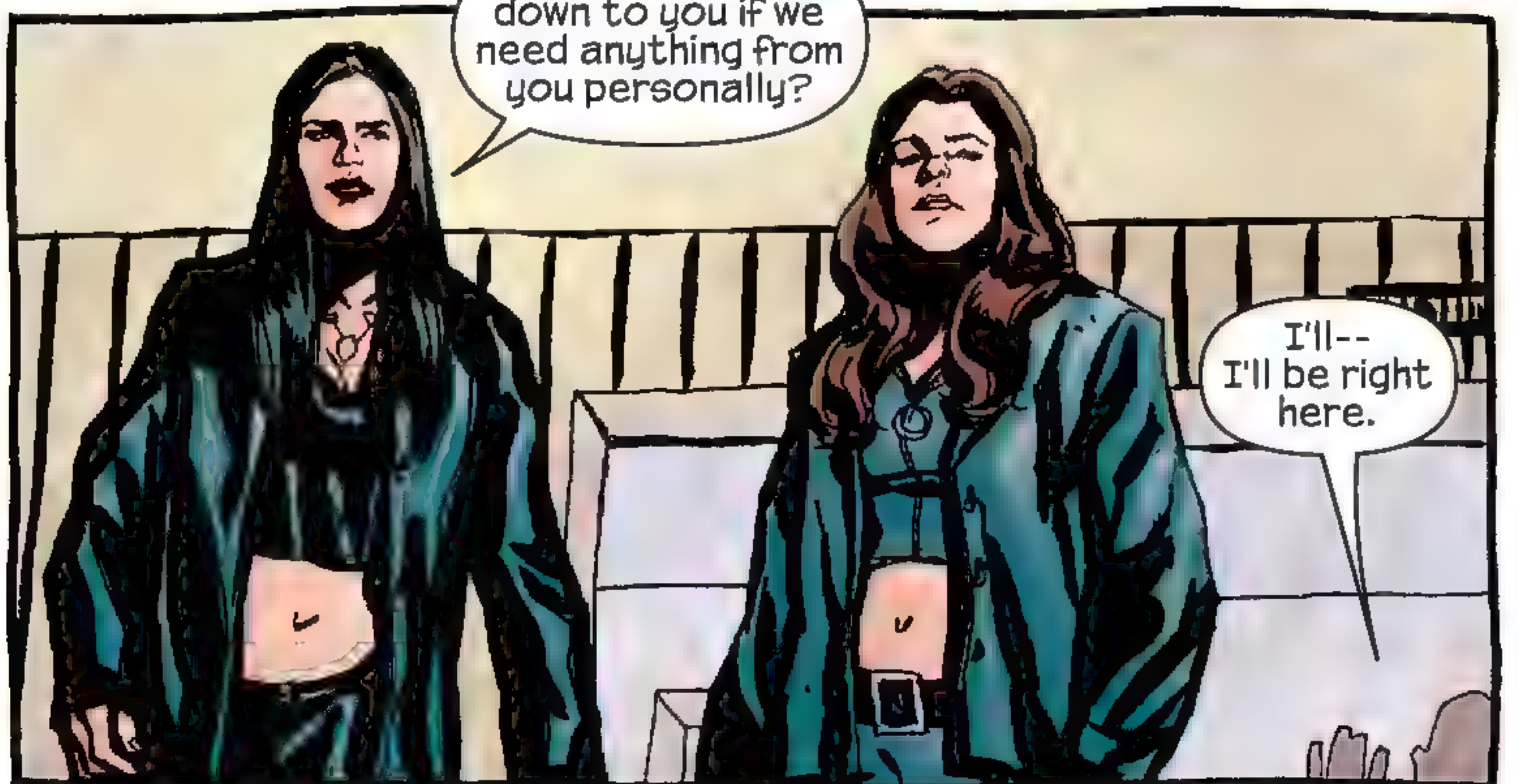
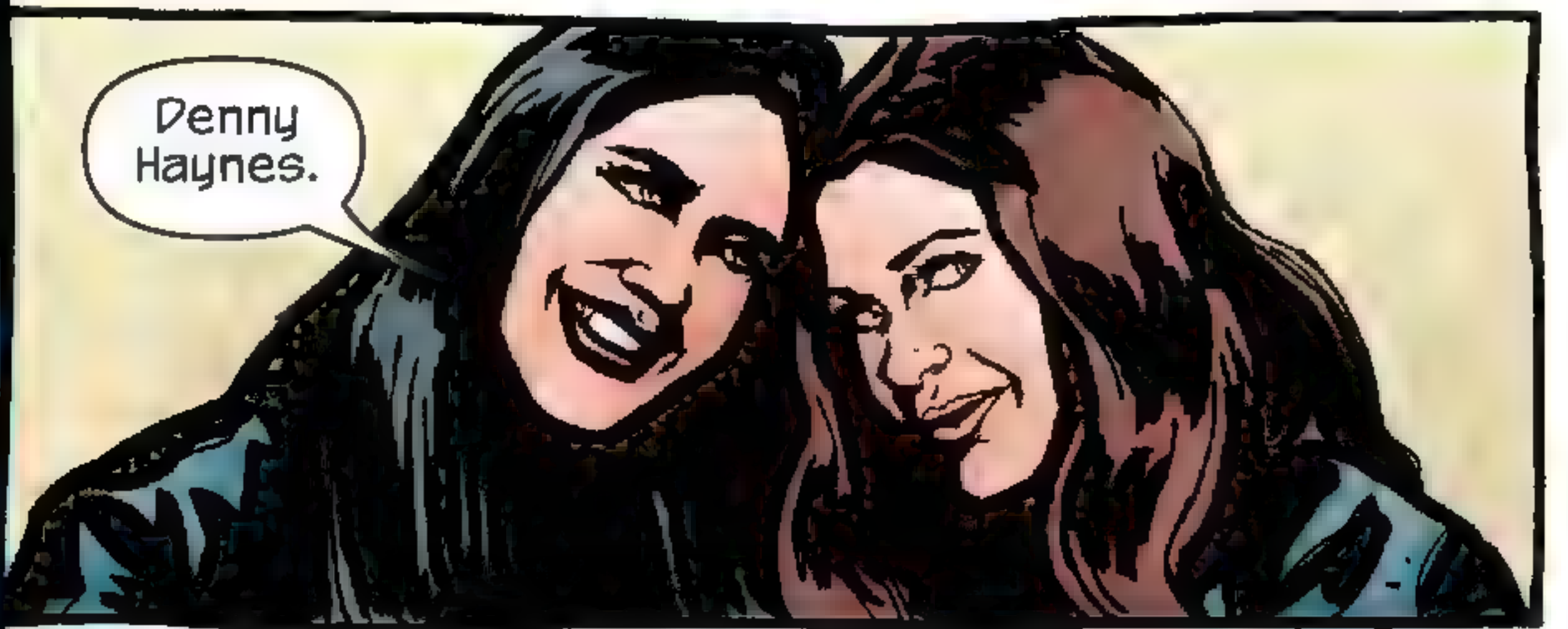
That *wasn't* cheating?

The guy checked himself into a hotel in the city last night.

Hasn't checked out.

The Matador.

The Matador.



I'll--
I'll be right here.

The fuck is *this* exactly?

You? Ha! Are you shitting me? You're shitting me.

You? You fucking retard, second-string, spaz fuck of a retard super hero!

I'm serious. Don't do anything stu--

I'm-- I'm not going to fight you. You're going to put your hands over your head and I'm going to...

755

You fucking bullshitted me, is that the thing? You had me going to the Owl... the fucking Owl!!

Getting him all *hopped up* and *excited* about what you're selling me?

Hey!! Put your hands where I can--

Aggh, God damn! I *hate* bullshit!

755

Listen, no offense, but if I'm getting taken down, man, it ain't gonna be from fuckin' Speedball!

Speedball?

Now *get* your stupid ass out of my room, or I am going to have Mattie beat your ass till you're *dead*, you ugly-ass, gay-costume mutherfucker!

God damn, you're stupid!

Put that down, or I swear I--

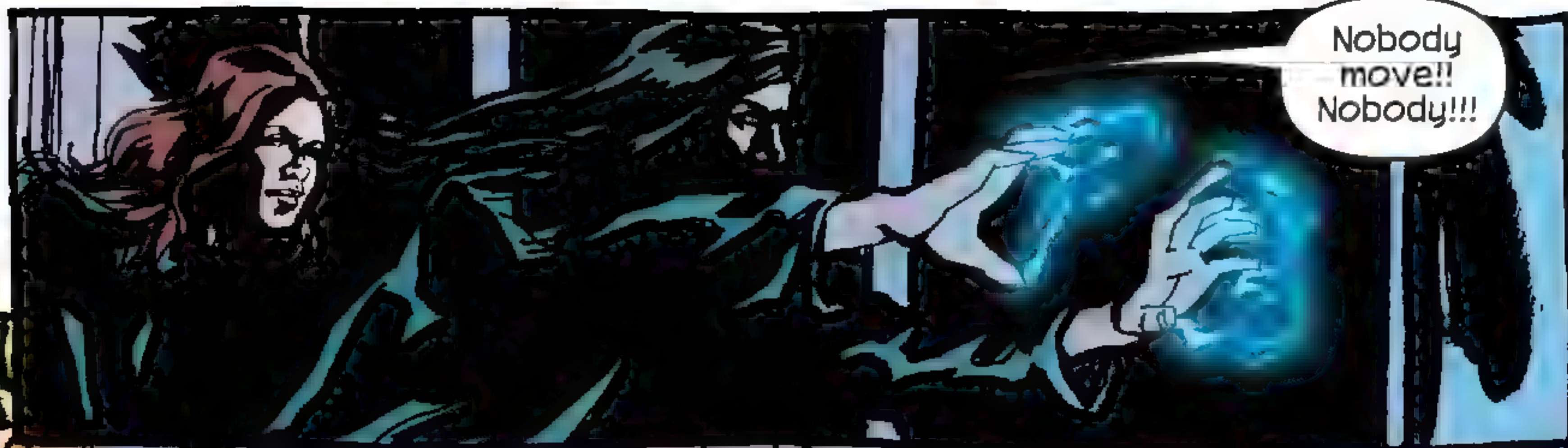
Mattie, wake up, girl!!

Mattie, wake your dumb ass up!

Bitch, get up!!! Fuck, is she *dead*?

If she's dead, I am so screwed.

ZZTT



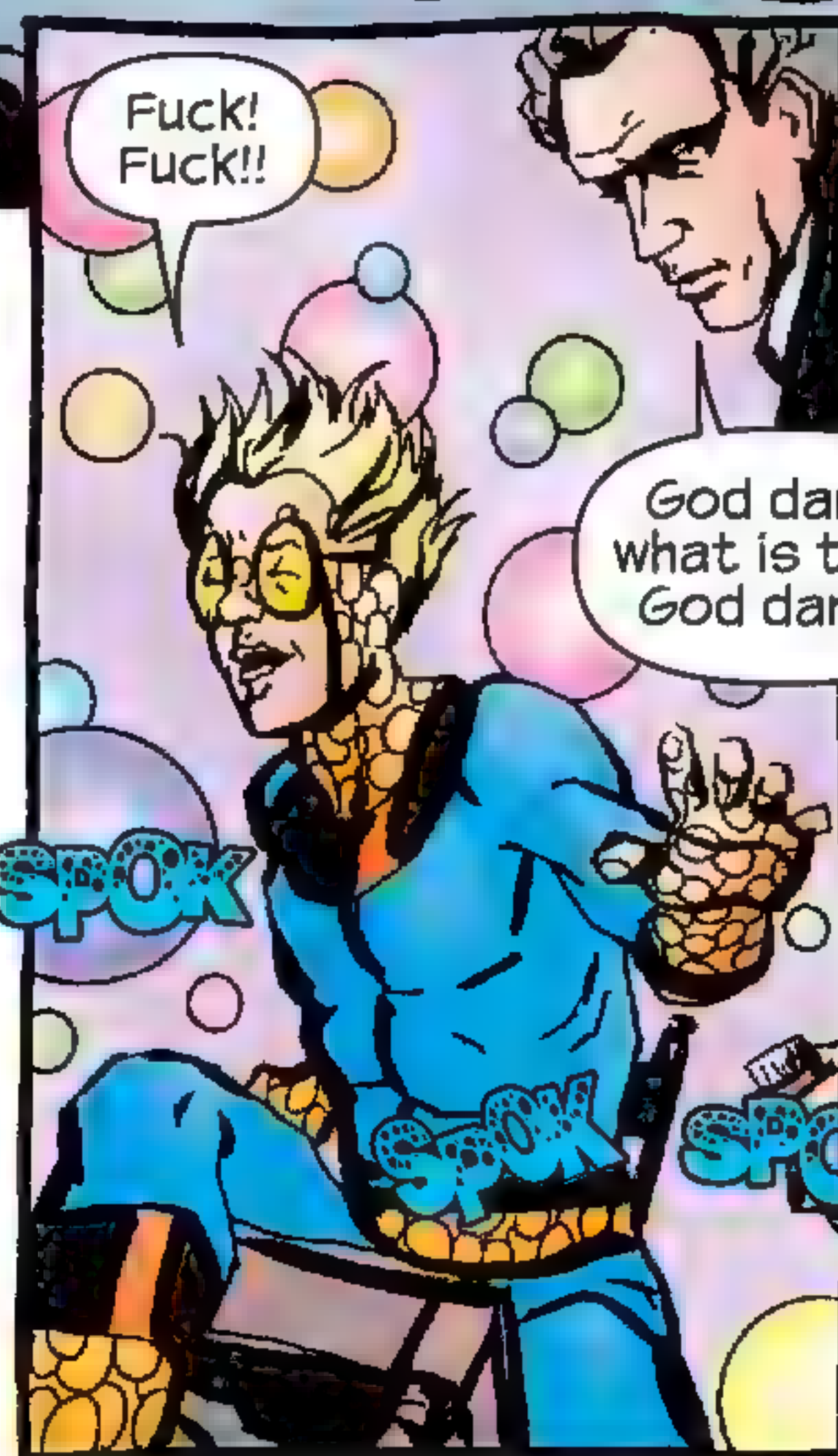
Nobody
move!!
Nobody!!!



Oh,
no!! What is
this? What is
this?



Power
down, asshole!!
I mean it.



Fuck!
Fuck!!

God damn,
what is this?
God damn!!

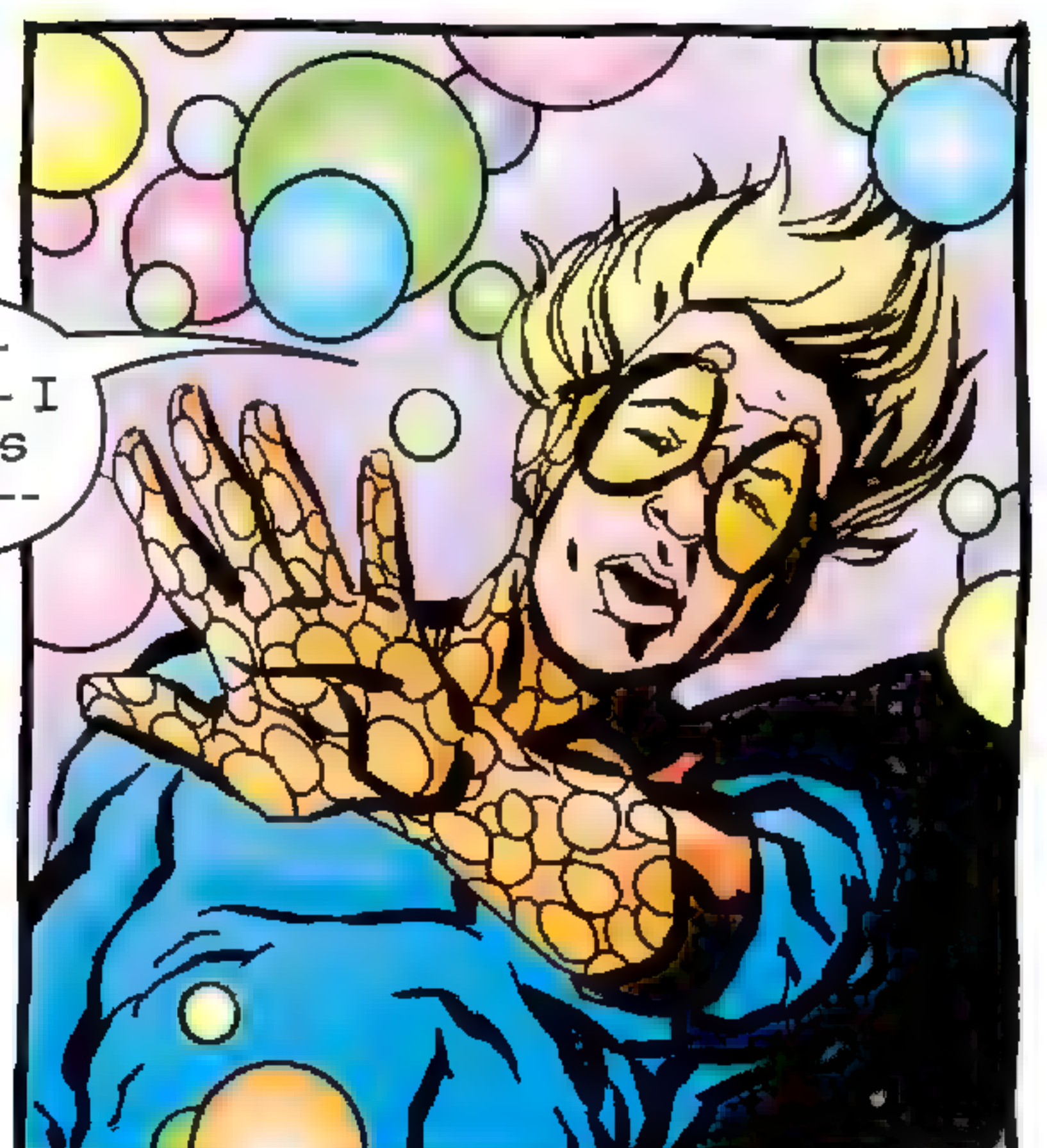


Everyone
on the ground!!
Everyone!!



Everybody
calm down! We
only want the
girl.

All of you--
you better-- I
can't always
control the--







SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

The fuck?

SPOK

SPOK

No-- don't!!

SPOK

Ow! Crap in my-- !!

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK



SPOK

Aaggh!

What are you-- ow!!

I can't control!!

Stop it!!

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

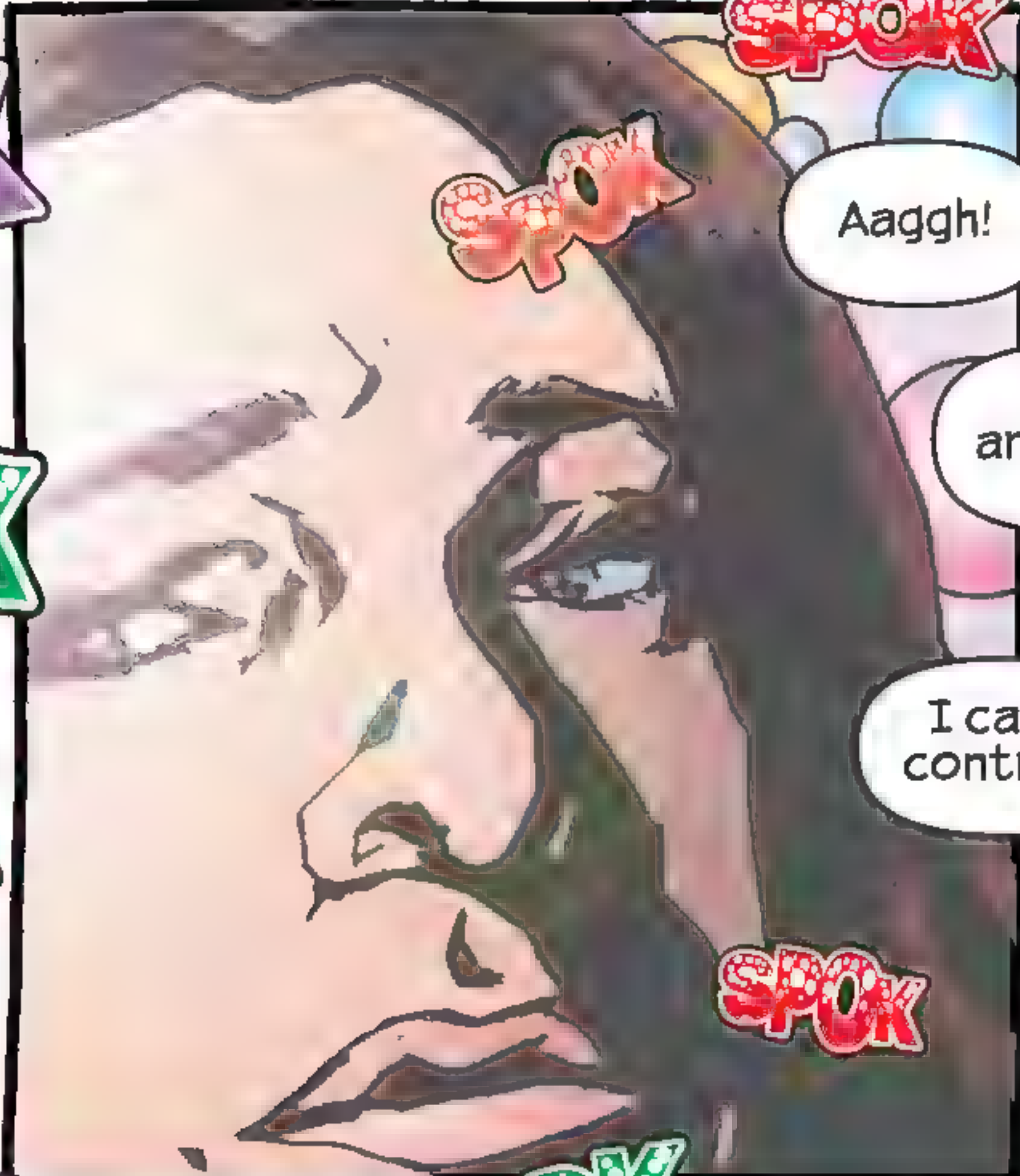
SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK



SPOK

Aaieee!!!

Get the drugs!!

Aaieee!!!

SPOK

SPOK

SPOK

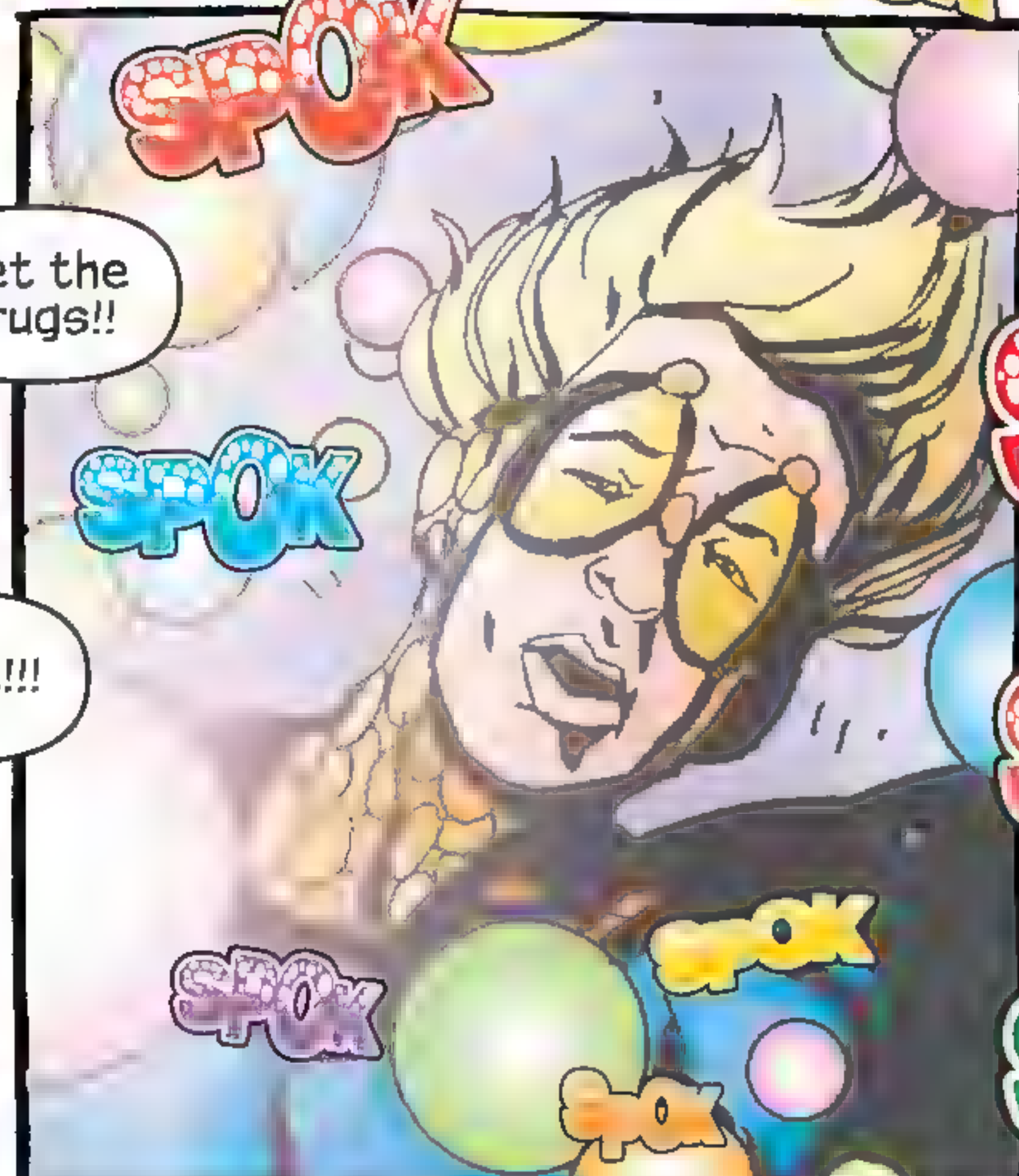
SPOK

SPOK

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SPOK

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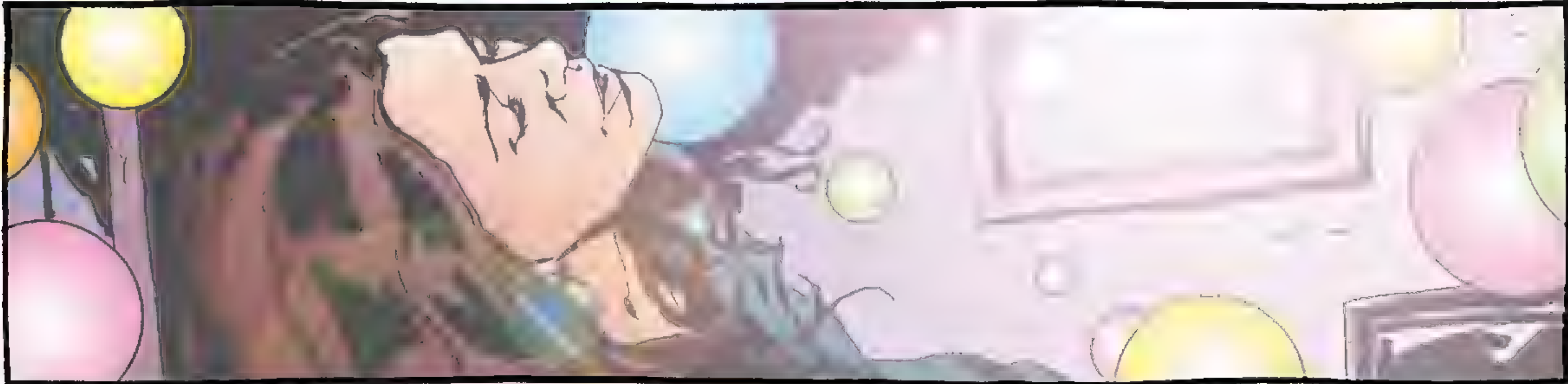
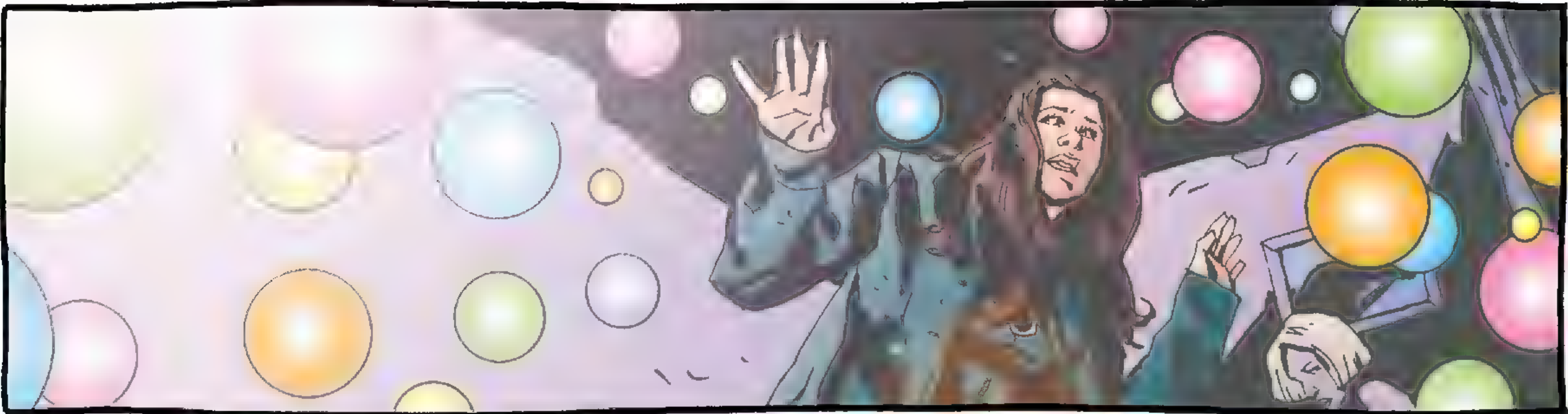
SPOK

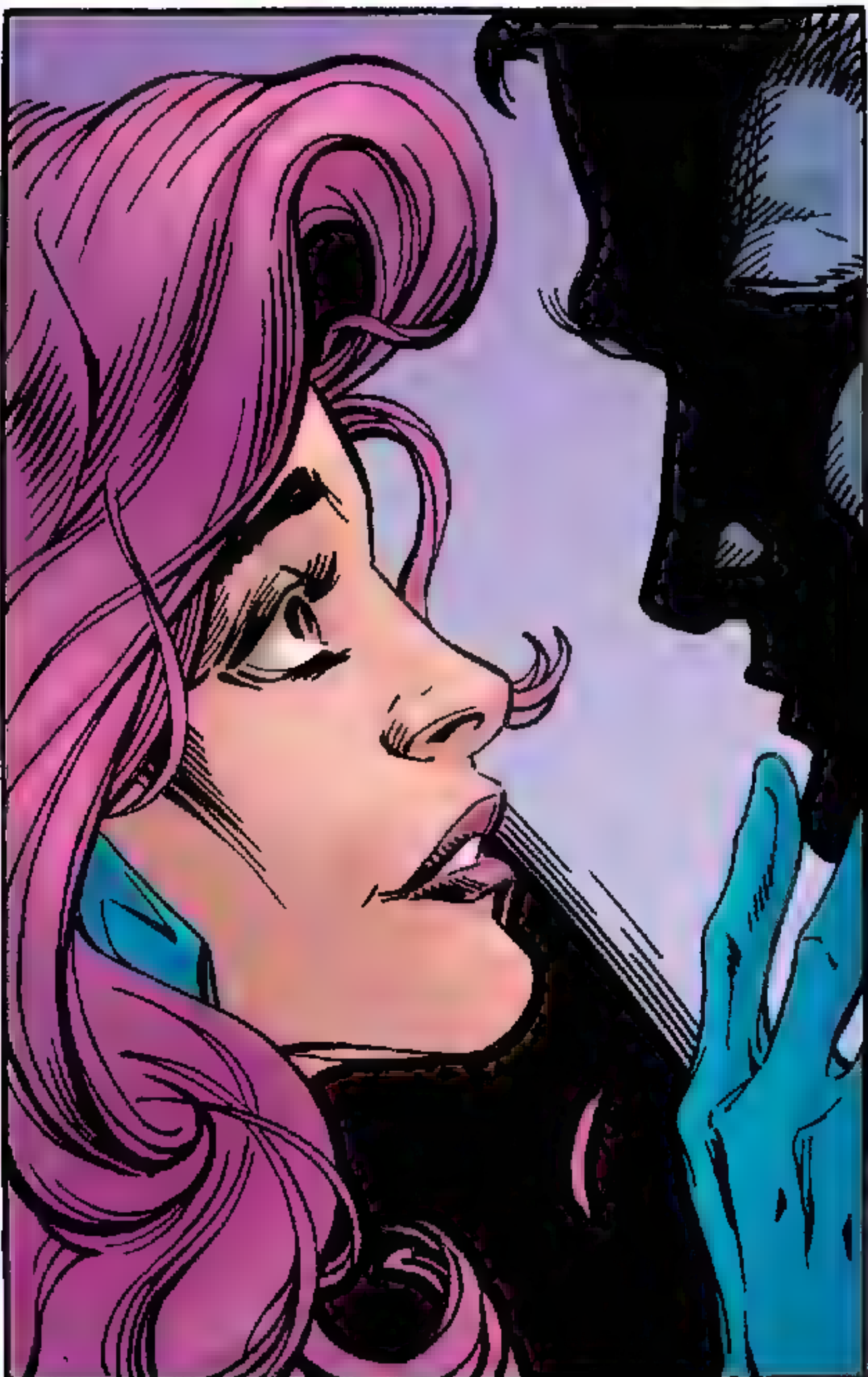
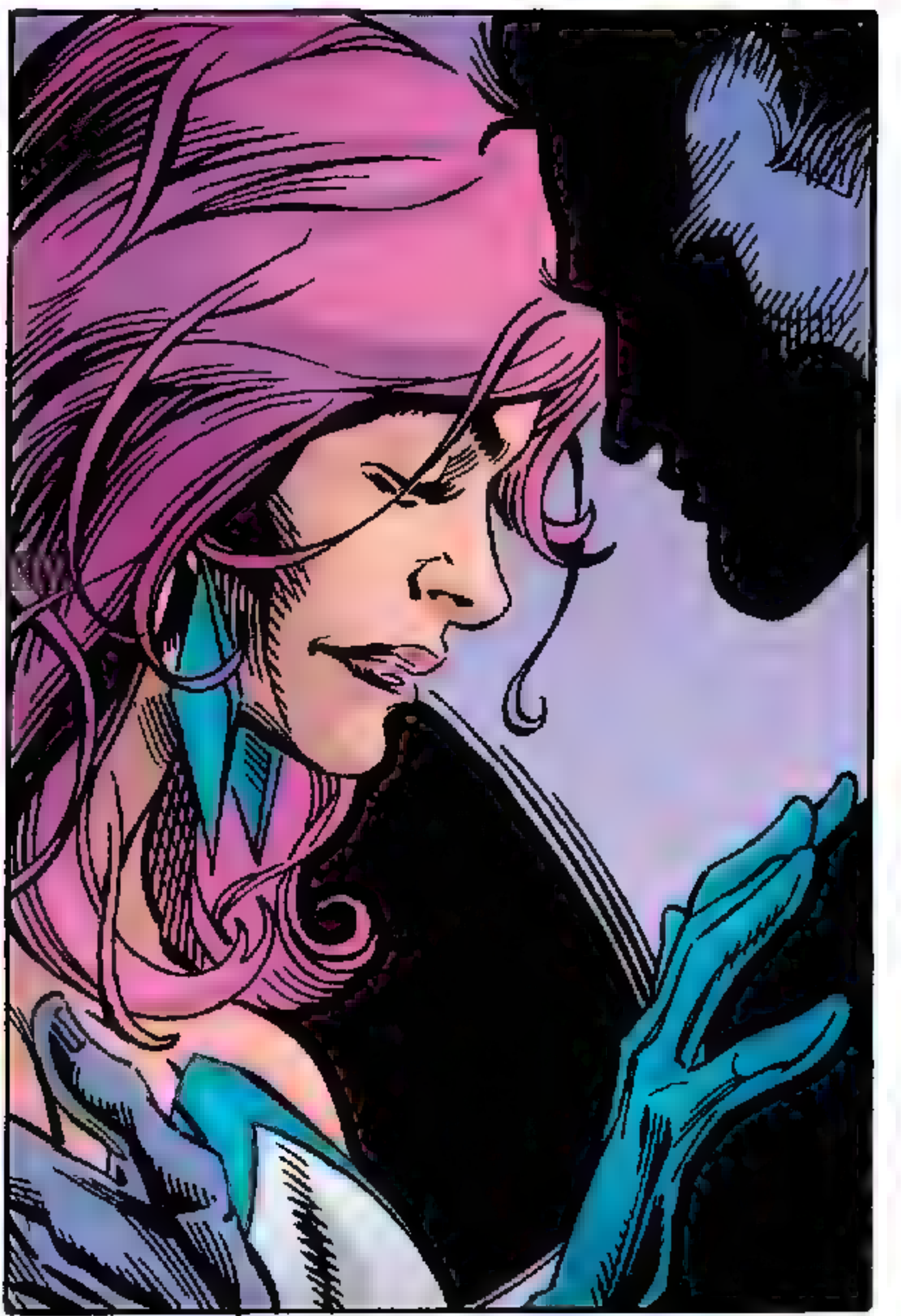
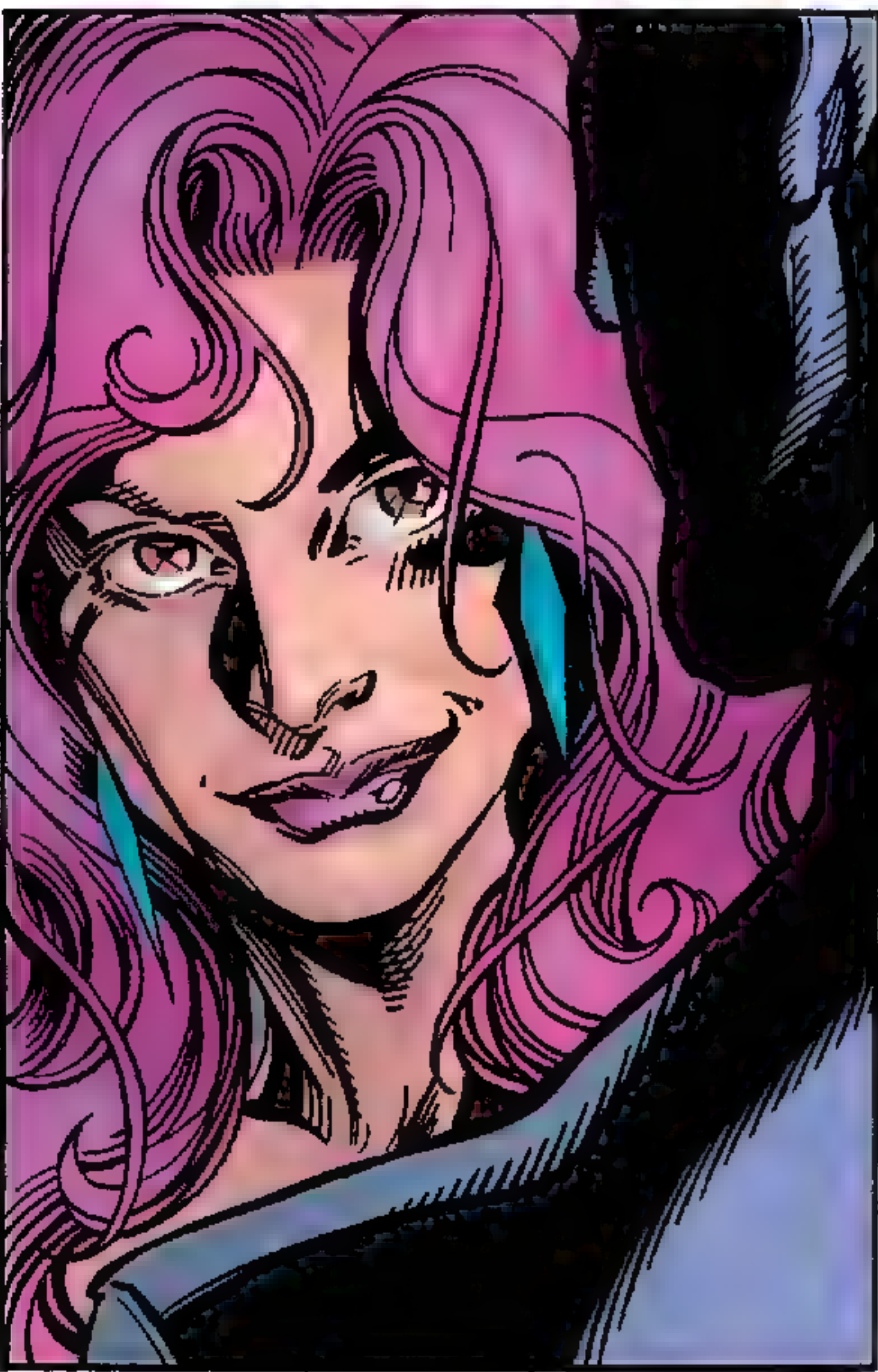
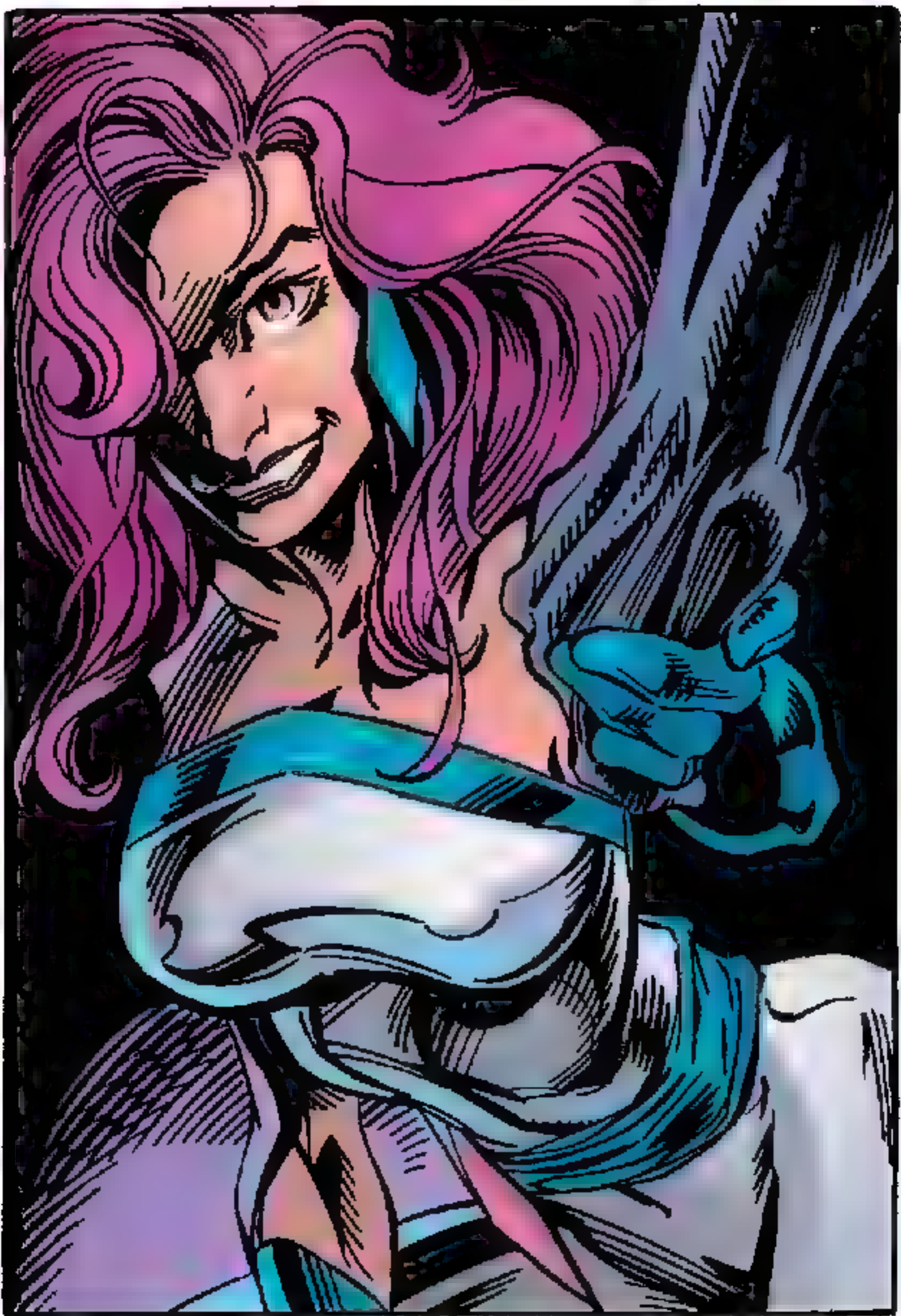
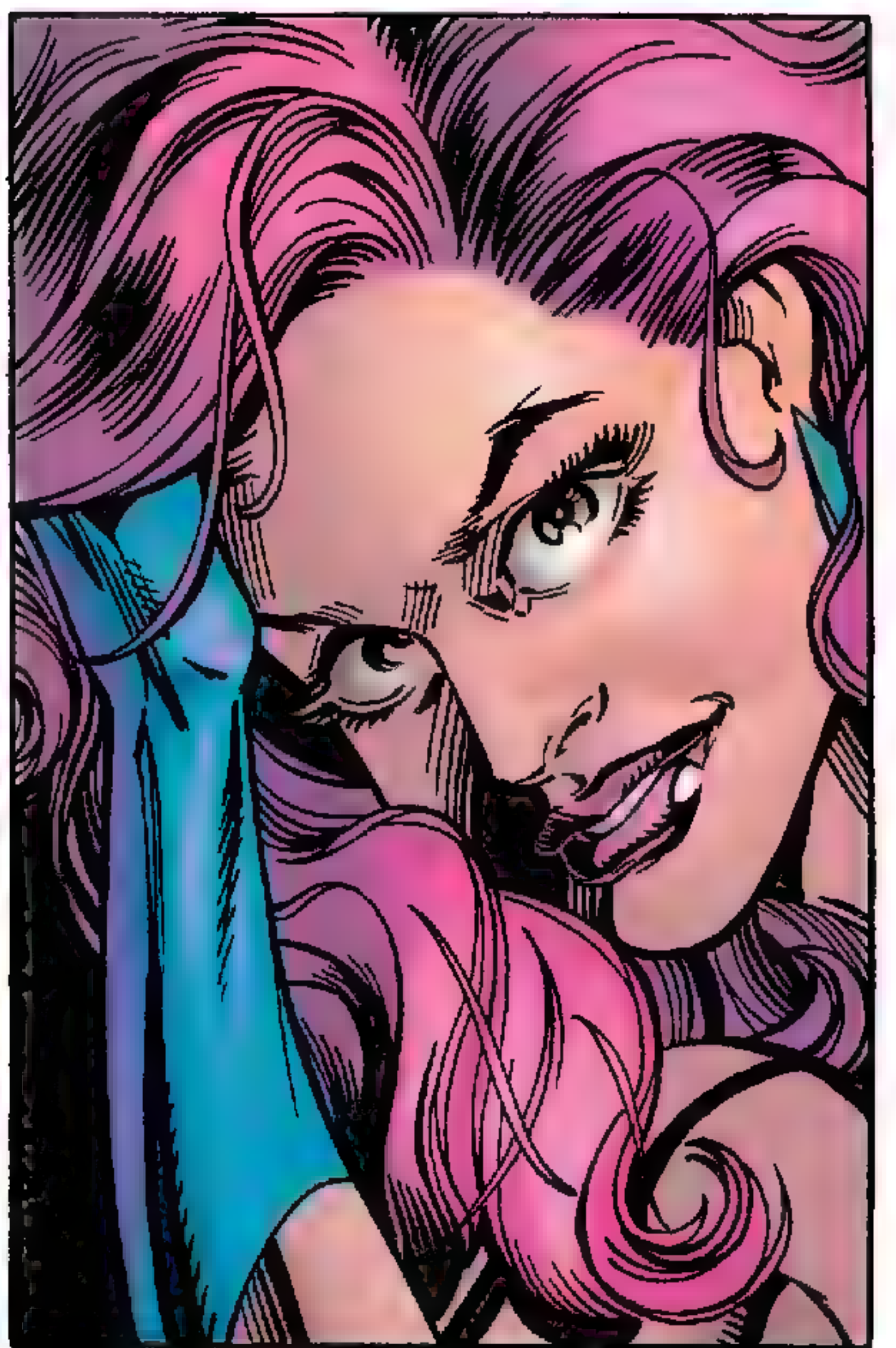
SPOK

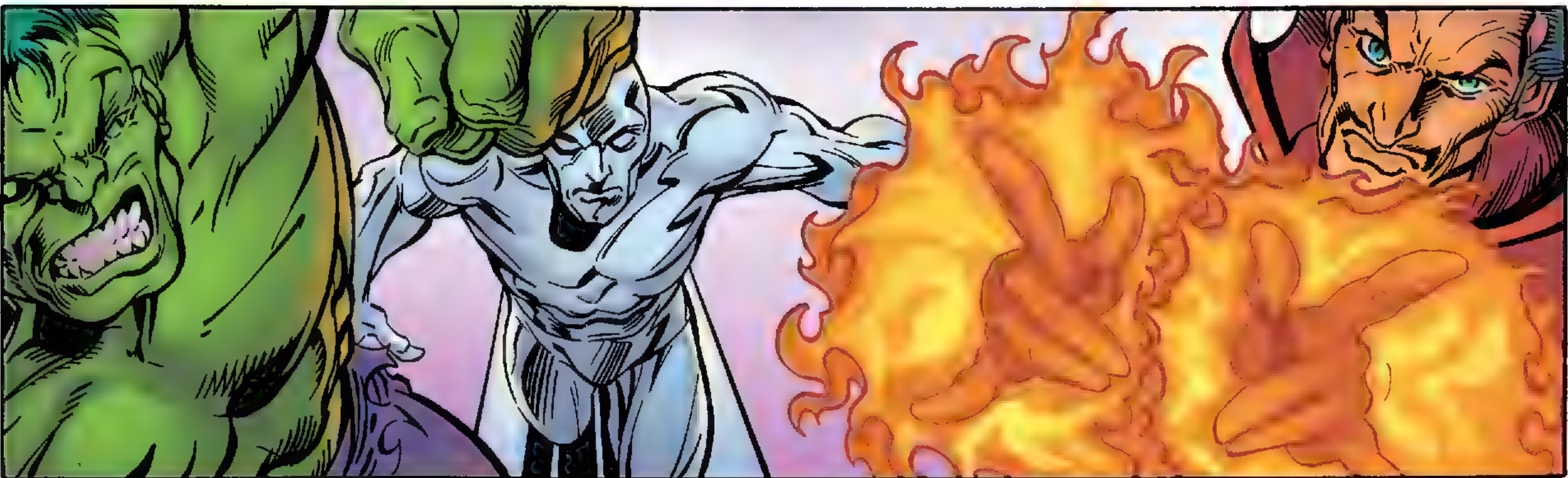
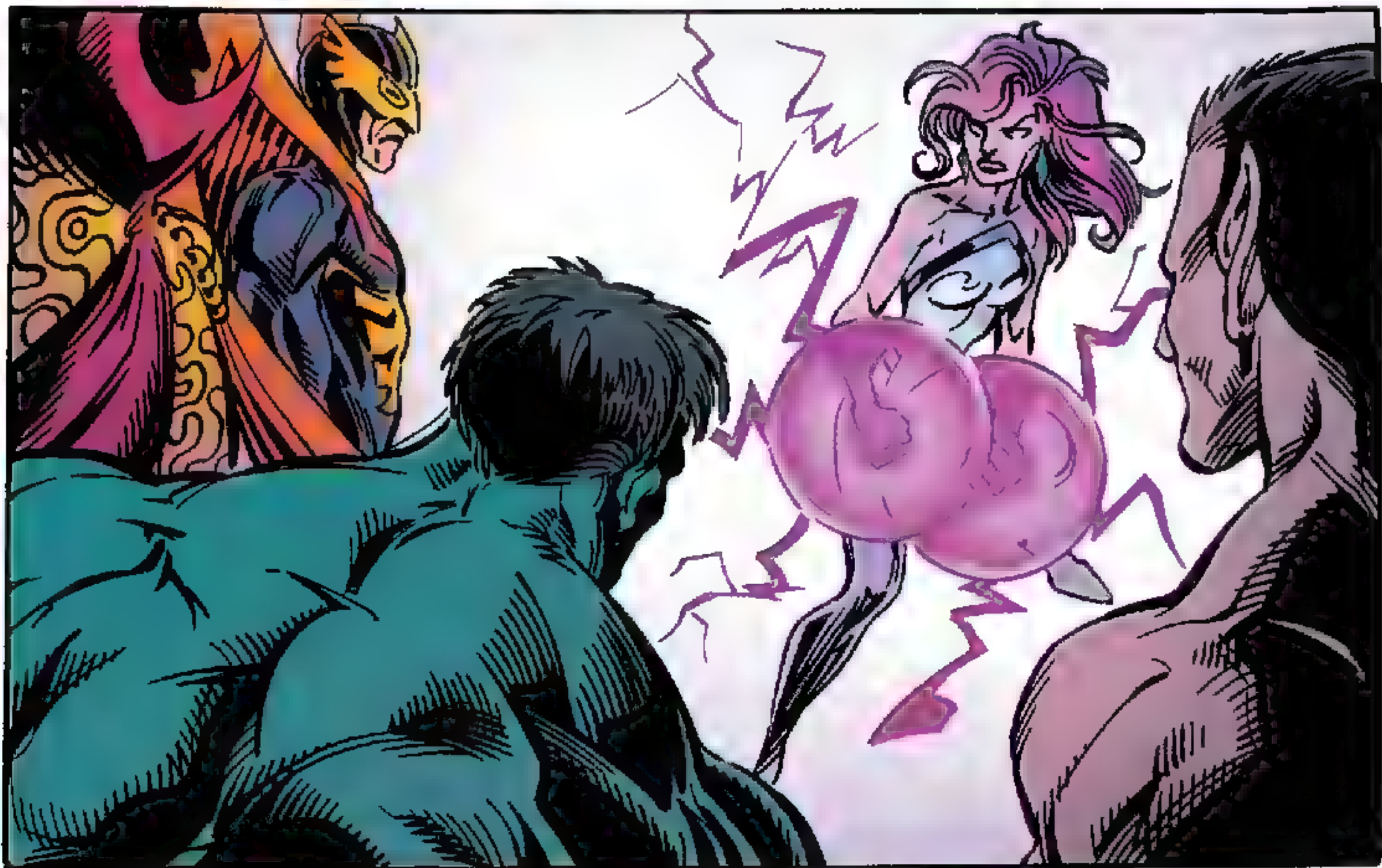
SPOK

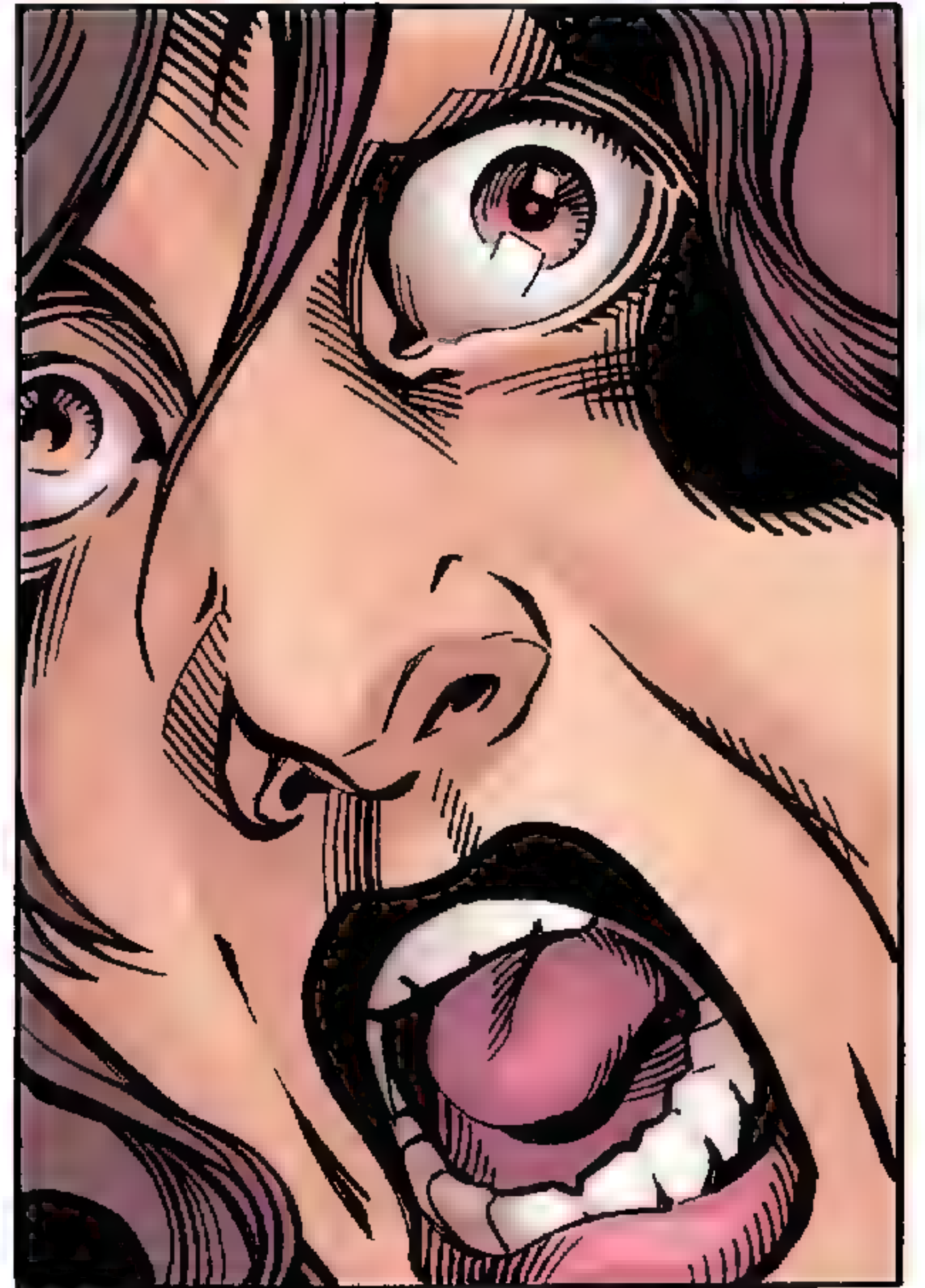
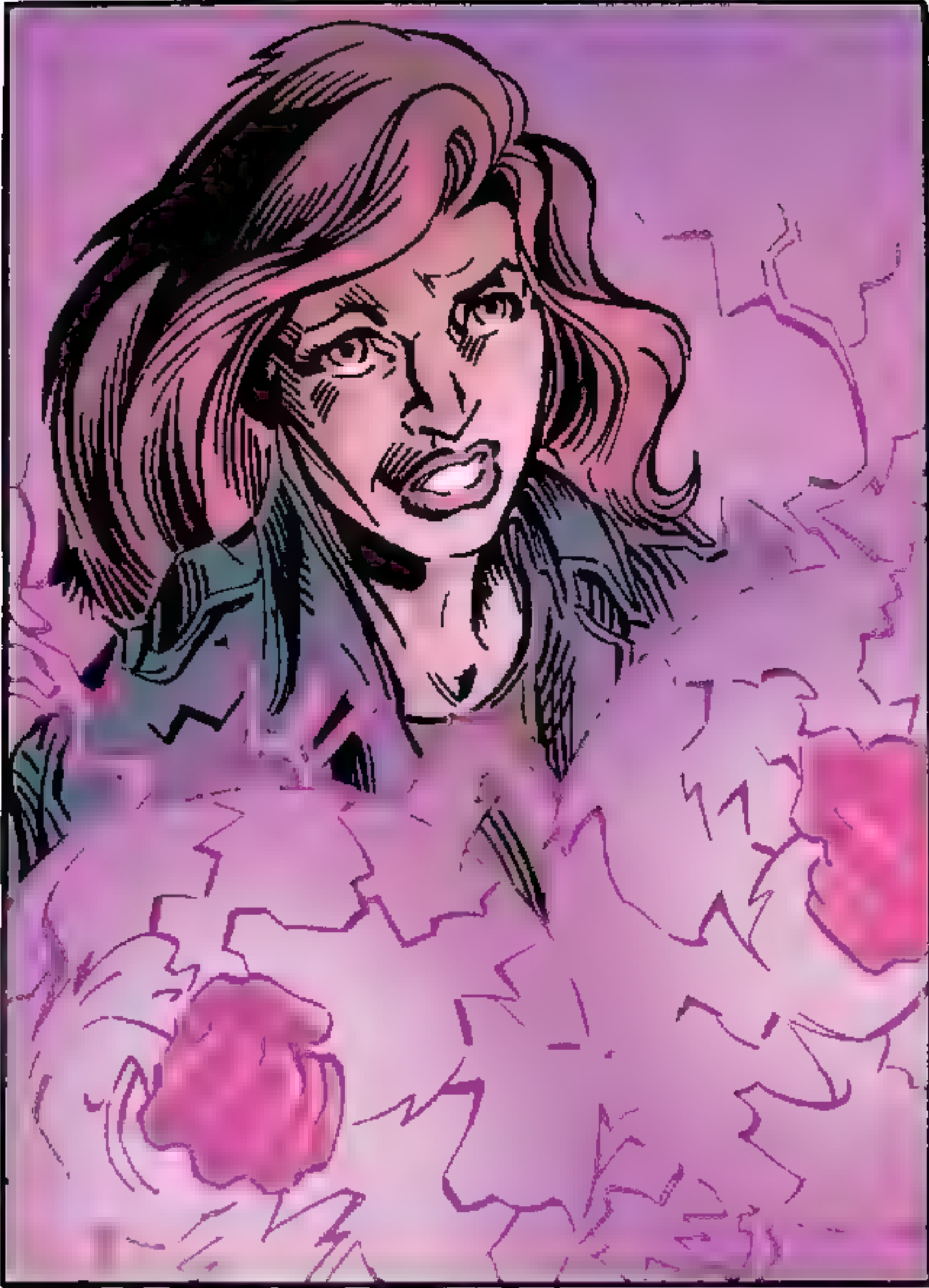
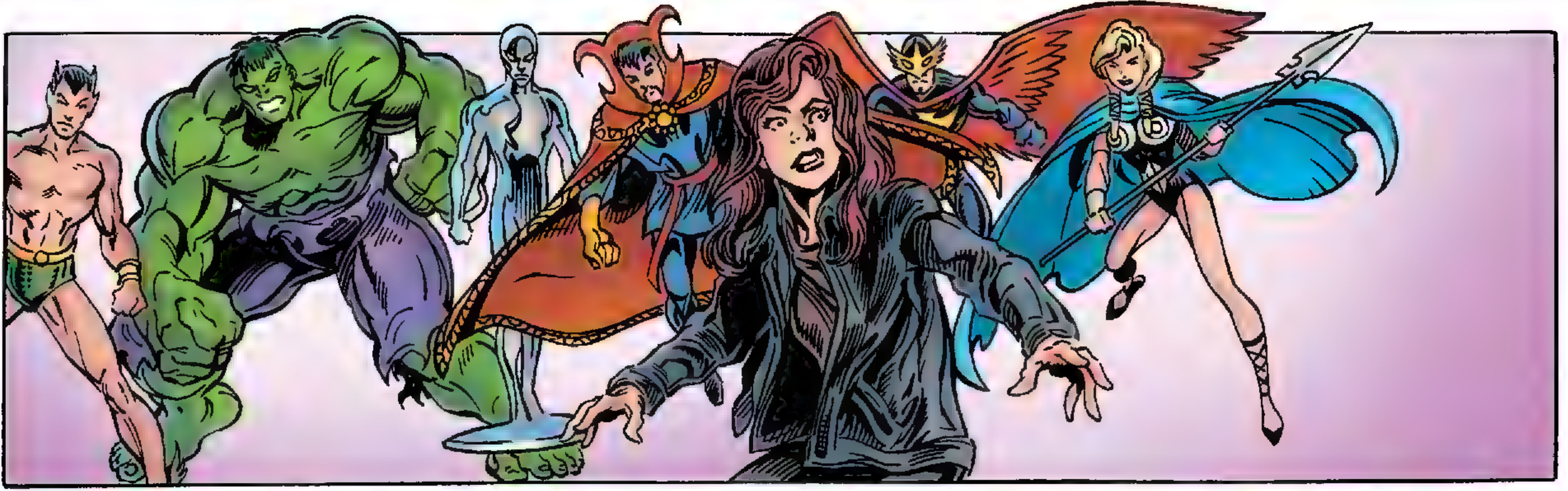
SPOK

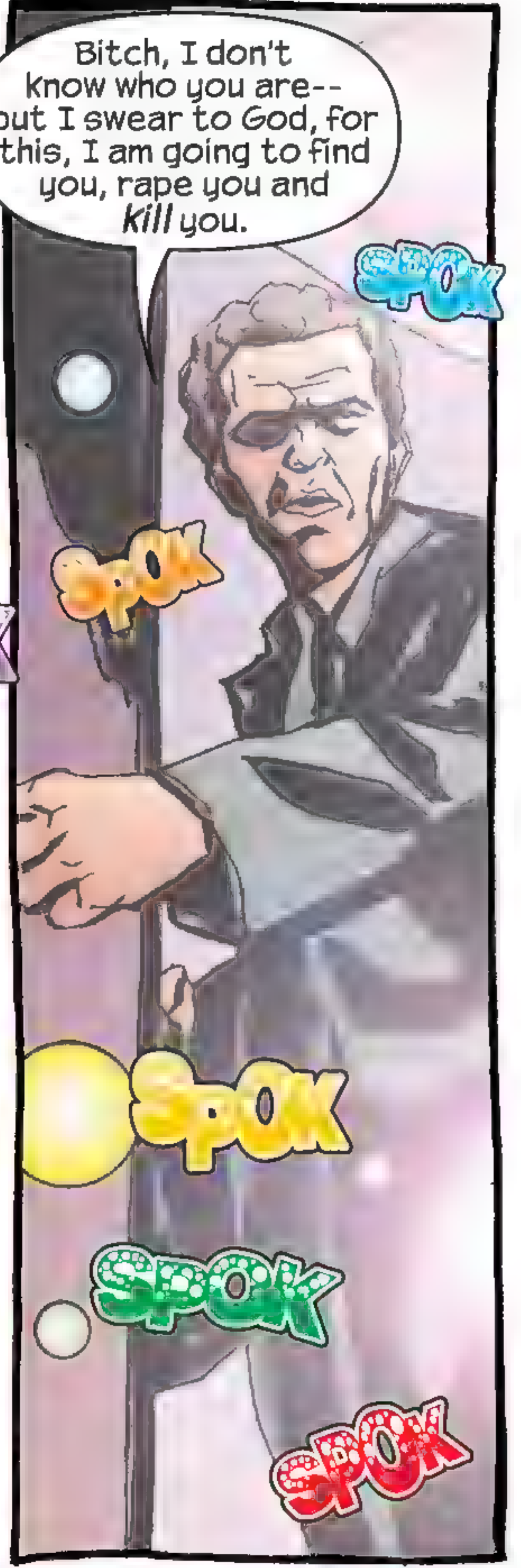
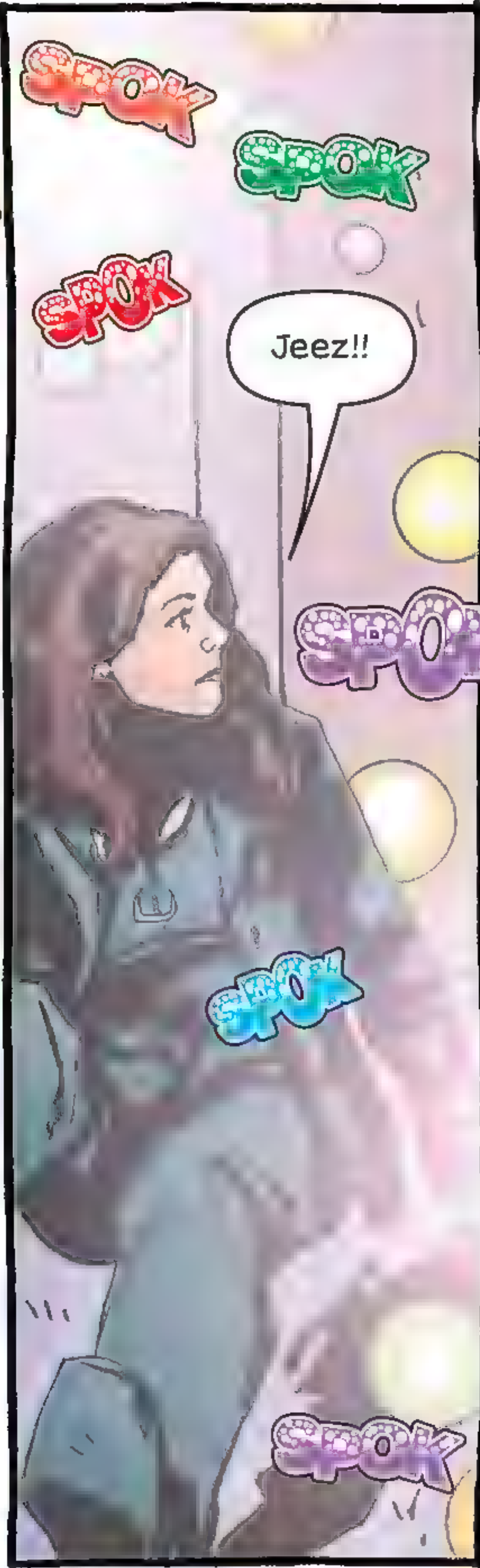
SPOK

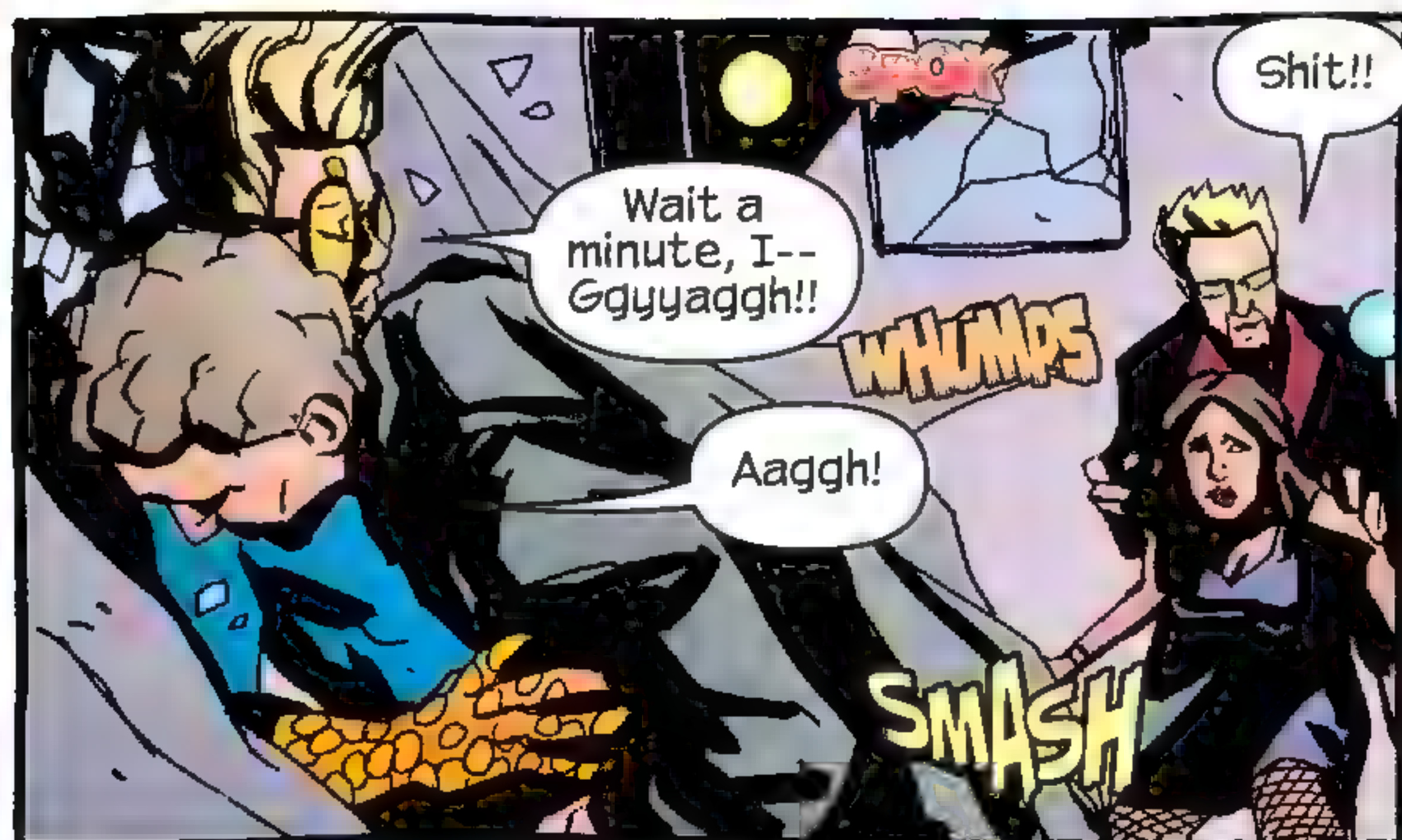


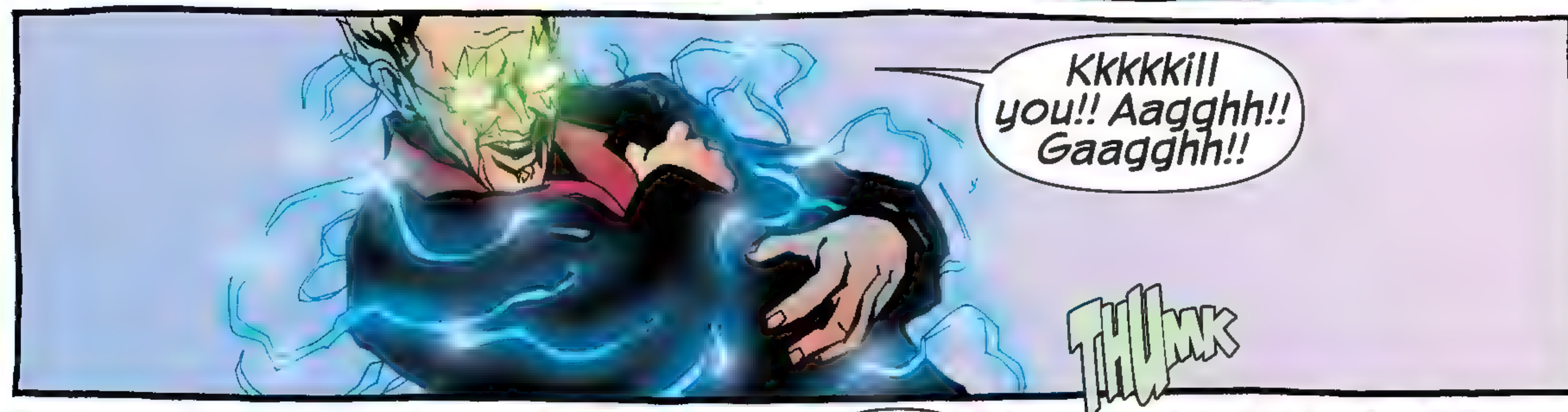
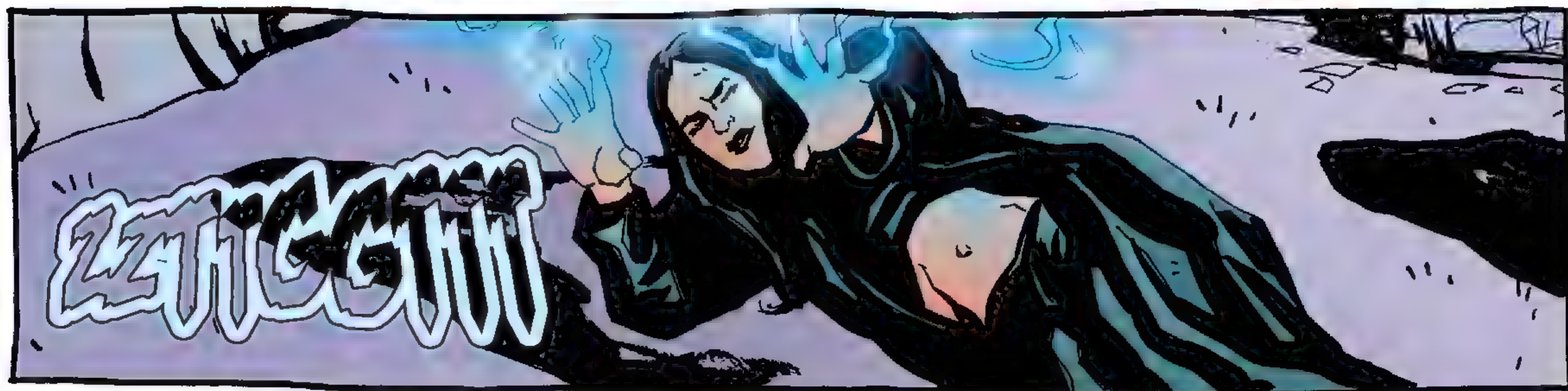
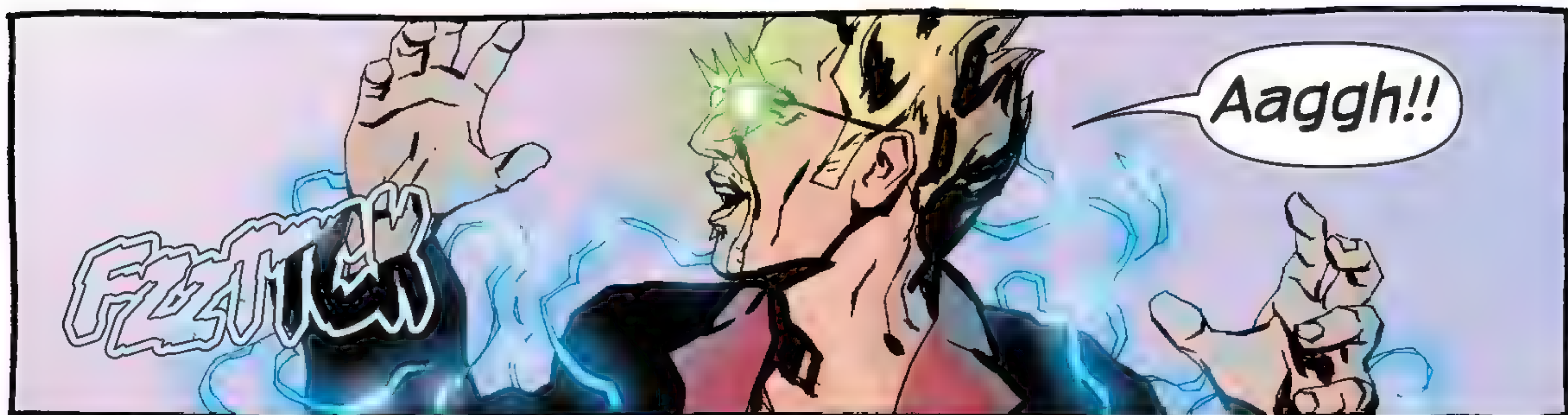


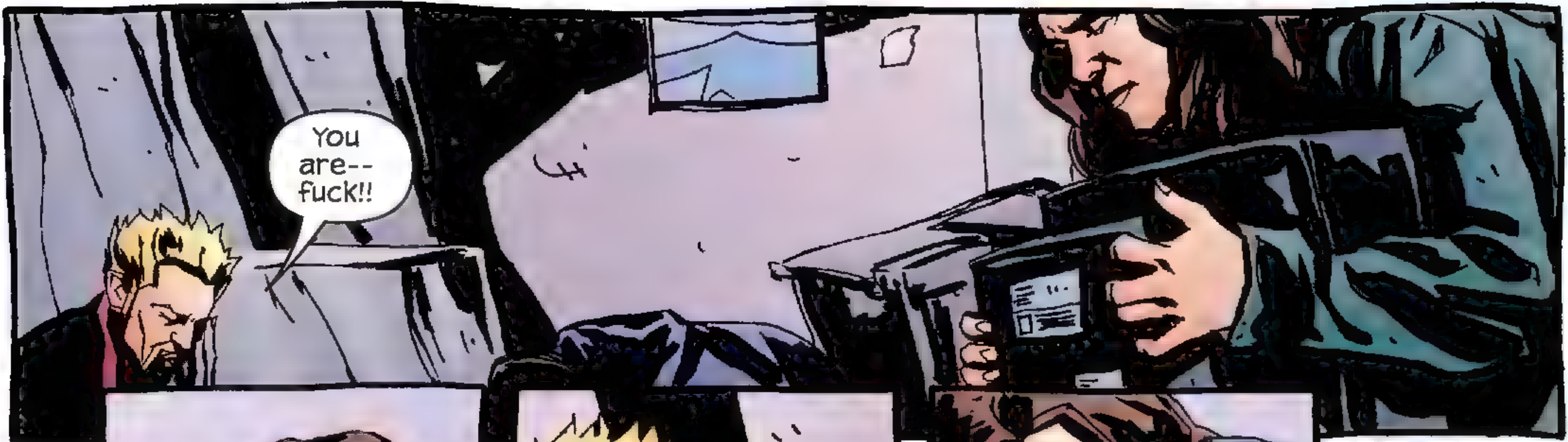




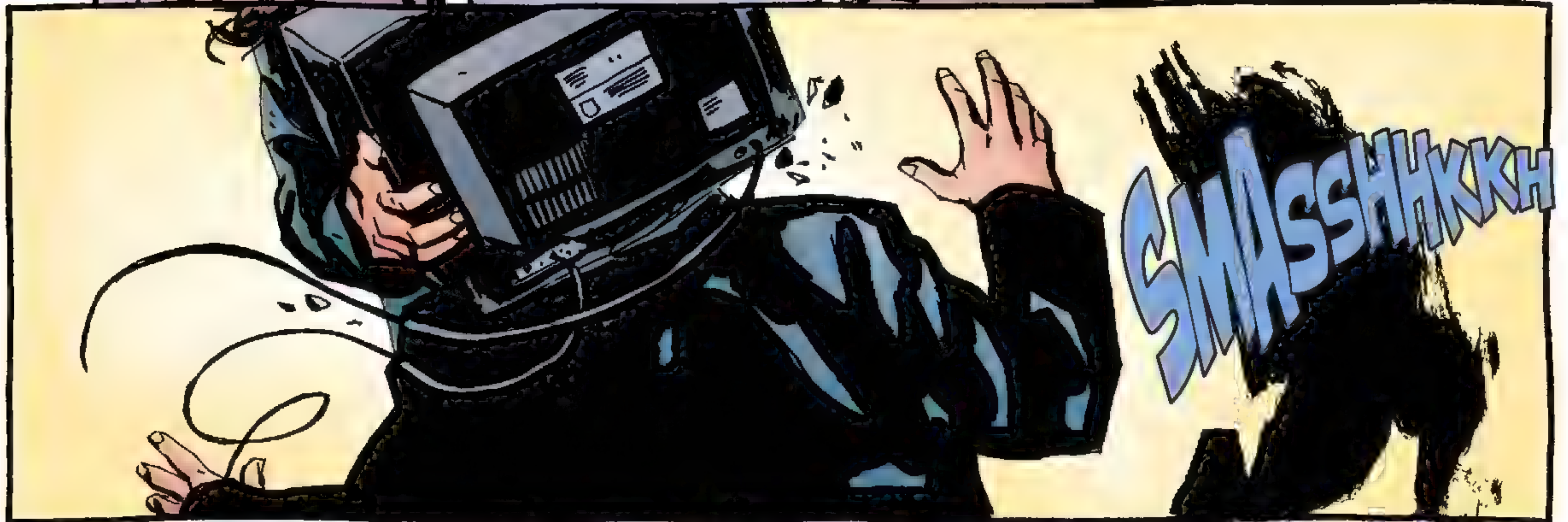




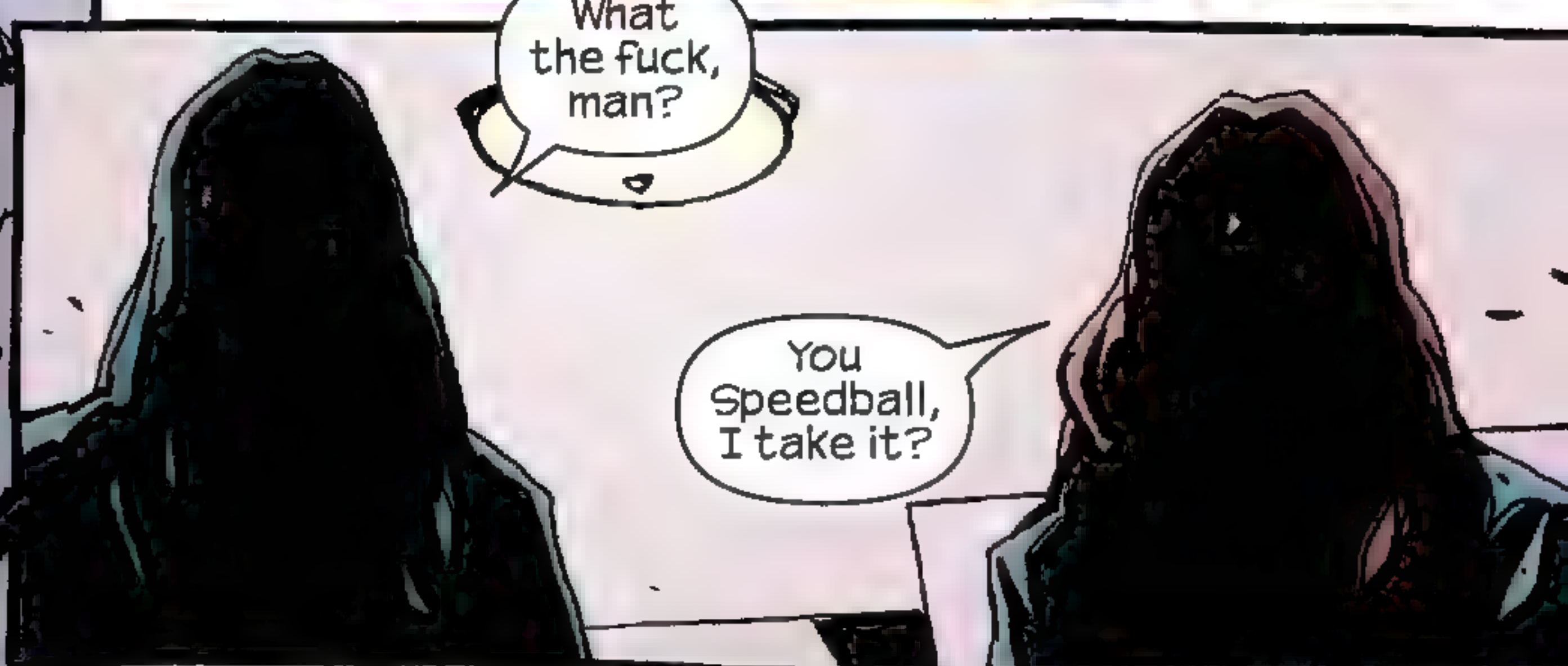
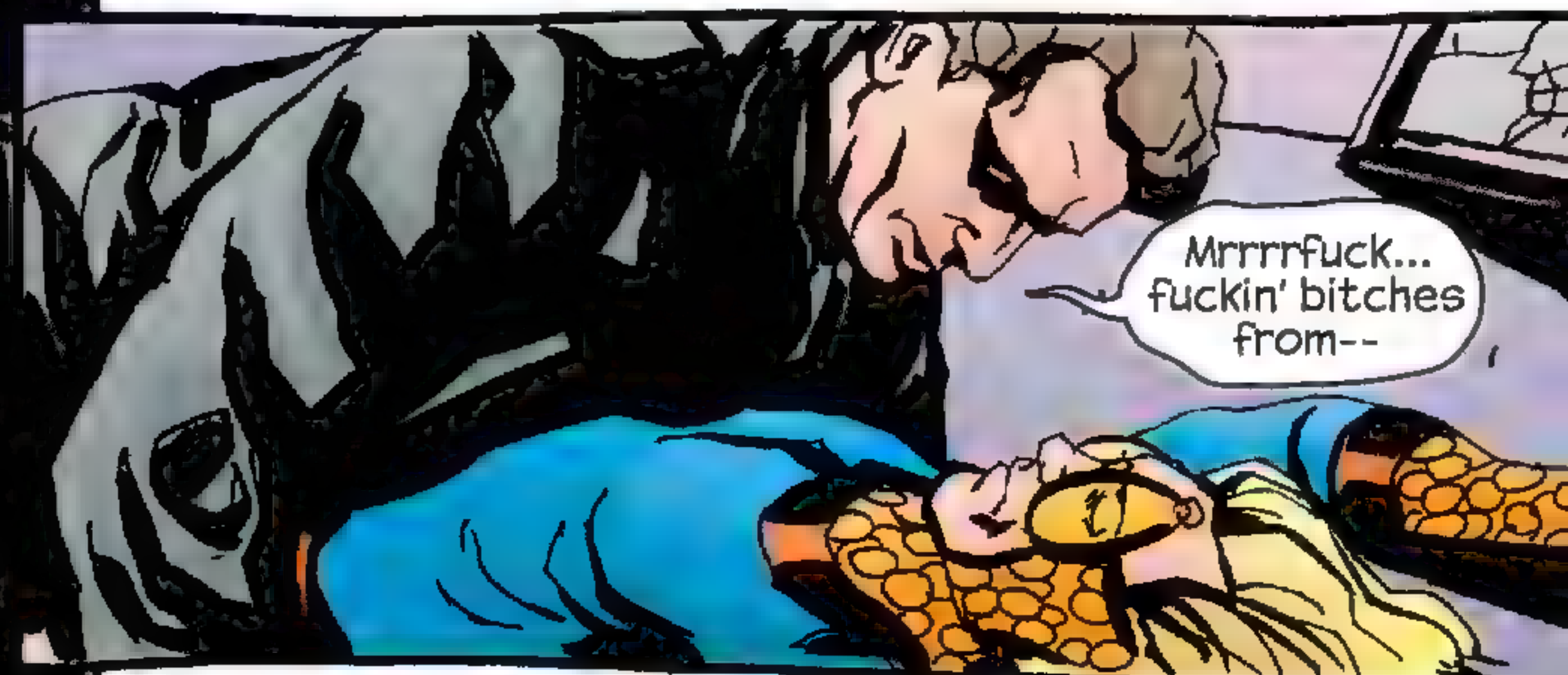


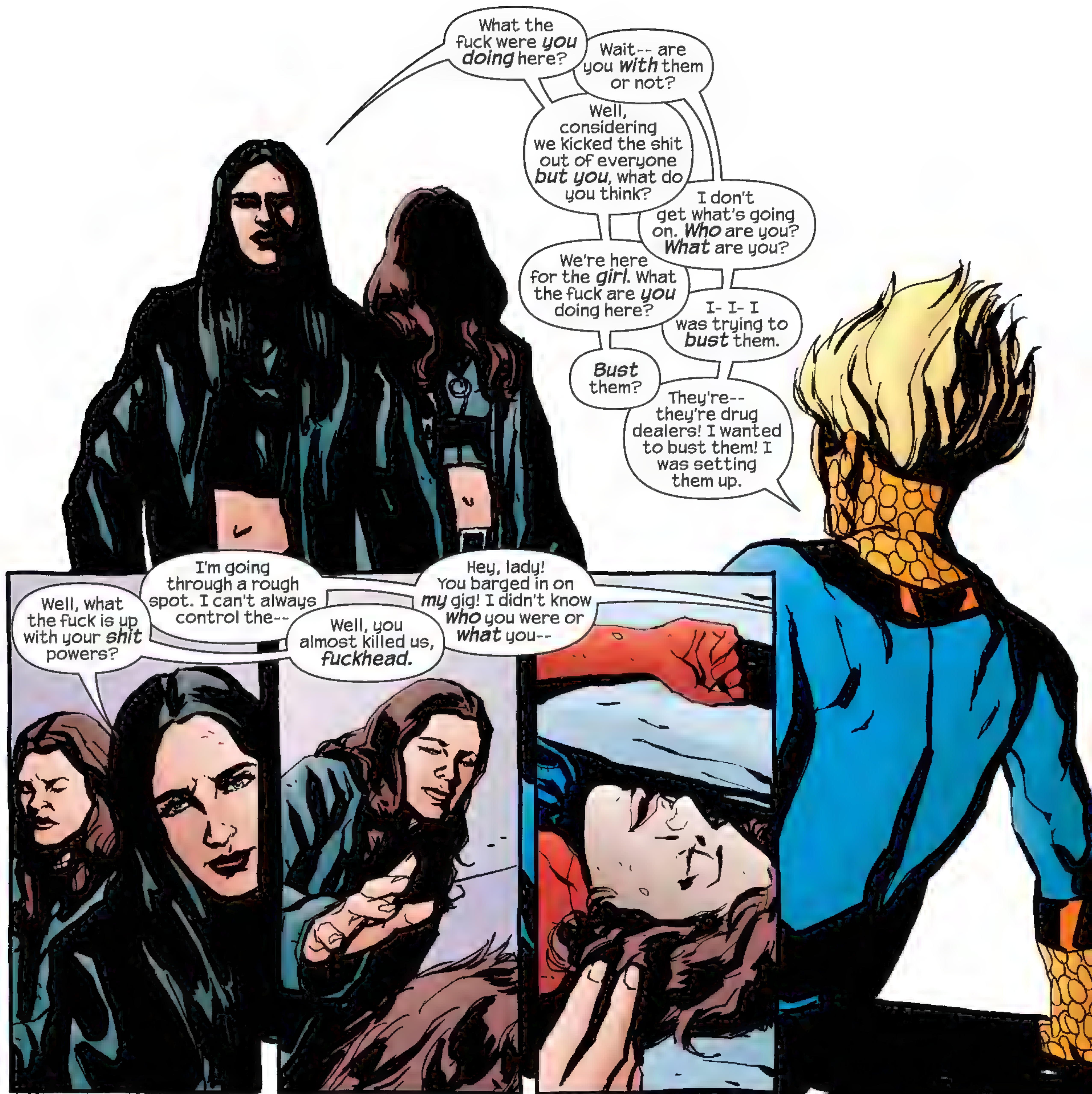


KRREEECCC



WHUMP





What the fuck were *you* doing here?

Wait-- are you *with* them or not?

Well, considering we kicked the shit out of everyone *but you*, what do you think?

I don't get what's going on. *Who* are you? *What* are you?

We're here for the *girl*. What the fuck are *you* doing here?

I- I- I was trying to *bust* them.

Bust them?

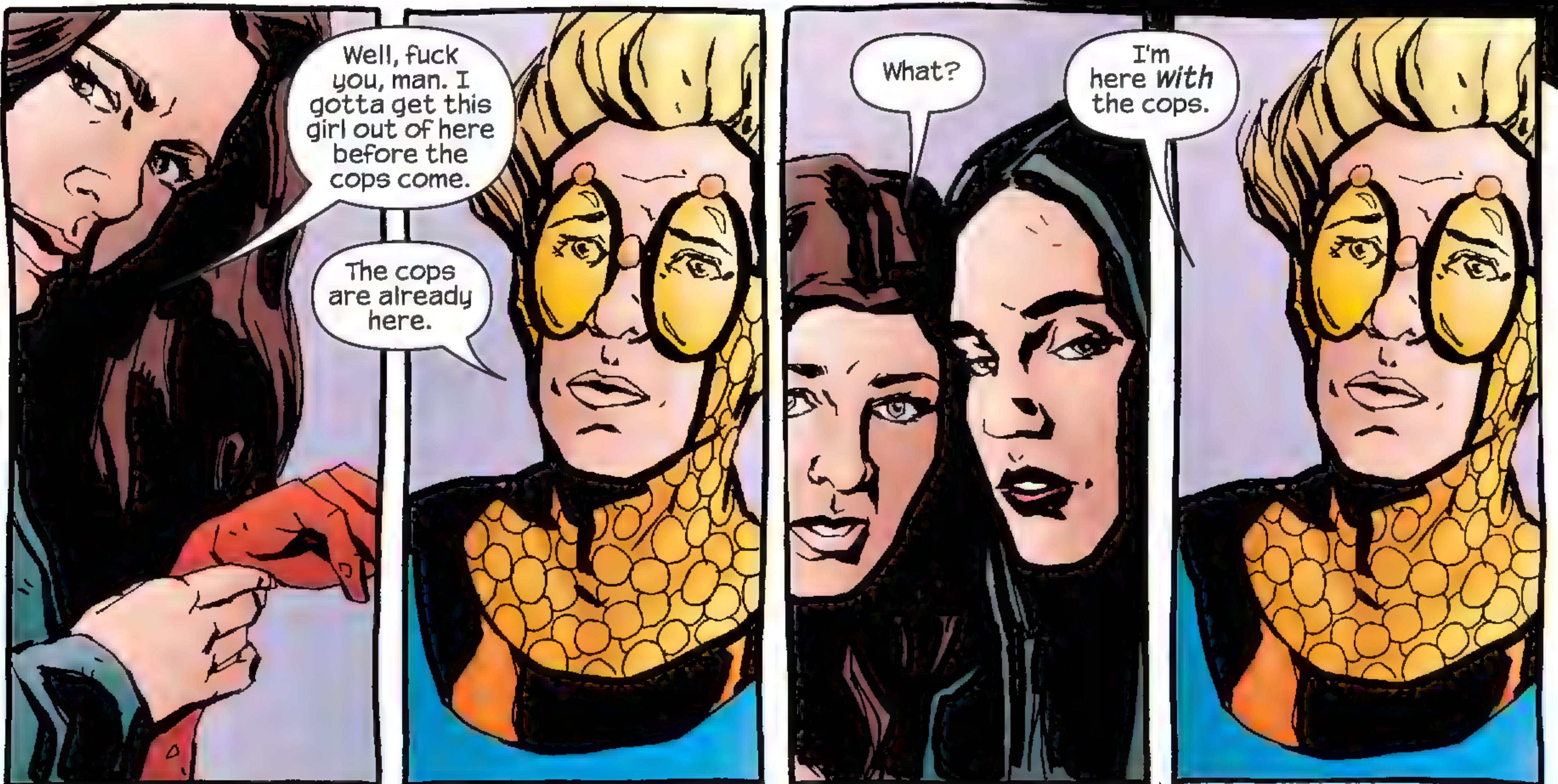
They're-- they're drug dealers! I wanted to *bust* them! I was setting them up.

I'm going through a rough spot. I can't always control the--

Well, what the fuck is up with your *shit* powers?

Hey, lady! You barged in on *my* gig! I didn't know *who* you were or *what* you--

Well, you almost killed us, *fuckhead*.

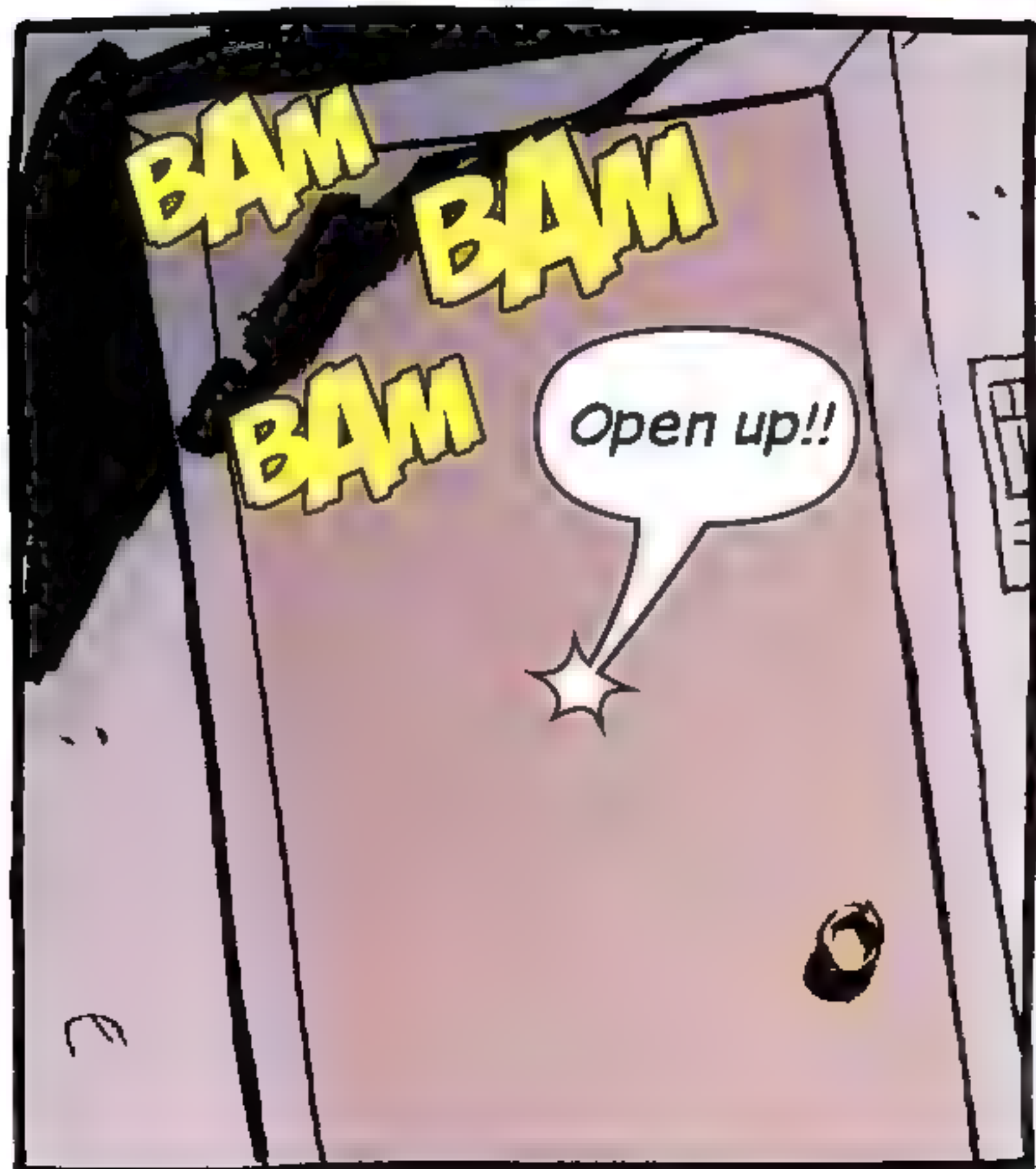


Well, fuck you, man. I gotta get this girl out of here before the cops come.

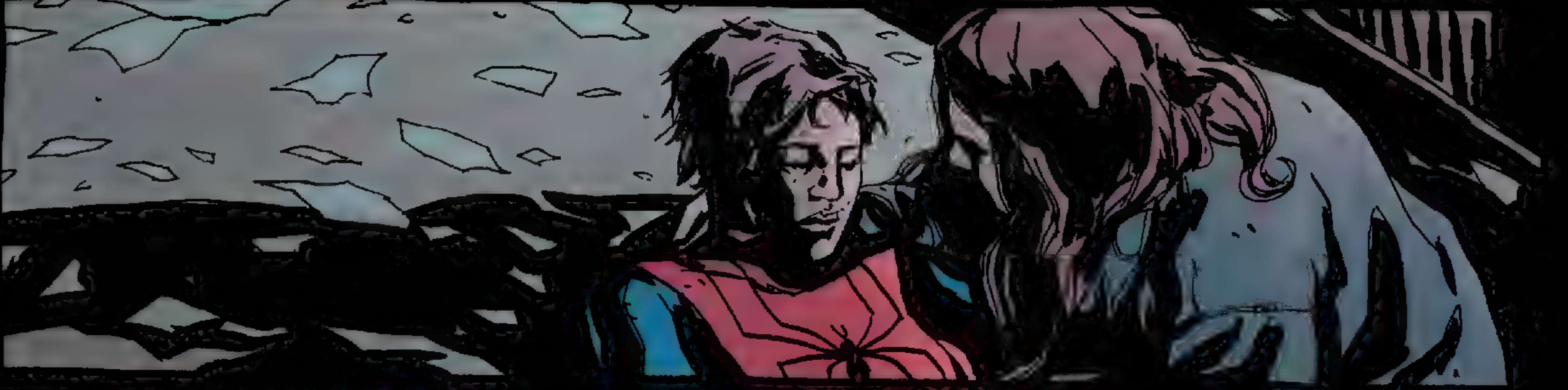
The cops are already here.

What?

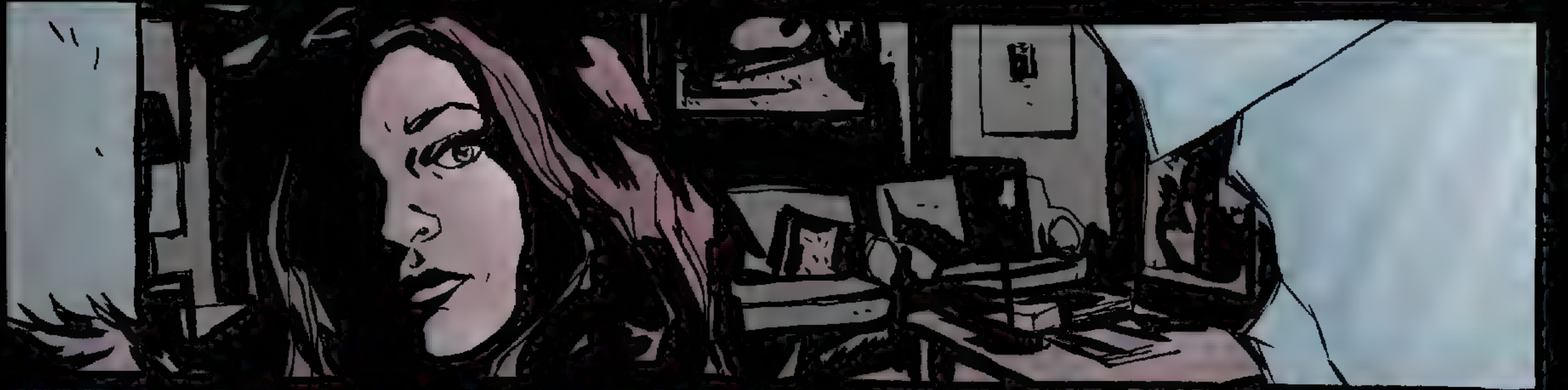
I'm here *with* the cops.



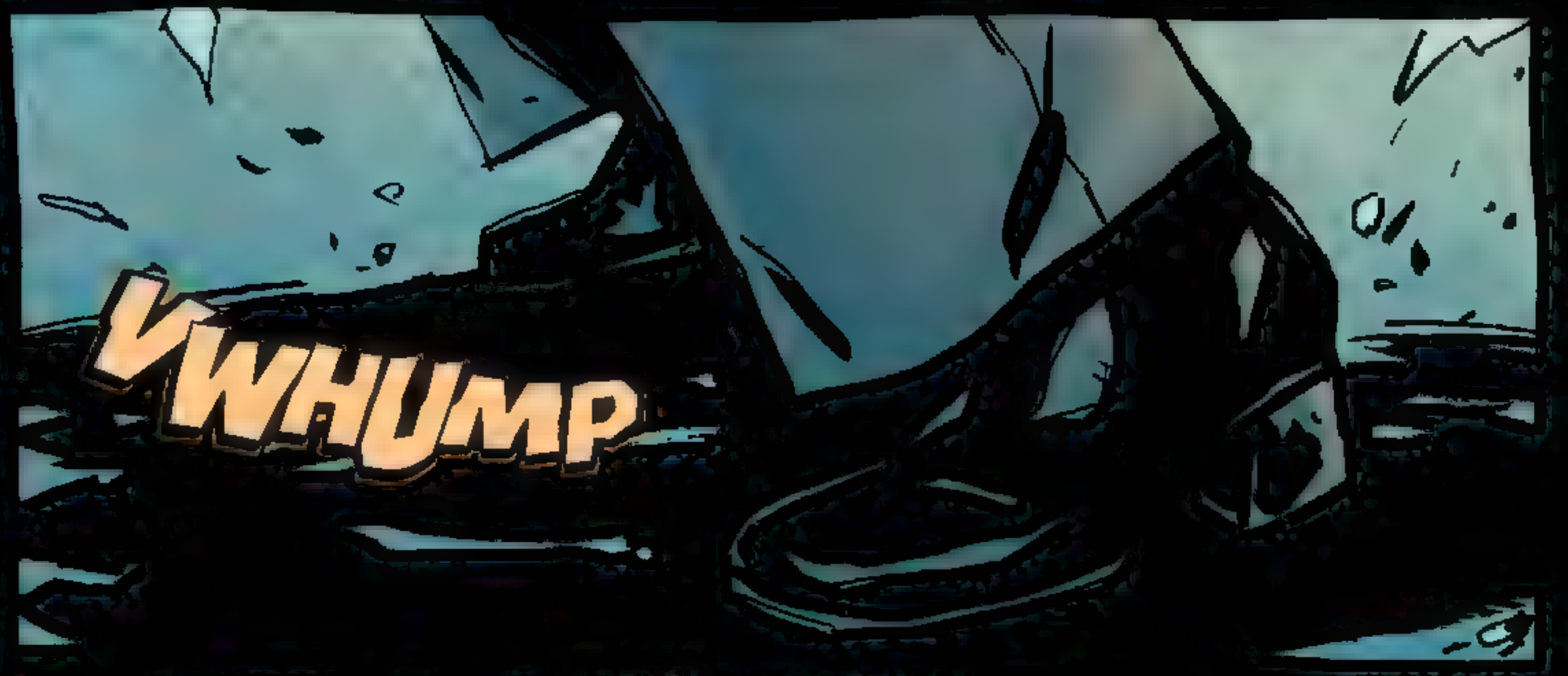


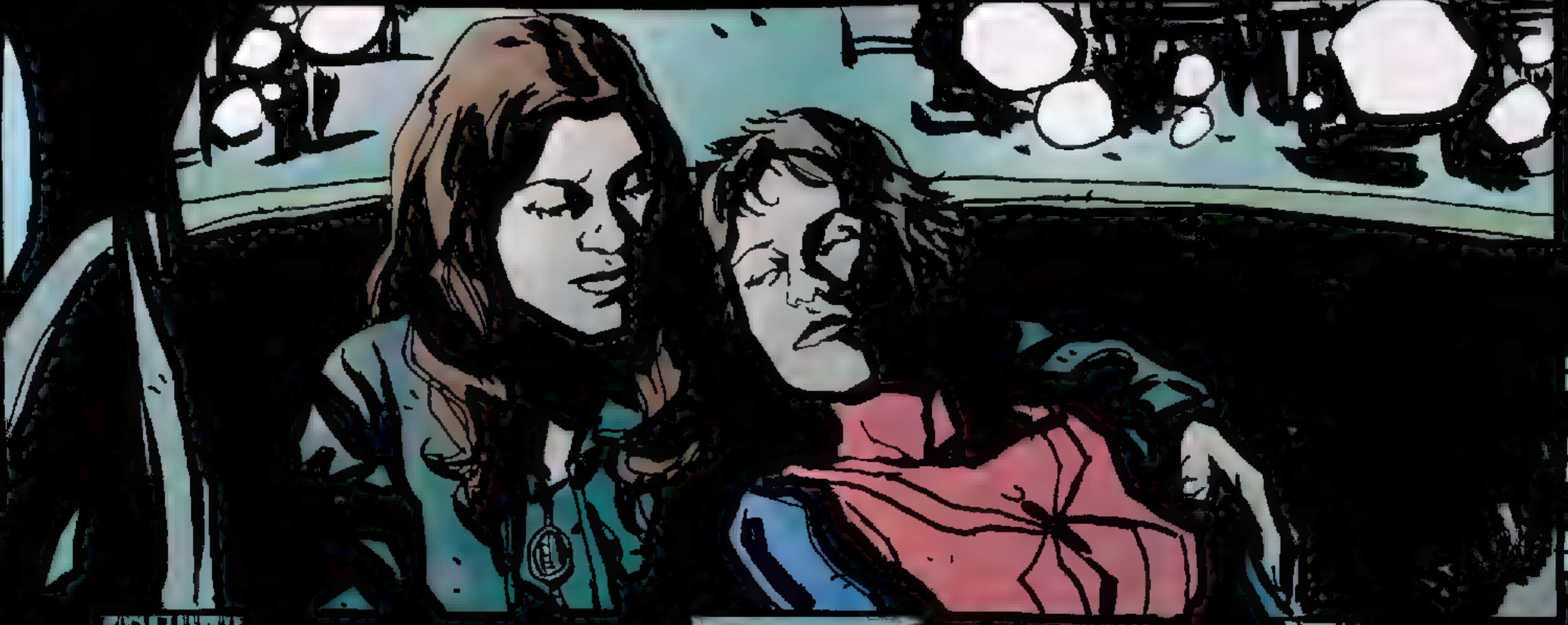


Hey,
what'sss
going on?



...the
shit I gotta
do.





Six weeks later...

ALIAS INVESTIGATIONS





Hooof...
I am very nervous.

Go ahead, sweetie.

(Can't believe it.)



Don't--
it's just me.



Meeting you...

It's...
uh...

This is very important to me.



Well, we've already met.



That wasn't me.
Not really.

Well, you do look much... healthier.

I'd have to.

I--
uh--

I- I'm all "cleaned up" and I'm in counseling.

I wanted to-- the reason I came here is I wanted to *thank* you.



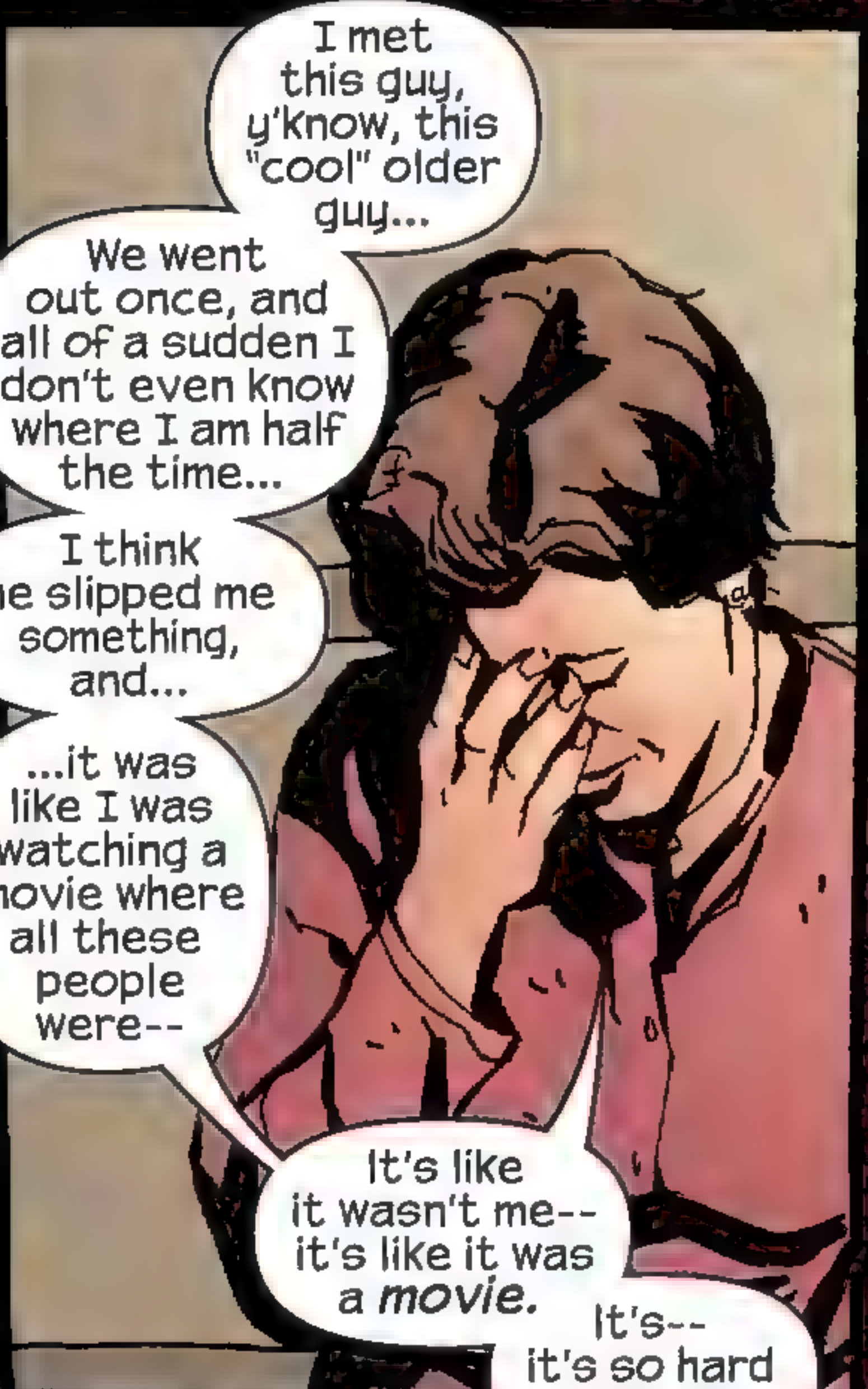
I wanted to thank you for saving my life.



I- I- I wish I could explain to you how my life got *so* out of control...

How I--
~sniff~-- how I got where you found me...

But I-- I can't.



I met this guy, y'know, this "cool" older guy...

We went out once, and all of a sudden I don't even know where I am half the time...

I think he slipped me something, and...

...it was like I was watching a movie where all these people were--

It's like it wasn't me-- it's like it was a *movie*.

It's--
it's so hard to explain.



Actually, I know *exactly* what you mean.



I'm sorry...

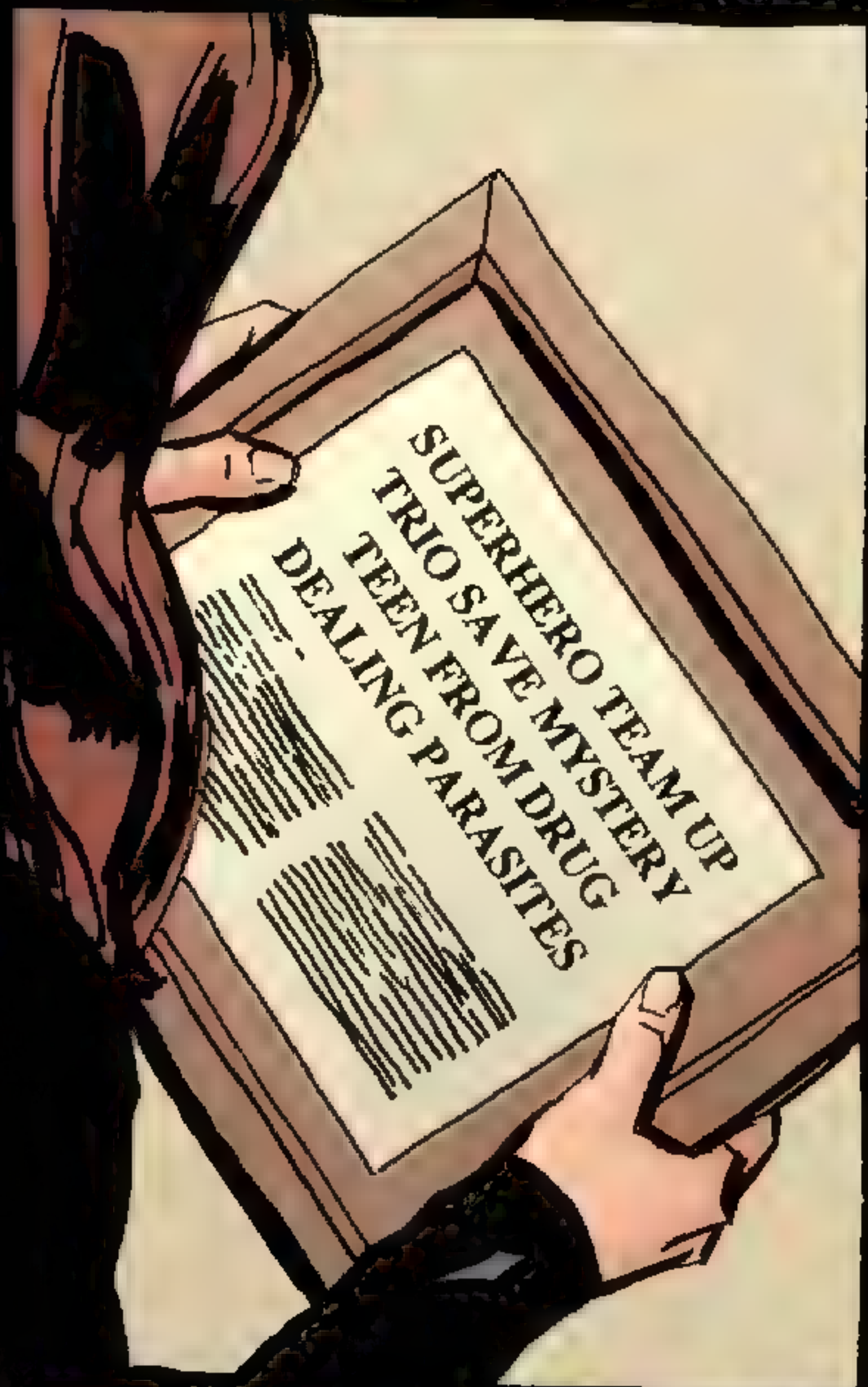
...I'm still--

It's okay.

What you did for me...



Oh, I-- uh-- I brought you this.



That's-- that's really nice.

Jonah-- he sends his wishes. He says-- what did he say?

He says the offer still stands.

Uh. Yeah. Well...

Tell him-- tell him that's okay.

Tell him I got a job I like.



Mattie? Mattie, I don't mean to bother you with this--

But that night-- that night you were in my apartment. The night this started...

You said something. You said, "They lied to me."

Who told you to come to my house? Who did you think I was? Jessica Drew?



I-- I don't even remember *being* at your house.

It's all just--



Sorry.

It's okay.

Guess it's just one of those things...

(...that will haunt me for fucking ever.)

Hey...

Hey...

You look nice.

I know.

I know.

I know.

What the *fuck*, Scott?

Six weeks.

Six fucking weeks you don't call me?

Were you on a mission with the Avengers?

Were you on the planet?

Then what the fuck, Scott?

No.

Yes.

'M sorry!

I freaked!

That night-- all I was trying to do was *listen* to you and *be* there for you.

But you screamed and stormed out.

I just-- life's too *short* for shit like that.

I made a promise to myself. I said, life's too short for *crazy*.

I said this *long* before I met you.

And-- and-- and in you come... into my life--

And you're all *about* crazy and you're yelling at me (which I hate) and on *top* of all this...

May I say that this is the single worst apology *ever*?



I called you to say I was sorry.

In fact, I called you seven times to try to explain it... but you can't pick up a phone, you big baby??

I...

And now you come here and tell me--

It's my--

Did you just say I'm full of crazy?



The fuck, man?

Go shove your head up an ant's ass, you--

I think I'm in love with you.

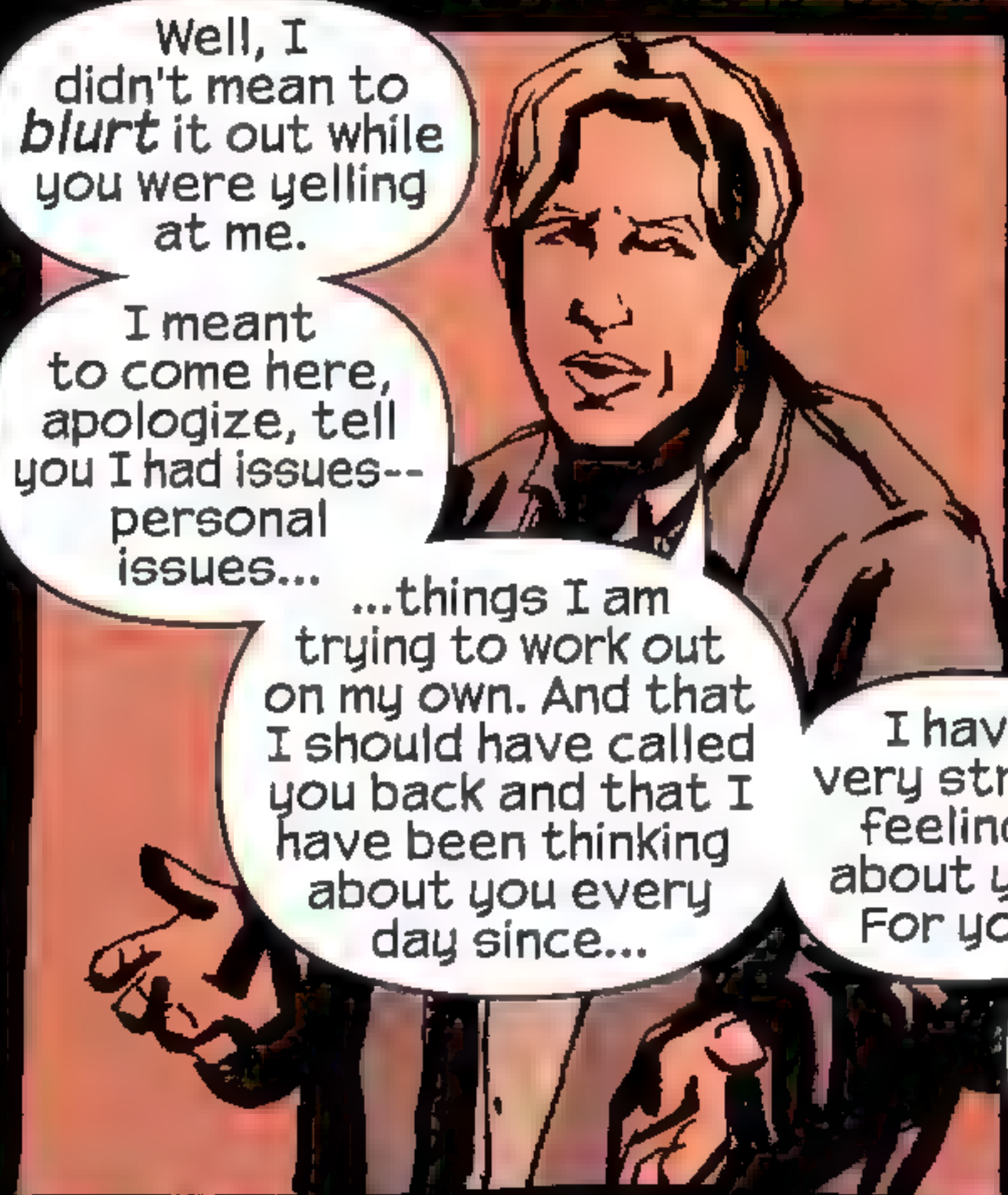


Why are you making that face?

Because I said it wrong.



How did you *mean* to say it?



Well, I didn't mean to *blurt* it out while you were yelling at me.

I meant to come here, apologize, tell you I had issues-- personal issues...

...things I am trying to work out on my own. And that I should have called you back and that I have been thinking about you every day since...



I have very strong feelings about you. For you.

And most of all... you're a better person than you think you are.

You're smarter than you think you are...

You're prettier than you think you are...



You're all those things...

There, that's-- *that's* what I meant to say.



Uggghh!
Fuck!! **Fuck!!**



I'm so *mad* at you and you do this now.

Fuck!!



Would you like to go out on a date?



Fuck!



A fancy date?



Yes.

A fancy date.



Better be *damn* fancy.



You got a lot riding on it.

Next: the secret origins of jessica jones

CONFIDENTIAL



“ MATTIE FRANKLIN.
It’s hard to believe she’s a super hero ...
on my worst day I never looked that bad.”

As a costumed adventurer, Jessica Jones was plagued by a lack of self-esteem and an inability to master her superhuman powers. She hung up her cape and tights when she realized she would forever be considered a second-rate super hero.

Now a tough-as-nails private investigator, Jessica returns home to find a mysterious girl in a costume hiding in her apartment, but she flies away before Jessica can find out who she is. Through sources, Jessica discovers that her intruder is Mattie Franklin, a.k.a. Spider-Woman, a teenage super hero with a personal connection to Daily Bugle publisher J. Jonah Jameson.

With Mattie in danger, Jessica Jones must seek help from an unlikely source — Jessica Drew, the original Spider-Woman — to bring her home alive.

Collecting **Alias #10** and **#16-21**,
written by Brian Michael Bendis
and illustrated by Michael Gaydos.

MARVEL

**EXPLICIT
CONTENT**



